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THE
GENUINE REMAINS
IN
VERSE and PROSE
OF
Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR of HUDIBRAS.

Publiſhed from the

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS, formerly in the Poſſeſſion of W. LONGUEVILLE, Eſq;

With NOTES

By R. THYER,

Keeper of the Public Library at MANCHESTER.

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CHARACTERS.

PREFACE.

THE writing of Characters was a Kind of Wit much in Faſhion in the Beginning of the laſt Century. The two principal Authors in this Way were Sir Thomas Overbury, *and Dr.* John Earle *Tutor to Prince* Charles *in* 1643, *and after the Reſtoration Dean of* Weſtminſter, *and ſucceſſively Biſhop of* Worceſter *and* Saliſbury. *How agreeable theſe Sort of Eſſays were to the public Taſte may be judged from Sir* Thomas's *little Book having fourteen Editions before* 1632, *and the Biſhop's ſix between* 1628 *and* 1633. *Whether* Butler *has equalled or excelled them, and what Place he is to hold in this Claſs of Writers muſt be left to the Deciſion of the Public, as the Intereſt and Prejudice of a Publiſher may render me a ſuſpected or an incompetent Judge. The Reader will have an Opportunity of determining for himſelf, as they have all attempted to draw the ſame Pictures.*

As in ſuch a Variety of Characters there muſt be ſome drawn from Originals in general the ſame, and only differenced by particular Circumſtances, the ſame Obſervations are ſometimes repeated. Whether the Author in this Caſe requires any Apology muſt be left to his Judges the Critics; it is enough for me that I can ſay I have done him Juſtice in publiſhing them.

As moſt of theſe Characters are dated when they were compoſed, I can inform the curious, that they were chiefly drawn up from 1667 *to* 1669, *at which time, as has been before obſerved,* Butler *reſided in* Wales *under the Protection of Lord* Carbery.

A

MODERN POLITICIAN

MAKES new Diſcoveries in Politics, but they are, like thoſe that *Columbus* made of the new World, very rich but barbarous. He endeavours to reſtore Mankind to the original Condition, it fell from, by forgetting to diſcern between Good and Evil; and reduces all Prudence back again to its firſt Author the Serpent, that taught *Adam* Wiſdom; for he was really his Tutor, and not *Samboſcor*, as the *Rabbins* write. He finds the World has been miſtaken in all Ages, and that Religion and Morality are but vulgar Errors, that paſs among the Ignorant, and are but mere Words to the Wiſe. He deſpiſes all learning as a Pedantic little Thing; and believes Books to be the Buſineſs of Children, and not of Men. He wonders how the Diſtinction of Virtue and Vice came into the World's

Head; and believes them to be more ridiculous than any Foppery of the Schools. He holds it his Duty to betray any Man, that ſhall take him for ſo much a Fool as one fit to be truſted. He ſtedfaſtly believes, that all Men are born in the State of War, and that the civil Life is but a Ceſſation, and no Peace, nor Accommodation: And though all open Acts of Hoſtility are forborn by Conſent, the Enmity continues, and all Advantages by Treachery or Breach of Faith are very lawful—That there is no Difference between Virtue and Fraud among Friends, as well as Enemies; nor any thing unjuſt, that a Man can do without Damage to his own Safety or Intereſt—That Oaths are but Springes to catch Woodcocks withal; and bind none but thoſe, that are too weak and feeble to break them, when they become ever ſo ſmall an Impediment to their Advantages—That Conſcience is the effect of Ignorance, and the ſame with that fooliſh Fear, which ſome Men apprehend, when they are in the dark and alone—That Honour is but the Word, which a Prince gives a Man to paſs his Guards withal, and

That all Men are born in a State of War] A ſneer upon *Hobbs* and his Followers.

Virtue and Fraud, &c.] This is a humourous Alluſion to a Line

ſave him from being ſtopped by Law and Juſtice the Sentinels of Governments, when he has not Wit nor Credit enough to paſs of himſelf—That to ſhew Reſpect to Worth in any Perſon is to appear a Stranger to it, and not ſo familiarly acquainted with it as thoſe are, who uſe no Ceremony; becauſe it is no new Thing to them, as it would appear if they ſhould take Notice of it——That the eaſieſt Way to purchaſe a Reputation of Wiſdom and Knowledge is to ſlight and undervalue it; as the readieſt Way to buy cheap is to bring down the Price: for the World will be apt to believe a Man well provided with any neceſſary or uſeful Commodity, which he ſets a ſmall Value upon—Tha to oblige a Friend is but a kind of caſting him in Priſon, after the old *Roman* Way, or modern *Chineſe*, that chains the Keeper and Priſoner together: for he that binds another Man to himſelf, binds himſelf as much to him, and lays a reſtraint upon both. For as Men commonly never forgive thoſe that forgive them, and always hate thoſe that purchaſe their Eſtates (tho' they pay dear and more than any Man elſe would give) ſo they never will-

in *Virgil.*

——Dolus, an Virtus, quis in Hoſte requirat?
Æn. l. 2. V. 390.

ingly endure thoſe, that have laid any [redacted] ment upon them, or at what rate ſoe[redacted] chaſed the leaſt Part of their Freedom. [redacted] as Partners for the moſt Part cheat or [redacted] one another; ſo no Man deals fairly with another, that goes the leaſt Share in his Freedom.

To propoſe any Meaſure to Wealth or Power is to be ignorant of the Nature of both: for as no Man can ever have too much of either; ſo it is impoſſible to determine what is enough; and he, that limits his Deſires by propoſing to himſelf the Enjoyment of any other Pleaſure, but that of gaining more, ſhews he has but a dull Inclination, that will not hold out to his Journey's End. And therefore he believes that a Courtier deſerves to be beg'd himſelf, that is ever ſatisfied with begging: for Fruition without Deſire is but a dull Entertainment; and that Pleaſure only real and ſubſtantial, that provokes and improves the Appetite, and increaſes in the Enjoyment. And all the greateſt Maſters in the ſeveral Arts of thriving concur unanimouſly, that the plain downright Pleaſure of Gaining is greater and deſerves to be prefered far before all the various

Delights of Spending, which the Curioſity, Wit, or Luxury of Mankind in all Ages could ever find out.

He believes, there is no Way of thriving ſo eaſy and certain as to grow rich by defrauding the Public: for public Thieveries are more ſafe and leſs proſecuted than private, like Robberies committed between Sun and Sun, which the County pays, and no one is greatly concerned in. And as the Monſter of many Heads has leſs Wit in them all than any one reaſonable Perſon: ſo the Monſter of many Purſes is eaſier cheated than any one indifferent craſty Fool. For all the Difficulty lies in being truſted; and when he has obtained that, the Buſineſs does itſelf; and if he ſhould happen to be queſtioned and called to an Accompt, a Baudy Pardon is as cheap as a Paymaſter's Fee, not above fourteen Pence in the Pound.

He thinks, that when a Man comes to Wealth or Preferment, and is to put on a new Perſon, his firſt Buſineſs is to put off all his old Friendſhips and Acquaintances as Things below him, and no Way conſiſtent with his preſent Condition; eſpecially ſuch as may have

Occaſion to make uſe of him, or have Re[illegible] to expect any civil Returns from him: [illegible] requiting of Obligations received in a Ma[illegible] Neceſſity is the ſame Thing with paying o[illegible] Debts contracted in his Minority, when he was under Age, for which he is not accountable by the Laws of the Land. Theſe he is to forget as faſt as he can, and by little Neglects remove them to that Diſtance, that they may at length by his Example learn to forget him: for Men, who travel together in Company, when their Occaſions lye ſeveral Ways, ought to take leave and part. It is a hard Matter for a Man that comes to Preferment not to forget himſelf; and therefore he may very well be allowed to take the Freedom to forget others: for Advancement, like the Converſion of a Sinner, gives a Man new Values of Things and Perſons, ſo different from thoſe he had before, that that, which was wont to be moſt dear to him, does commonly after become the moſt diſagreeable. And as it is accounted noble to forget and paſs over little Injuries; ſo it is to forget little Friendſhips, that are no better than Injuries when they become Diſparagements, and can only be importune and troubleſome, inſtead of being uſeful, as they

were before. All Acts of Oblivion have, of late Times, been found to extend, rather to loyal and faithful Services done, than Rebellion and Treaſons committed. For Benefits are like Flowers, ſweet only and freſh when they are newly gathered, but ſtink when they grow ſtale and wither; and he only is ungrateful, who makes returns of Obligations; for he does it merely to free himſelf from owing ſo much as Thanks. Fair Words are all the Civility and Humanity, that one Man owes to another; for they are obliging enough of themſelves, and need not the Aſſiſtance of Deeds to make them good: for he that does not believe them has already received too much, and he that does, ought to expect no more. And therefore promiſes ought to oblige thoſe only to whom they are made, not thoſe who make them; for he that expects a Man ſhould bind himſelf is worſe than a Thief, who does that Service for him, after he has robbed him on the High-way — Promiſes are but Words, and Words Air, which no Man can claim a Propriety in, but is equally free to all, and incapable of being confined; and if it were not, yet he who pays Debts, which he can poſſibly avoid, does but part with his Money for no-

thing, and pays more for the mere Reputation of Honeſty and Conſcience than it is worth.

He prefers the Way of applying to the Vices and Humours of great Perſons before all other Methods of getting into Favour: for he that can be admitted into theſe Offices of Privacy and Truſt ſeldom fails to arrive at greater; and with greater Eaſe and Certainty than thoſe, who take the dull Way of plain Fidelity and Merit. For Vices, like Beaſts, are fond of none but thoſe that feed them; and where they once prevail, all other Conſiderations go for nothing. They are his own Fleſh and Blood, born and bred out of him; and he has a ſtronger natural Affection for them than all other Relations whatſoever—And he, that has an Intereſt in theſe, has a greater Power over him than all other Obligations in the World. For though they are but his Imperfections and Infirmities, he is the more tender of them; as a lame Member, or diſeaſed Limb is more carefully cheriſhed than all the reſt, that are ſound and in perfect Vigour. All Offices of this kind are the greateſt Endearments, being real Flatteries enforced by Deeds and Actions, and therefore far more prevalent than thoſe,

that are performed but by Words and Fawning; though very great Advantages are daily obtained that Way—And therefore he eſteems Flattery as the next moſt ſure and ſucceſsful Way of improving his Intereſts. For Flattery is but a kind of civil Idolatry, that makes Images it ſelf of Virtue, Worth, and Honour in ſome Perſon, that is utterly void of all, and then falls down, and worſhips them. And the more dull and abſurd theſe Applications are, the better they are always received: for Men delight more to be preſented with thoſe Things they want, than ſuch as they have no need nor uſe of. And though they condemn the Realities of thoſe Honours and Renowns, that are falſely imputed to them, they are wonderfully affected with their falſe Pretences. For Dreams work more upon Men's Paſſions, than any waking Thoughts of the ſame Kind; and many, out of an ignorant Superſtition, give more Credit to them, than the moſt rational of all their vigilant Conjectures, how falſe ſoever they prove in the Event—No wonder then if thoſe, who apply to Men's Fancies and Humours, have a ſtronger Influence upon them than thoſe, that ſeek to prevail upon their Reaſon and Underſtandings, eſpecially in things ſo

delightful to them as their own Praiſes, no Matter how falſe and apparently incredible: for great Perſons may wear counterfeit Jewels of any Caract, with more Confidence and Security from being diſcovered, than thoſe of meaner Quality; in whoſe Hands the Greatneſs of their Value (if they were true) is more apt to render them ſuſpected. A Flatterer is like *Mahomet*'s Pigeon, that picks his Food out of his Maſter's Ear, who is willing to have it believed, that he whiſpers Oracles into it; and accordingly ſets a high Eſteem upon the Service he does him, though the Impoſtor only deſigns his own Utilities—For Men are for the moſt Part better pleaſed with other Men's Opinions, though falſe, of their Happineſs, than their own Experiences; and find more Pleaſure in the dulleſt Flattery of others than all the vaſt Imaginations they can have of themſelves as no Man is apt to be tickled with his own fingers; becauſe the Applauſes of others are more agreeable to thoſe high Conceits, they have of themſelves, which they are glad to find confirmed, and are the only Muſic, that ſets them a dancing, like thoſe that are bitten with a Tarantula.

He accounts it an Argument of great Diſcretion, and as great Temper, to take no Notice of Affronts and Indignities put upon him by great Perſons. For he that is inſenſible of Injuries of this Nature can receive none; and if he loſe no Confidence by them, can loſe nothing elſe; for it is greater to be above Injuries, than either to do, or revenge them; and he, that will be deterred by thoſe Diſcouragements from proſecuting his Deſigns, will never obtain what he propoſes to himſelf. When a Man is once known to be able to endure Inſolencies eaſier than others can impoſe them, they will raiſe the Siege, and leave him as impregnable; and therefore he reſolves never to omit the leaſt Opportunity of preſſing his Affairs, for Fear of being baffled and affronted; for if he can at any Rate render himſelf Maſter of his Purpoſes, he would not wiſh an eaſier, nor a cheaper Way, as he knows how to repay himſelf, and make others receive thoſe Inſolencies of him for good and current Payment, which he was glad to take before—And he eſteems it no mean Glory to ſhew his Temper of ſuch a Compaſs, as is able to reach from the higheſt Arrogance to the meaneſt, and moſt dejected Submiſſions. A Man, that has endured all

Sorts of Affronts, may be allowed, like an Apprentice that has ſerved out his Time, to ſet up for himſelf, and put them off upon others; and if the moſt common and approved Way of growing rich is to gain by the Ruin and loſs of thoſe, who are in neceſſity, why ſhould not a Man be allowed as well to make himſelf appear great by debaſing thoſe, that are below him? For Inſolence is no inconſiderable Way of improving Greatneſs and Authority in the Opinion of the World. If all Men are born equally fit to govern, as ſome late Philoſophers affirm, he only has the Advantage of all others, who has the beſt Opinion of his own Abilities, how mean ſoever they really are; and, therefore, he ſtedfaſtly believes, that Pride is the only great, wiſe, and happy Virtue that a Man is capable of, and the moſt compendious and eaſy Way to Felicity—For he, that is able to perſuade himſelf impregnably, that he is ſome great and excellent Perſon, how far ſhort ſoever he falls of it, finds more Delight in that Dream than if he were

If all Men are born.] Our Author here has his Eye upon *Harrington*, who by his Scheme of *Rotation*, admits all by turns into the Government, and muſt conſequently ſuppoſe all fit.

really ſo; and the leſs he is of what he fancies himſelf to be, the better he is pleaſed, as Men covet thoſe things, that are forbidden and denied them, more greedily than thoſe, that are in their Power to obtain; and he, that can enjoy all the beſt Rewards of Worth and Merit without the Pains and Trouble that attend it, has a better Bargain than he, who pays as much for it as it is worth. This he performs by an obſtinate implicit believing as well as he can of himſelf, and as meanly of all other Men; for he holds it a kind of Self-Preſervation to maintain a good Eſtimation of himſelf: And as no Man is bound to love his Neighbour better than himſelf; ſo he ought not to think better of him than he does of himſelf; and he, that will not afford himſelf a very high Eſteem, will never ſpare another Man any at all. He who has made ſo abſolute a Conqueſt over himſelf (which Philoſophers ſay is the greateſt of all Victories) as to be received for a Prince within himſelf, is greater and more arbitrary within his own Dominions, than he that depends upon the uncertain Loves or Fears of other Men without him.—And ſince the Opinion of the World is vain, and for the moſt

Part falſe, he believes it is not to be attempted but by Ways as falſe and vain as it ſelf; and therefore to appear and ſeem is much better and wiſer, than really to be, whatſoever is well eſteemed in the general Value of the World.

Next Pride he believes Ambition to be the only generous and heroical Virtue in the World, that Mankind is capable of. For as Nature gave Man an erect Figure, to raiſe him above the groveling Condition of his fellow Creatures the Beaſts: ſo he, that endeavours to improve that, and raiſe himſelf higher, ſeems beſt to comply with the Deſign and Intention of Nature. Though the Stature of Man is confined to a certain Height, yet his Mind is unlimited, and capable of growing up to Heaven: And as thoſe, who endeavour to arrive at that Perfection, are adored and reverenced by all; ſo he, that endeavours to advance himſelf as high as poſſibly he can in this World, comes neareſt to the Condition of thoſe holy and divine Aſpirers. All the pureſt Parts of Nature always tend upwards, and the more dull and heavy downwards: ſo in the little World the nobleſt Faculties of Man, his Reaſon and Underſtanding, that give him a Prerogative above all other

earthly Creatures, mount upwards—And therefore he, who takes that Courſe and ſtill aſpires in all his Undertakings and Deſigns, does but conform to that which Nature dictates — Are not the Reaſon and the Will, the two commanding Faculties of the Soul, ſtill ſtriving which ſhall be uppermoſt? Men honour none but thoſe that are above them, conteſt with Equals, and diſdain Inferiors. The firſt Thing that God gave Man, was Dominion over the reſt of his inferior Creatures; but he, that can extend that over Man, improves his Talent to the beſt Advantage. How are Angels diſtinguiſhed but by *Dominions*, *Powers*, *Thrones*, and *Principalities?* Then he, who ſtill aſpires to purchaſe thoſe, comes neareſt to the Nature of thoſe heavenly Miniſters, and in all Probability is moſt like to go to Heaven—No Matter what Deſtruction he makes in his Way, if he does but attain his End: for nothing is a Crime, that is too great to be puniſhed; and when it is once arrived at that Perfection, the moſt horrid Actions in the World become the moſt admired and renowned. Birds, that build higheſt are moſt ſafe; and he, that can advance himſelf above the Envy or Reach of his

Inferiors, is ſecure againſt the Malice and Aſſaults of Fortune. All Religions have ever been perſecuted in their primitive Ages, when they were weak and impotent; but, when they propagated and grew great, have been received with Reverence and Adoration by thoſe, who otherwiſe had proved their cruelleſt Enemies; and thoſe, that afterwards oppoſed them, have ſuffered as ſeverely as thoſe, that firſt profeſt them. So Thieves, that rob in ſmall Parties, and break Houſes, when they are taken are hanged: but, when they multiply and grow up into Armies, and are able to take Towns, the ſame things are called heroic Actions, and acknowledged for ſuch by all the World. *Courts of Juſtice*, for the moſt Part, commit greater Crimes than they puniſh, and do thoſe that ſue in them more Injuries than they can poſſibly receive from one another; and yet they are venerable, and muſt not be told ſo. Becauſe they have Authority and Power to juſtify what they do, and the Law (that is, whatever they pleaſe to call ſo) ready to give Judgment for them. Who knows, when a *Phyſician* cures or kills? and yet he is equally rewarded for both, and the Profeſſion eſteemed never the leſs worſhipful—And therefore he accounts it

a ridiculous Vanity in any Man to conſider, whether he does right or wrong in any Thing he attempts; ſince the Succeſs is only able to determine, and ſatisfy the Opinion of the World, which is the one, and which the other. As for thoſe Characters and Marks of Diſtinction, which *Religion*, *Law*, and *Morality* fix upon both, they are only ſignificant and valid, when their Authority is able to command Obedience and Submiſſion; but when the greatneſs, Numbers, or Intereſt of thoſe, who are concerned, out-grows that, they change their Natures; and that, which was Injury before, becomes Juſtice, and Juſtice Injury. It is with Crimes, as with Inventions in the Mechanics, that will frequently hold true to all Purpoſes of the Deſign, while they are tried in little; but, when the Experiment is made in great, prove falſe in all Particulars, to what is promiſed in the Model: So Iniquities and Vices may be puniſhed and corrected, like Children while they are little and impotent; but when they are great and ſturdy, they become incorrigible, and Proof againſt all the Power of Juſtice and Authority.

Among all his Virtues there is none, which he ſets ſo high an Eſteem upon as Impudence, which he finds more uſeful and neceſſary than a Vizard is to a Highwayman. For he, that has but a competent Stock of this natural Endowment, has an Intereſt in any Man he pleaſes, and is able to manage it with greater Advantages than thoſe, who have all the real Pretences imaginable, but want that dextrous Way of ſolliciting, by which, if the worſt fall out, he is ſure to loſe Nothing, if he does not win. He that is impudent is ſhot-free, and if he be ever ſo much overpowered can receive no hurt; for his Forehead is impenetrable and of ſo excellent a Temper, that nothing is able to touch it, but turns Edge and is blunted. His Face holds no Correſpondence with his Mind, and therefore whatſoever inward Senſe or Conviction he feels, there is no outward Appearance of it in his Looks, to give Evidence againſt him; and in any Difficulty, that can befal him, Impudence is the moſt infallible Expedient to fetch him off, that is always ready, like his Angel Guardian, to relieve and reſcue him in his greateſt Extremities; and no outward Impreſſion, nor inward neither (though his own Conſcience take Part againſt him) is

able to beat him from his Guards. Though Innocence and a good Conſcience be ſaid to be *a brazen Wall*, a *brazen Confidence* is more impregnable, and longer able to hold out; for it is a greater Affliction to an innocent Man to be ſuſpected, than it is to one, that is guilty and impudent, to be openly convicted of an apparent Crime. And in all the Affairs of Mankind, a briſk Confidence, though utterly void of Senſe, is able to go through Matters of Difficulty with greater Eaſe, than all the Strength of Reaſon leſs boldly inforced; as the *Turks* are ſaid by a ſmall ſlight handling of their Bows, to make an Arrow without a Head pierce deeper into hard Bodies, than Guns of greater Force are able to do a Bullet of Steel. And though it be but a Cheat and Impoſture, that has neither Truth nor Reaſon to ſupport it, yet it thrives better in the World than Things of greater Solidity; as Thorns and Thiſtles flouriſh on barren Grounds, where nobler Plants would ſtarve: And he, that can improve his barren Parts by this ex-

Though Innocence.] A joking Alluſion to *Horace*

——*Hic Murus aheneus eſto*
Nil conſcire ſibi, nulla pallescere Culpa. Ep. L. 1. Ep. 1. V. 60.

cellent and moſt compendious Method, deſerves much better, in his Judgment, than thoſe, who endeavour to do the ſame thing by the more ſtudious and difficult Way of downright Induſtry and Drudging. For Impudence does not only ſupply all Defects, but gives them a greater Grace than if they had needed no Art; as all other Ornaments are commonly nothing elſe, but the Remedies, or Diſguiſes of Imperfections—And therefore he thinks him very weak, that is unprovided of this excellent and moſt uſeful Quality, without which the beſt natural or acquired Parts are of no more uſe, than the *Guanches* Darts, which, the Virtuoſos ſay, are headed with Butter hardned in the Sun. It ſerves him to innumerable Purpoſes, to preſs on and underſtand no Repulſe, how ſmart or harſh ſoever; for he, that can ſail neareſt the Wind, has much the Advantage of all others; and ſuch is the Weakneſs or Vanity of ſome Men, that they will grant that to obſtinate Importunity, which they would never have done upon all the moſt juſt Reaſons and Conſiderations imaginable; as thoſe, that

Which the Virtuoſos.] What *Butler* refers to is recorded by *Sprat* in his Hiſtory of the Royal Society——See a preceding Note upon *the Elephant in the Moon*.

watch Witches, will make them confeſs that, which they would never have done upon any other Account.

He believes a Man's Words and his Meaning ſhould never agree together: For he, that ſays what he thinks, lays himſelf open to be expounded by the moſt ignorant; and he, who does not make his Words rather ſerve to conceal, than diſcover the Senſe of his Heart, deſerves to have it pulled out, like a Traytor's, and ſhewn publicly to the Rabble. For as a King, they ſay, cannot reign without diſſembling; ſo private Men, without that, cannot govern themſelves with any Prudence or Diſcretion imaginable—This is the only politic Magic, that has Power to make a Man walk inviſible, give him acceſs into all Men's Privacies, and keep all others out of his; which is as great an Odds, as it is to diſcover, what Cards thoſe he plays with have in their Hands, and permit them to know nothing of his. And therefore he never ſpeaks his own Senſe, but that which he finds comes neareſt to the Meaning of thoſe he converſes with; as Birds are drawn into Nets by Pipes that counterfeit their own Voices. By this means he poſſeſſes Men,

like the *Devil*, by getting within them before they are aware, turns them out of themſelves, and either betrays, or renders them ridiculous, as he finds it moſt agreeable either to his Humour, or his Occaſions.

As for Religion, he believes a wiſe Man ought to poſſeſs it, only that he may not be obſerved to have freed himſelf from the Obligations of it, and to teach others by his Example to take the ſame Freedom: For he, who is at Liberty, has a great Advantage over all thoſe, whom he has to deal with, as all Hypocrites find by perpetual Experience—That one of the beſt Uſes, that can be made of it, is to take Meaſure of Men's Underſtandings and Abilities by it, according as they are more or leſs ſerious in it; for he thinks, that no Man ought to be much concerned in it but Hypocrites, and ſuch as make it their Calling and Profeſſion; who, though they do not *live by their Faith*, like the Righteous, do that which is neareſt to it, get their living by it; and that thoſe only take the ſureſt Courſe, who make their beſt Advantages of it in this World, and truſt to Providence for the next, to which

purpoſe he believes it is moſt properly to be relied upon by all Men.

He admires good Nature as only good to thoſe who have it not, and laughs at Friendſhip as a ridiculous Foppery, which all wiſe Men eaſily outgrow; for the more a Man loves another, the leſs he loves himſelf. All Regards and civil Applications ſhould, like true Devotion, look upwards, and addreſs to thoſe that are above us, and from whom we may in Probability expect either Good or Evil; but to apply to thoſe, that are our Equals, or ſuch as cannot benefit or hurt us, is a far more irrational Idolatry than worſhipping of Images or Beaſts. All the Good, that can proceed from Friendſhip, is but this, that it puts Men in a Way to betray one another. The beſt Parents, who are commonly the worſt Men, have naturally a tender Kindneſs for their Children, only becauſe they believe they are a Part of themſelves, which ſhews, that Self-love is the Original of all others, and the Foundation of that great Law of Nature, Self-Preſervation; for no Man ever deſtroyed himſelf wilfully, that had not firſt left off to love himſelf—Therefore a Man's Self is the proper Object of his Love, which

is never ſo well employed, as when it is kept within its own Confines, and not ſuffered to ſtraggle. Every Man is juſt ſo much a Slave as he is concerned in the Will, Inclinations, or Fortunes of another, or has any thing of himſelf out of his own Power to diſpoſe of; and therefore he is reſolved never to truſt any Man with that Kindneſs, which he takes up of himſelf, unleſs he has ſuch Security as is moſt certain to yield him double Intereſt: For he that does otherwiſe, is but a *Jew* and a *Turk* to himſelf, which is much worſe than to be ſo to all the World beſide. Friends are only Friends to thoſe who have no need of them, and when they have, become no longer Friends; like the Leaves of Trees, that clothe the Woods in the Heat of Summer, when they have no need of Warmth, but leave them naked when cold Weather comes; and ſince there are ſo few that prove otherwiſe, it is not Wiſdom to rely on any.

He is of Opinion, that no Men are ſo fit to be employed and truſted as Fools, or Knaves, for the firſt underſtand no Right, the other regard none; and whenſoever there falls out an Occaſion, that may prove of great Importance,

if the Infamy and Danger of the Diſhoneſty be not too apparent, they are the only Perſons, that are fit for the Undertaking. They are both equally greedy of Employment, the one out of an Itch to be thought able, and the other honeſt enough to be truſted, as by Uſe and Practice they ſometimes prove: For the general Buſineſs of the World lies, for the moſt Part, in *Rotines* and Forms, of which there are none ſo exact Obſervers, as thoſe, who underſtand nothing elſe to divert them; as Carters uſe to blind their Fore-horſes on both Sides, that they may ſee only forward, and ſo keep the Road the better; and Men, that aim at a Mark, uſe to ſhut one Eye, that they may ſee the ſurer with the other. If Fools are not notorious, they have far more Perſons to deal with of their own Elevation (who underſtand one another better) than they have of thoſe, that are above them, which renders them fitter for many Buſineſſes than wiſer Men, and they believe themſelves to be ſo for all: For no Man ever thought himſelf a Fool, that was one, ſo confident does their Ignorance naturally render them; and Confidence is no contemptible Qualification in the Management of human Affairs—And as blind Men have ſecret Artifices

and Tricks to ſupply that Defect, and find out their Ways, which thoſe, who have their Eyes and are but hoodwinked, are utterly unable to do: ſo Fools have always little Crafts and Frauds in all their Tranſactions, which wiſer Men would never have thought upon; and by thoſe they frequently arrive at very great Wealth, and as great Succeſs, in all their Undertakings—For all Fools are but feeble and impotent Knaves, that have as ſtrong and vehement Inclinations to all Sorts of Diſhoneſty as the moſt notorious of thoſe Engineers, but want Abilities to put them in Practice; and as they are always found to be the moſt obſtinate and intractable People to be prevailed upon by Reaſon or Conſcience; ſo they are as eaſy to ſubmit to their Superiors, that is Knaves, by whom they are always obſerved to be governed as all Corporations are wont to chooſe th[illegible] Magiſtrates out of their own Members. [illegible] for Knaves, they are commonly true enou[illegible] to their own Intereſts; and while they gain by their Employments, will be careful not to diſſerve thoſe, who can turn them out when they pleaſe, what Tricks ſoever they put upon others; and therefore ſuch Men prove more uſeful to them, in their Deſigns of Gain and

Profit, than thoſe, whoſe Conſciences and Reaſon will not permit them to take that Latitude.

And ſince Buffoonery is, and has always been ſo delightful to great Perſons, he holds him very improvident, that is to ſeek in a Quality ſo inducing, that he cannot at leaſt ſerve for want of a better; eſpecially ſince it is ſo eaſy, that the greateſt Part of the Difficulty lyes in Confidence, and he, that can but ſtand fair, and give Aim to thoſe that are Gameſters, does not alway loſe his Labour, but many times becomes well eſteemed for his generous and bold Demeanor; and a lucky Repartee hit upon by Chance may be the making of a Man. This is the only modern Way of running at Tilt, with which great Perſons are ſo delighted to ſee Men encounter one another, and break Jeſts, as they did Lances heretofore; and he that has the beſt Beaver to his Helmet, has the greateſt Advantage; and as the former paſt upon the Account of Valour, ſo does the latter on the Score of Wit, though neither, perhaps, have any great Reaſon for their Pretences, eſpecially the latter, that depends much upon Confidence, which is commonly a great Support to Wit,

and therefore believed to be its betters, that ought to take place of it, as all Men are greater than their Dependents—So pleaſant it is to ſee Men leſſen one another, and ſtrive who ſhall ſhew himſelf the moſt ill-natured and ill-mannered. As in Cuffing all Blows are aimed at the Face; ſo it fares in theſe Rencounters, where he, that wears the toughest Leather on his Viſage, comes off with Victory, though he has ever ſo much the Diſadvantage upon all other Accounts—For a Buffoon is like a Mad-Dog, that has a Worm in his Tongue, which makes him bite at all that light in his Way; and as he can do nothing alone, but muſt have ſomebody to ſet him that he may throw at, he that performs that Office with the greateſt Freedom, and is contented to be laughed at, to give his Patron Pleaſure, cannot but be underſtood to have done very good Service, and conſequently deſerves to be well rewarded; as a Mountebank's *Pudding*, that is content to be cut, and ſlaſhed, and burnt, and poiſoned without which his Maſter can ſhew no Tricks deſerves to have a conſiderable Share in his Gains.

As for the Meanneſs of theſe Ways, which ſome may think too baſe to be employed to ſo

excellent an End, that imports nothing: for what Diſlike ſoever the World conceives againſt any Man's Undertakings, if they do but ſucceed and proſper, it will eaſily recant its Error, and applaud what it condemned before; and therefore all wiſe Men have ever juſtly eſteemed it a great Virtue to diſdain the falſe Values, it commonly ſets upon all Things, and which it ſelf is ſo apt to retract —For as thoſe, who go up Hill, uſe to ſtoop and bow their Bodies forward, and ſometimes creep upon their Hands; and thoſe, that deſcend, to go upright: ſo the lower a Man ſtoops and ſubmits in theſe endearing Offices, the more ſure and certain he is to riſe; and the more upright he carries himſelf in other Matters, the more like in probability to be ruined——And this he believes to be a wiſer courſe for any Man to take than to trouble himſelf with the Knowledge of Arts or Arms: For the one does but bring a Man an unneceſſary Trouble, and the other as unneceſſary Danger; and the ſhorteſt and more eaſy Way to attain to both, is to deſpiſe all other Men, and believe as ſtedfaſtly in Himſelf as he can, a better and more certain Courſe than that of Merit.

What he gains wickedly he ſpends as vainly; for he holds it the greateſt Happineſs, that a Man is capable of, to deny himſelf nothing, that his Deſires can propoſe to him, but rather to improve his Enjoyments by glorying in his Vices: for Glory being one End of almoſt all the Buſineſs of this World, he who omits that in the Enjoyment of himſelf and his Pleaſures, loſes the greateſt Part of his Delight. And therefore the Felicity, which he ſuppoſes other Men apprehend that he receives in the Reliſh of his Luxuries, is more delightful to him than the Fruition itſelf.

AN

Hypocritical Nonconformiſt

IS an Embaſſador Extraordinary of his own making, not only from *God Almighty* to his *Church*, but from his Church to him; and pretending to a plenipotentiary Power from both, treats with himſelf, and makes what Agreement he pleaſes; and gives himſelf ſuch Conditions as are conducible to the Advantage of his own Affairs. The whole Deſign of his

This Character, though fairly tranſcribed by our Author, by lying in too damp a Place has received ſome little Damage, which will account for ſeveral Hiatus's, which appear in it. They might, with no great Difficulty, have been filled up; but as the Reader may eaſily do it himſelf, and has a much better Right to it than the Publiſher, I rather choſe to leave them as I found them, than hazard the Imputation of Impertinence or Interpolation.

It cannot eſcape the Obſervation of thoſe, who are acquainted with *Butler*'s Writings, that many Paſſages both in this and other Characters are ſimilar to and explanatory of others in his *Hudibras*; and it may, perhaps, be thought that References with ſhort Annotations might not have been improper: But as theſe, with many others of the like Sort which I meet with in his imperfect Pieces and looſe Papers, may very probably furniſh Matter for a new Edition of that Poem, I think it is doing more Juſtice to the Reader to omit them.

Tranſaction and Employment is really nothing elſe, but to procure freſh ſupplies for the *good old Cauſe and Covenant*, while they are under Perſecution; to raiſe Recruits of new Proſelites, and deal with all thoſe, who are, or once were, good Friends to both; to unite and maintain a more cloſe and ſtrict Intelligence among themſelves againſt the common Enemy, and preſerve their general Intereſt alive, until they ſhall be in a Condition to declare more openly for it; and not out of Weakneſs to ſubmit perfidiouſly to the Laws of the Land, and rebelliouſly endure to live in Peace and Quietneſs under the preſent Government: In which, though they are admitted to a greater Share of rich and profitable Employments than others, yet they will never be able to recover all their Rights which they once enjoyed, and are now unjuſtly deprived of, but by the very ſame Expedients and Courſes, which they then took.

The Wealth of his Party, of which he vapours ſo much to ſtartle his Governors, is no mean Motive to enflame his Zeal, and encourage him to uſe the Means, and provoke all Dangers, where ſuch large Returns may infallibly be expected. And that's the Reaſon

why he is ſo ready and forward to encounter all appearing Terrors, that may acquire the Reputation of Zeal and Conſcience; to deſpiſe the Penalties of the Laws, and commit himſelf voluntarily to Priſon, to draw the Members of his Church into a more ſenſible fellow-feeling of his Sufferings, and a freer Miniſtration. For ſo many and great have been the Advantages of this thriving Perſecution, that the Conſtancy and Blood of the primitive Martyrs did not propagate the Church more, than the Money and good Creatures earned by theſe profitable Sufferings have done the Diſcipline of the modern Brethren.

He preaches the Goſpel in deſpite of it ſelf; for though there can be no Character ſo true and plain of him, as that which is there copied from the *Scribes* and *Phariſees*, yet he is not ſo weak a Brother to apply any Thing to himſelf, that is not perfectly agreeable to his own Purpoſes; nor ſo mean an Interpreter of Scripture, that he cannot relieve himſelf, when he is preſt Home with a Text, eſpecially where his own Conſcience is Judge: For what Privilege have the *Saints* more than the *Wicked*, if

they cannot diſpenſe with themſelves in ſuch Caſes? This Conſcience of his, (like the Righteouſneſs of the *Scribes* and *Phariſees*, from whom it is deſcended) is wholly taken up with ſuch ſlight and little Matters, that it is impoſſible, it ſhould ever be at Leiſure to conſider Things of greater Weight and Importance. For it is the Nature of all thoſe, that uſe to make great Matters of Trifles, to make as little of Things of great Concernment—And therefore he delights more to differ in Things indifferent; no Matter how ſlight and impertinent, they are weighty enough, in Proportion to his Judgment, to prevail with him before the Peace and Safety of a Nation. But he has a further Artifice in it; for little petulant Differences are more apt and proper to produce and continue Animoſities among the Rabble of Parties, than Things of weightier Conſideration, of which they are utterly uncapable, as Flies and Gnats are more vexatious in hot Climates, than Creatures that are able to do greater Miſchiefs. And they, that are taught to diſlike the indifferent Actions of others muſt of Neceſſity abominate the greater. And as Zeal is utterly loſt, and has no Way to ſhew it ſelf but in Oppoſition; nor Conſcience to diſcover its

Tenderneſs but in ſeeking Occaſions to take Offence perpetually at ſomething, and the ſlighter and more trivial the better; ſo that Conſcience, that appears ſtrict and ſcrupulous in ſmall Matters, will be eaſily ſuppoſed by the erroneous Vulgar to be more careful and ſevere in Things of Weight, though nothing has been more falſe upon all Experience.

for violating the Laws of God, as the Laws of the Land, and takes more care upon his Conſcience, than to give it any juſt Satisfaction; for as it is apt to quarrel upon ſmall and trivial Occaſions, ſo it is as eaſily appeaſed with ſlight and trivial Pretences, and in great Matters with none at all; but rather, like the *Devil*, tempts him to commit all Manner of Wickedneſs: for we do not find, that any Poſſeſſions of the *Devil* ever produced ſuch horrid Actions, as ſome Men have been guilty of by being only poſſeſt with their own Conſciences. And therefore, ever ſince the Act of Oblivion reprieved him from the Gallows, he endeavours to ſupplant all Law and Government for being partial to him in his own Caſe; as bad Men never uſe to forgive thoſe, whom

they have injured, or received any extraordinary Obligation from: For he cannot endure to think upon Repentance, as too great a Diſparagement for a *Saint* to ſubmit to, that would keep up the Reputation of Godlineſs. And becauſe the Scripture ſays, *Obedience is better than Sacrifice*, he believes the leſs of it will ſerve: For he is ſo far from being ſenſible of *God*'s Mercy and the *King*'s, for his Pardon and Reſtoration to a better Condition than he was in before he rebelled, that his Actions make it plainly appear that he accounts it no better than an Apoſtacy and *Backſliding*; and he expects a Revolution of Rebellion as obſtinately, as the *Turk* does *Mahomet*'s Coming. For it is juſt with him as with other impenitent Malefactors, whom a Pardon or unexpected Deliverance from ſuffering for the firſt Crime does but render more eager to commit the ſame over again: For like a looſing Gameſter he cannot endure to think of giving over, as long as he can by any Means get Money or Credit to venture again. And as the moſt deſperate of thoſe People, after they have loſt all, uſe to play away their Cloaths, he offers to ſtake down his very Skin; and not only (as ſome barbarous People uſe) ſet his Wife and

Children, but his Head and four Quarters to the Hangman, if he chance once more to throw out. And yet, as ſtubborn and obſtinate as he is to obey his lawful Sovereign, of whoſe Grace and Mercy he holds his Life, he has always appeared true and faithful to all tyrannical Uſurpations, without the leaſt Reluctancy of Conſcience: for though he was fool'd and cheated by them, yet they were more agreeable to his own Inclination, that does not care to have any thing founded in Right, but left at large to *Diſpenſations* and *Out-goings* of Providence, as he ſhall find Occaſion to expound them to the beſt Advantage of his own Will and Intereſt.

He crys down the Common-Prayer, becauſe there is no Oſtentation of Gifts to be uſed in the reading of it, without which he eſteems it no better than mere loſs of Time, and Labour in Vain, that brings him in no Return of Intereſt and Vain-Glory from the Rabble; who have always been obſerved to be ſatisfied with nothing but what they do not underſtand; and therefore the Church of *Rome* was fain (to comply with their natural Inclinations) to enjoin them to ſerve *God* in a Language of

which they underſtand not one Word; and though they abominate that, yet they endeavour to come as near it as they can, and ſerve *God* in an unknown Senſe, which their own godly Teacher has as great a Care to prepare equal and ſuitable to their wonderful Capacities. And therefore, as the *Apoſtles* made their divine Calling appear plainly to all the World by ſpeaking Languages, which they never underſtood before; he endeavours to do the ſame Thing moſt prepoſterouſly by ſpeaking that which is no Language at all, nor underſtood by any Body, but a Collection of affected and fantaſtic Expreſſions, wholly abſtract from Senſe, as *Nothingneſs*, *Soul Damningneſs and Savingneſs*, &c. in ſuch a fuſtian Stile as the *Turks* and *Perſians* uſe; that ſignify nothing but the Vanity and want of Judgment of the Speaker; though they believe it to be the true Property of the Spirit, and higheſt Perfection of all Sanctity. And the better to ſet this off, he uſes more artificial Tricks to improve his Spirit of Utterance either into Volubility or Dullneſs, that it may ſeem to go of it ſelf, without his Study or Direction, than the old Heathen Orators knew, that uſed to liquor their Throats, and harangue to Pipes.

For he has fantaſtic and extravagant Tones, as well as Phraſes, that are no leſs agreeable to the Senſe of . . . . . in a Kind of *ſtilo recitativo* between ſinging and braying; and abhors the . . . . . Liturgy, leſt he ſhould ſeem to conform to it. But as it is a Piece of Art to conceal Art, ſo it is by artificial Dullneſs to diſguiſe that which is natural; and as his Intereſt has always obliged him to decry human Learning, Reaſon, and Senſe; he and his Brethren have with long and diligent Practice found out an Expedient to make that Dullneſs, which would become intolerable, if it did not pretend to ſomething above Nature, paſs for *Diſpenſations*, *Light*, *Grace*, and *Gifts*. For in the Beginning of the late unhappy civil War, the greateſt Number of thoſe of the Clergy, who by the means of their Parts, or Friends, or Honeſty had no Hopes to advance themſelves to Preferment in the *Church*, took Part with the *Parliament* againſt it, who were very willing to give a kind Reception and Encouragement to all thoſe, that offered themſelves to promote the *Cauſe of Reformation*, which they found to be the beſt Diſguiſe they could poſſibly put upon *Rebellion*; and then this heavy Dullneſs, being a public

Standard of the common Talents of their Teachers, became (for want of a better) a Mode, and afterwards a Character of the *Power of Godlineſs*, in Oppoſition to the Ingenuity and Learning of the other Clergy; and whoſoever was not naturally endued with it, or ſo much Hypocriſy as would ſerve to counterfeit it, was held unable, or ſuſpected unfit to be confided in. And upon this account it has continued ever ſince among the Party, where it paſſes for a Mark of Diſtinction to diſcover who are gifted, and who not; as among the Antient *Pagans*, when Monſters and Prodigies had gained the Reputation of divine Preſages, the more unnatural and deformed they appeared, they were received with the more devout and pious Regard, and had Sacrifices accordingly appointed for their Expiation. And this he finds uſeful to many Purpoſes; for it does not only ſave him the Labour of Study, which he diſdains as below his Gifts, but exempts him from many other Duties, and gives his idle Infirmities a greater Reputation among his Followers than the greateſt Abilities of the moſt induſtrious; while the painful Heavings and Straining, that he uſes to expreſs himſelf, paſs for the Agonies of thoſe that de-

liver Oracles. And this is the Reaſon why he is ſo cautious to have all his *Exerciſes* ſeem to be done Extempore, that his ſpiritual Talent may not be thought to receive any Aſſiſtance from natural or artificial Means, but to move freely of it ſelf, without any Care or Conſideration of his; as if Premeditation and Study would but render him, like other falſe Witneſſes, the more apt to contrive and imagine, how to betray and abuſe the Truth. And to propagate this Cheat among his Hearers, he omits no little Artifice, that he thinks will paſs unperceived: As, when he quotes a Text of Scripture, he commonly only names the Chapter, and about the Beginning, Middle, or End of it, or about ſuch or ſuch a Verſe, and then turns over the Leaves of his Book to find it, to ſhew that he had not ſo much Preparation as to do it before; but was always ſurprized with his Gifts, and taken tardy before he was aware; and when he happens to be out, which is not ſeldom, will ſteal a Look, and ſquint into his Notes as cunningly as a Schoolboy does into his Leſſon that he is to repeat without Book, that he may not be obſerved to need the ſame Means, which all thoſe, that are ungifted, are neceſſitated to make uſe of: Although his Con-

cordance ſupplies him with all the Gifts he has to cap Texts, and his Adverſaries Writings, with all the Doctrine and Uſe he has, except that which is factious and ſeditious, which is always his own, and all that, beſide Nonſenſe, he can juſtly pretend to.

The Contribution, which he receives from his Congregation, ſerves him, like a Scale, to take a juſt Meaſure of the Zeal and Godlineſs of every particular Member of it; and by computing what their Offerings amount to, in proportion to their Abilities, caſt up exactly how much Grace and ſpiritual Gifts every Man is endued with. This, like auricular Confeſſion, lets him into the darkeſt Secrets of their Hearts, and directs him how to apply his Remedies according to their ſeveral Conſtitutions; and by finding out by Obſervation or Enquiry the particular Sins, that any . . . . . with a Particular of his Eſtate . . . . . plant all his Batteries againſt them, and deliver them over . . . : . . . . until he . . . . . ranſom, and be converted to an equal Contribution and . . . . . of them all. As Charity is ſaid to cover a Multitude of Sins; ſo does

charitable Contribution; and if that is wanting, it is his Duty to lay them open, and impoſe ſuch Penances as he judges fitting, as well as diſpoſe of Indulgences, though he does not like the Word, to the beſt Advantage. And therefore he is an implacable Enemy to all eccleſiaſtical Judges and Officers in the Church, and would truſt no Creature living with the Conduct and Management of Men's Sins, but himſelf and the *Devil*, who is the only ſecular Power that he can confide in to deliver them over to, or redeem them back again at his own Rates. For he is a ſpiritual Interloper, that ſteals a Trade underhand, and by dealing in prohibited Commodities can underſell, and allow better Bargains of Sins and Abſolution, than thoſe that deal fairly and openly can afford. As for the *Biſhops*, he is rather a Rival than an Enemy to them, and therefore becomes the more jealous of them: For all the Illwill he bears them is only, whatever he pretends, for their Authority, and their Lands, with which he is moſt paſſionately in Love, but cannot poſſibly get the Conſent of both Parties to the Match; and therefore, like *Solomon*'s Harlot, had rather divide the Child, than let the right Owner have it. For his Church Members have

the keeping of his Conſcience, as well as he has of theirs, and both ſealed and delivered, like a Pair of Indentures, to one another's Uſes; ſo that he cannot, though he would, alter his Judgment without their Conſent, or ſuch a valuable Conſideration, as will ſecure him againſt all Damages, that he may receive by renouncing them and his own Opinion, when he finds it moſt convenient to ſatisfy all his Scruples, and conform. For as he parted with his Benefice, like a Gameſter that diſcards and throws out a ſuit that is dealt him to take in a better out of the Pack, and mend his Hand: ſo he can as eaſily by the ſame light and Revelation, be converted, and change his Conventicle for a better ſpiritual Improvement, when a good Occaſion is offered him. For how is it poſſible that he, who cannot conform to himſelf, ſhould do ſo to any thing elſe, or he that plants all Improvements of Piety in ſpiritual Novelties ſhould be conſtant to any Thing? For he that can endure nothing that is ſettled, only becauſe it is ſo, can never poſſibly ſettle in any Thing; but muſt, as he outgrows himſelf in Grace, at length outgrow Grace too, as the moſt refined of his Diſciples have done Ordinances and Government. For

he differs no leſs from his own Doctrine and Diſcipline, than from that of the Church, and is really made up of nothing but Contradictions; denies free Will, and yet will endure Nothing but his own Will in all the Practice of his Life; is tranſported with Zeal for Liberty of Conſcience, and yet is the ſevereſt Impoſer upon all other Men's Conſciences in the whole World; is a profeſt Enemy to all Forms in Godlineſs, and yet affects nothing more than a perpetual Formality in all his Words and Actions; makes his Devotions rather Labours than Exerciſes, and breaks the Sabbath by taking too much Pains to keep it, as he does the Commandments of God, to find out new Ways for other Men to keep them; calls his holding forth taking of great Pains, and yet pretends to do it by the Spirit without any Labour or Study of his own. And although *Chriſt* ſays, *bleſſed be the Peacemakers*, he will have none ſo but the Peacebreakers; and becauſe the firſt *Chriſtians* were commanded to be obedient for Conſcience Sake, he commands his Brother *Chriſtians* to be diſobedient for the ſame Reaſon; makes longer Prayers than a *Phariſee*; but, if the Treaſon, Sedition, Nonſenſe, and Blaſ-

phemy were left out, ſhorter than a *Publican*; for he is no Friend to the Lords-Prayer, for the Power and full Senſe of it, and becauſe it is a Form, and none of his own, nor of the Spirit becauſe it is learnt; and therefore proffers the phariſaical Way of Tediouſneſs and Tautology. This he calls the *Gift of Prayer*, which he highly values himſelf upon, and yet delivers in a Tone that he ſteals from the Beggars; blames the *Catholics* for placing Devotion in the mere Repetition of Words, and yet makes the ſame the Character of ſpiritual Gifts and Graces in himſelf; for he uſes the old Phraſes of the *Engliſh* Tranſlation of the Bible from the *Jewiſh* Idiom, as if they contained in them more Sanctity and Holineſs than other Words, that more properly ſignify the ſame Thing. He profeſſes a mortal Hatred to Ceremonies, and yet has more Punctilios than a *Jew*; for he is of too rugged and churliſh a Nature to uſe any Reſpect at all to any Thing. And though Ceremonies are Signs of Submiſſion, and very uſeful in the public Service of God, yet they do not turn to any conſiderable Accompt, nor acquire any Opinion of Gifts from the People to thoſe that uſe them; and he pretends to a nearer Familiarity with his Maker

than to need any Ceremonies, like a Stranger; and indeed they are nothing agreeable to that audacious Freedom that he aſſumes in his Applications to him. So he condemns Uniformity in the public Service of God, and yet affects nothing elſe in his own *Doctrines* and *Uſes*, and *Cap* and *Beard*, which are all of the ſame Stamp. He denounces againſt all thoſe that are given over to a reprobate Senſe, but takes no Notice of thoſe, that are given over to a reprobate Nonſenſe. He is an implacable Enemy to Superſtition and Profaneneſs, and never gives it quarter, but is very tender of meddling with Hypocriſy, though it be far more wicked, becauſe the Intereſts of it are ſo mixt with his own, that it is very difficult to touch the one without diſordering the other: For though Hypocriſy be but a *Form of Godlineſs* without Power, and he defies Forms above all Things, yet he is content to allow of it there, and diſdains it in all Things elſe.

A

REPUBLICAN

IS a civil Fanatic, an *Utopian* Senator; and as all Fanatics cheat themſelves with Words, miſtaking them for Things; ſo does he with the falſe Senſe of Liberty. He builds Governments in the Air, and ſhapes them with his Fancy, as Men do Figures in the Clouds. He is a great Lover of his own Imaginations, which he calls his Country; and is very much for Obedience to his own Senſe, but not further. He is a nominal Politician, a faithful and loyal Subject to notional Governments, but an obſtinate Rebel to the real. He dreams of a Republic waking; but as all Dreams are diſproportionate and imperfect to [illegible] Conceptions of it: For he has not Wit enough to underſtand the Difference between Specula-

This and the following Character were viſibly intended for *Harrington* and his Followers; and there needs no other Key to them

tion and Practice. He is ſo much a Fool, that, like the Dog in the Fable, he loſes his real Liberty, to enjoy the Shadow of it: For the more he ſtudies to diſlike the Government, he lives under, the further he is off his real Freedom. While he is modelling of Governments, he forgets that no Government was ever made by Model: For they are not built as Houſes are, but grow as Trees do. And as ſome Trees thrive beſt in one Soil, ſome in another; ſo do Governments, but none equally in any, but all generally where they are moſt naturally produced; and therefore 'tis probable, the State of *Venice* would be no more the ſame in any other Country, if introduced, than their Trade of Glaſs-making. To avoid this he calculates his Model to the Elevation of a particular Clime, but with the ſame Succeſs (if put in Practice) as Almanac-Makers do, to ſerve only for a Year; and his Predictions of Succeſs would be according, but nothing ſo certain as their fair and foul Weather. He has not Judgment enough to obſerve, that all Models of Governments are merely *Utopian*, that have no

but what has been already obſerved of that Gentleman, in the Note upon *the Speech made at the Rota.*

Territory but in Books, nor Subjects but in hot Heads and ſtrong Fancies; that *Plato's* is much wiſer than any of his Size, and yet it has been a long while in the World quite out of Employment, and is like to continue ſo at leaſt till his *great Year*, a ſad Diſcouragement to a State-Projector--But his is like to have a harder Province; for without a previous Rebellion nothing is to be expected, and then that is to proſper, or elſe all is loſt: Next the Nation is to fall into Ruin and Confuſion juſt in the Order as he has deſigned it, otherwiſe it will be to no Purpoſe—Then nothing is to intervene; but after ſo many Alterations the ſame Perſons are to outlive all, and continue ſtill in the ſame Mind they were in, eſpecially thoſe in Power, and their Intereſts to be the very ſame they are at preſent, elſe nothing is to be done. After all this, if nothing elſe interpoſe, but the Will of God, a Model of a Republic may (if the Times will bear it) be propoſed, and if it be thought fit it ſhould go no further, the Propoſers ſhall be deſired to have Thanks, and be told, that it ſhall be taken into Conſideration, or is ſo already; and then it will be juſt where it is now. And this is all the poſſible *Rotation* our ſpeculative

State-Botcher can in Reaſon promiſe to himſelf to make thoſe, that have any Senſe of his Party to believe. This is much more probable than any Dream of the State-Quack, that uſed to mount his Bank in a Coffee-Houſe, and foretold *Oliver Cromwel* ſhould live ſo many Years after he was hanged, and after dying leave the *Republicans* his Heirs; tho' that has been partly performed in ſome, who have ſince taken upon them to be his Adminiſtrators, and in due Time is like to befall the reſt. He has a Fancy, for 'tis no more, to a Commonwealth, becauſe he has ſeen the Picture of it, no Matter whether true or falſe, it pleaſes his Humour, though it be nothing but a great Corporation; for 'tis but calling the Bailiffs of a good Town *Conſuls*, the Aldermen *Senators*, the Churchwardens *Ædiles*, and the Parſon *Pontifex Maximus*, and the Thing is done. Moſt that I know of this Sort are Haranguers, that will hold any Argument, rather than their Tongues, and like this Government before any other, becauſe every Man has a Voice in it, and the greateſt Orators prove the ableſt Statesmen. He catched this Itch at the *Rota*,

where a State Charletan ſeduced him with Coffee and Sedition by promiſing his Abilities great Advancements in *Oceana*. Ever ſince he has a mind to be a Piece of a Prince, [illegible] his own whole Share of *Highneſs* will not amount to the Value of *a Pepper Corn yearly if it be demanded:* Howſoever it will ſerve to entitle him to a Share in the Government, which he would fain be at, and believes himſelf right able to manage, though that be an ill Sign; for commonly thoſe, that deſire it moſt, are the moſt unfit for it. He follows his Inclination to a *Republic*, as a Bowler does his Bowl, when he miſtakes his Ground, and ſcrews his Body that Way he would have it run, and to as much Purpoſe, but more dangerous; for if he run too far, he may, before he is aware, run his Neck into a Halter. Of all State-Fanatics he is the moſt fooliſh, and furtheſt off any of his Ends, unleſs it be the Gallows. Sure 'tis a very politic Thing to wiſh, and great Wit is required to fancy properly, and contrive judiciouſly what might be, if all Things would but fall out as they ought, and *Fate* were as wiſe as it ſhould be.

If he could but find out a Way to hold Intelligence with *Cardan*'s *Homines aerii*, thoſe ſubtle Inhabitants of the Air, he might in Probability eſtabliſh his Government among them, much ſooner than here, where ſo many Experiments have been ſo lately made to no Purpoſe. For *Oceana* is but a kind of a floating Iſland, like the *Iriſh O Brian*, that never caſts Anchor; and thoſe that have been upon it know not where to find it again, nor what to make on't: For there is no Account of it in the Map, nor any where elſe, but in the Globe of an empty Noddle. Democracy is but the Effect of a crazy Brain; 'tis like the Intelligible World, where the Models and Ideas of all Things are, but no Things; and 'twill never go further. They are State-Recuſants, politic Nonconformiſts, that out of Tenderneſs of Humour cannot comply with the preſent Government, nor be obedient to the Laws of the Land with a ſafe Fancy. They were all Fairy-born in *Fairy-Land*, but changed in the Cradle; and ſo being not Natives here, the Air of the Government does not agree with them. They are ſilenced Miniſters of State, that hold forth Sedition in Conventicles, and ſpread new Governments erroneous both in

Doctrine and Diſcipline. They mold Governments, as Children do Dirt-Pyes, only to buſy and pleaſe themſelves, tho' to no Purpoſe. He derives the Pedigree of Government from Univerſals, that produce nothing; and ſuppoſes the Right of it to be only in thoſe, that are incapable of the Uſe of it, that is *all Men*, which is all one with *no Man*; for that which is every where is no where. He will undertake to prevent civil Wars by proving, that Mankind was born to nothing elſe, and reduce them to Subjection and Obedience by maintaining, that Nature made them all equal. He pretends to ſecure the Right of Princes by proving, that whoſoever can get their Power from them has Right to it, and perſuade them and their Subjects to obſerve imaginary Contracts, becauſe they are invalid as ſoon as made. He has as wiſe Diſputes about the Original of Governments, as the *Roſicrucians* have about the Beginning of the World; when it would puzzle both him and them to find out, how the firſt Hammer was made; but he would fain have them inſtituted by Laws, becauſe Laws are made by them, as if the Child begot the Parent. His Pedigree of Power and Right are as obſcure, as a Herald's genealogical Tree, that is hung with Matches,

like ſeveral Pair of Spectacles, and you may ſee as far into Truth with them. He is a State-Quack, that mounts his Bank in ſome obſcure Nook, and vapours what Cures he could do on the Body politic; when all the Skill he has will not ſerve to cure his own Itch of Novelty and Vainglory. All his Governments are Ideots, and will never be admitted to the Adminiſtration of their own Eſtates, nor come to Years of diſcretion.

A

POLITICIAN

IS a ſpeculative Stateſman, Student in the liberal Art of free Government, that did all his Exerciſes in the late Times of curſed Memory at the *Rota*, but is not yet admitted to practiſe. He is a State-Empiric, that has Receipts for all the Infirmities of Governments, but knows nothing of their Conſtitutions, nor how to proportion his Doſe. He diſſects the Body-politic into Controverſies, as Anatomiſts do the Body of a Man, and mangles every Part, only to find out new Diſputes. He weighs every Thing in the Ballance of Property, which at firſt would turn with the fortieth Part of a Grain, but ſince by Uſe is worn ſo falſe, that it inclines one Way more than the other moſt abominably. He ſhapes dirty Governments on his *Rota* like Pipkins, that never prove without ſome Crack or Flaw. He is always finding out of Expedients, but they are ſuch as light in his Way by Chance,

and nobody elſe would ſtoop to take up. The harder he charges his Head with Politics, the more it recoils, and is nearer cracking; for, though in Matters of Action the more Experience a Man has the more he knows, it fares otherways with Speculations, in which an Error is ſeldom diſcovered, until it be reduced to Practice; and if but one of theſe creep in among his Contemplations, it makes Way for others to follow, and the further he purſues his Thoughts, the further he is out of his Way. He derives the Pedigree of Government from its firſt Original, and makes it begotten on the Body of a Woman by the firſt Father, and born with the firſt Child, from whom all that are at preſent in the World are lineally deſcended. He is wonderfully enamoured of a *Commonwealth* becauſe it is like a common Whore, which every one may have to do with; but cannot abide *Monarchy*, becauſe it is honeſt and confined to one. He deſpiſes the preſent Government, let it be what it will, and prefers the old *Greek* and *Roman*, like thoſe that wear long Beards, Trunk-Hoſe, and Ruffs, but never conſiders, that in that they are more fantaſtic than thoſe, that affect the neweſt Faſhions.

A

STATE-CONVERT

IS a thrifty Penitent, that never left Rebellion until it left him. He has always appeared very faithful and conſtant to his Principles to the very laſt: For as he firſt engaged againſt the Crown for no other Reaſon but his own Advantages; ſo he afterward faced about, and declared for it for the very ſame Conſideration; and when there was no more to be made of it, was thoroughly convinced, and renounced it from the Bottom of his Heart. He eſpouſed the *good old Cauſe*, like an old Whore that had Money in her Purſe, and made her an honeſt Woman; but, when all was ſpent and gone, turned her out of Doors to ſhift for her ſelf, and declared her to be no better than ſhe ſhould

Like Lipſius's Dog] The Story of *Lipſius*'s Dog, who had been taught to carry Meat in a Baſket, is thus related by Sir *Kenelme Digby* —— "Other leſs Dogs, ſnatching as he trotted along Part "of what hung out of his Baſket, which he carried in his Mouth, "he ſet it down to worry one of them; whilſt in the mean Time,

be. He was very much unſatisfied in his Conſcience with the Government of the Church, as long as Preſbytery bore the Bag, and had Money to receive for betraying *Chriſt*; but as ſoon as thoſe Saints were gulled and cheated of all, and that the Covenant began to be no better than a beggarly Ceremony, his Eyes were preſently opened, and all his Scruples vaniſhed in a Moment. He did his Endeavour to keep out the King as long as he could poſſibly; but when there was no Hopes left to prevail any longer, he made a Virtue of Neceſſity, and appeared among the foremoſt of thoſe, that were moſt earneſt to bring him in: and, like *Lipſius*'s Dog, reſolved to have his Share in that which he was able to defend no longer. What he gained by ſerving againſt the King he laid out to purchaſe profitable Employments in his Service; for he is one that will neither obey nor rebel againſt him for nothing; and though he inclines naturally to the latter, yet he has ſo much of a Saint left as to deny himſelf, when he cannot have his Will, and denounce

" the others fed at Liberty and at Eaſe upon the Meat, that lay
" there unguarded; till he coming back to it drove them away,
" and himſelf made an End of eating it up."

See *Digby on Bodies*, p. 320

againſt *Self-ſeeking*, until he is ſure to find what he looks for. He pretends to be the only Man in the World that brought in the King, which is in one Senſe very true; for if he had not driven him out firſt, it had been impoſſible ever to have brought him in. He endures his Preferment patiently (tho' he eſteems it no better than a Relapſe) merely for the Profit he receives by it; and prevails with himſelf to be ſatisfied with that and the Hopes of ſeeing better Times, and then reſolves to appear himſelf again, and let the World ſee he is no Changeling: And therefore he rejoices in his Heart at any Miſcarriages of State-Affairs, and endeavours to improve them to the uttermoſt, partly to vindicate his own former Actions, and partly in Hope to ſee the Times come about again to him, as he did to them.

A

RISKER

EXPOSED himſelf to very great Hazards, when he had no other Way in the World to diſpoſe of himſelf ſo well. He ventured very hard to ſerve the King in doing the Duty of his Place, that is, in putting him to Charges, when he had nothing for himſelf. He never forſook him in his greateſt Extremities, but eat and drunk truly and faithfully upon him, when he knew not how to do ſo any where elſe: For all the Service he was capable of doing his Maſter was the very ſame with that of *Bel* and the *Dragon*'s Clerks, to eat up his Meat, and drink up his Drink for

The Reader will in this Character have the Pleaſure of obſerving the honeſt Impartiality of our Author, who is as ſevere upon the Faults and Folly of the *Cavaliers* whoſe Principles he loved, as he is upon thoſe of the *Fanatics*, whom he hated; and 'tis the more to be admired, as he himſelf had but too much Reaſon to complain of the Neglect of the Government towards him after the Reſtoration.

him. He was very induſtrious to promote his Affairs to as high a Rate as he could, and improved his Revenue by increaſing his Expences to the uttermoſt of his Power. 'Tis true he ventured all he had, that is himſelf, in the King's Service: for he left nothing behind him but his Debts, and to avoid theſe and Perſecution he was glad to fly to him for Protection. He ſerved him freely, as Soldiers are ſaid to be Volunteers, that take up Arms becauſe they know not how to live otherwiſe. He forſook his native Country becauſe it forſook him before, and caſt himſelf upon the King, who knew as little what to do with him, as he did with himſelf. As for neglecting his own Affairs, nobody knows what that means, unleſs it be that he did not betray the King, when he might have gotten Money to do it, as ſome others of his Fellows did. And theſe are all the great and meritorious Services he has done, for which he believes the King is ſo far behind hand with him, that he will never be able to come out of his Debt: For all Men are apt to ſet very high Rates upon ever ſo little that they do for Kings, as if they were to be over-reckoned by their Prerogatives,

that it were the Mark of Majeſty and Power to make Men Thieves, and give them leave to cheat; that it were a Flower of the Crown to be firſt ſerved with all Sorts of Cheats and Impoſtors, for the Management of the Royal Revenue, before the Subject can be admitted to furniſh themſelves for their neceſſary Occaſions. He is perſuaded that he deſerved ſo well of the King in being a Burthen to him in his Neceſſities, that he ought to be allowed to be one to the Nation for ever after. He is as confident that he contributed as much as any Man to the King's Reſtoration, which is very true; for he did what he could, and though that were nothing, yet no Man can do more. The moſt deſperate of all his Riſks was to venture over the Sea by Water, with private Inſtructions or privy Seals to borrow Money for the King's Uſe, and venture it Play for his own, in which he often miſcarried; for the Plot being diſcovered, all the Money was loſt, except ſome ſmall Sums, that he laid out for his neceſſary Charges of Whores, Fidlers, and Surgeons—In tender Conſideration of all which great Services and Sufferings, he believes the King is obliged in Hon-

our and Conſcience to grant him a Brief to beg of him all the Days of his Life, and deny him nothing that he ſhall demand according to the Rules of the Court, and in caſe of Refuſal to proſecute his Suit, till he recover it againſt him by main Importunity.

A

MODERN STATESMAN

OWNS his *Election* from *Free-Grace* in Oppoſition to *Merits* or any Foreſight of *good Works:* For he is *choſen*, not for his Abilities or Fitneſs for his Employment, but, like a *Tales* in a Jury, for happening to be near in *Court*—If there were any other Conſideration in it (which is a hard Queſtion to the wiſe) it was only becauſe he was held able enough to be a *Counſellor extraordinary* for the Indifference and Negligence of his Underſtanding, and conſequently Probability of doing no Hurt, if no Good; for why ſhould not ſuch prove the ſafeſt Phyſicians to the Body politic, as well as they do to the natural? Or elſe ſome near Friend,

This Character furniſhes us with another Inſtance of *Butler's* Impartiality; and, if we would imitate him in the Practice of the ſame Virtue, we muſt own, that the Reign of *Charles* II. though I am far from thinking it ſo blameable as it is the preſent Faſhion of Politics to deſcribe it, did but abound with too many Originals of the Copy, which is here drawn.

or Friend's Friend helped him to the Place, that engaged for his Honeſty and good Behaviour in it—Howſoever he is able to ſit ſtill, and look wiſe *according to his beſt Skill and Cunning*; and, though he underſtand no Reaſon, ſerve for one that does; and be moſt ſtedfaſtly of that Opinion, that is moſt like to prevail. If he be a great Perſon he is choſen, as *Aldermen* are in the City, for being rich enough: and fines to be taken in, as thoſe do to be left out; and Money being the Meaſure of all Things, it is ſufficient to juſtify all his other Talents, and render them, like it ſelf, good and current. As for Wiſdom and Judgment with thoſe other out-of-faſhioned Qualifications, which have been ſo highly eſteemed heretofore, they have not been found to be ſo uſeful in this Age, ſince it has invented Scantlings for Politics, that will move with the Strength of a Child, and yet carry Matters of very great Weight; and that Raillery and Fooling is proved by frequent Experiments to be the more eaſy and certain Way. For as the *Germans* heretofore were obſerved to be wiſeſt when they were drunk, and knew not how to diſſemble: ſo are our modern Stateſmen, when they are mad, and uſe no reſerved Cunning in their

Conſultations. And as the Church of *Rome* and that of the *Turks* eſteem ignorant Perſons the moſt devout, there is no Reaſon why this Age, that ſeems to incline to the Opinions of them both, ſhould not as well believe them to be the moſt prudent and judicious: For heavenly Wiſdom does by the Confeſſion of Men far exceed all the Subtlety and Prudence of this World. The *Heathen* Prieſts of old never delivered Oracles but when they were drunk, and mad or diſtracted, and who knows why our modern Oracles may not as well uſe the ſame Method in all their Proceedings—Howſoever he is as ably qualified to govern as that Sort of Opinion that is ſaid to govern all the World, and is perpetually falſe and fooliſh; and if his Opinions are always ſo, they have the fairer Title to their Pretenſions. He is ſworn to adviſe no further than his Skill and Cunning will enable him, and the leſs he has of either, the ſooner he diſpatches his Buſineſs; and Diſpatch is no mean Virtue in a Stateſman.

A DUKE OF BUCKS.

IS one that has ſtudied the whole Body of Vice. His Parts are diſproportionate to the whole, and like a Monſter he has more of ſome, and leſs of others than he ſhould have. He

This Character is the only one amongſt the many which *Butler* has drawn, that I find expreſly perſonal. As *Dryden* has in his *Abſalom* and *Achitophel* attempted the ſame Picture, it may, perhaps, be ſome Satisfaction to the Reader to ſee them placed together.

Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the firſt Rank of theſe did Zimri *ſtand:*
A Man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome;
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong,
Was every Thing by turns, and nothing long;
But in the Courſe of one revolving Moon
Was Chymiſt, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon.
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking;
Beſides ten Thouſand Freaks, that dy'd in thinking.

has pulled down all that Fabric that *Nature* raiſed in him, and built himſelf up again after a Model of his own. He has dam'd up all thoſe Lights, that Nature made into the nobleſt Proſpects of the World, and opened other little blind Loopholes backward, by turning Day into Night, and Night into Day. His Appetite to his Pleaſures is diſeaſed and crazy, like the Pica in a Woman, that longs to eat that, which was never made for Food, or a Girl in the Green-ſickneſs, that eats Chalk and Mortar. Perpetual Surfeits of Pleaſure have filled his Mind with bad and vicious Humours (as well as his Body with a Nurſery of Diſeaſes) which makes him affect new and extravagant Ways, as being ſick and tired with the Old. Continual Wine, Women, and Muſic put falſe Values upon

Bleſt Madman, who could every Hour employ
With ſomething new to wiſh, or to enjoy!
Railing and praiſing were his uſual Themes,
And both (to ſhew his Judgment) in Extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every Man with him was God or Devil.
In ſquandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded but Deſert.
Beggar'd by Fools, whom ſtill he found too late:
He had his Jeſt, and they had his Eſtate.

It may not be improper to obſerve in this Place, that what the *Oxford* Antiquary reports of *Butler*'s being Secretary to the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the Writer of his Life adds of the Duke's being a great Benefactor to him, muſt in all Probability be falſe, except to ſupport it, we will ſuppoſe our Author guilty of great Ingratitude and Meanneſs.

Things, which by Cuſtom become habitual, and debauch his Underſtanding ſo, that he retains no right Notion nor Senſe of Things. And as the ſame Doſe of the ſame Phyſic has no Operation on thoſe, that are much uſed to it; ſo his Pleaſures require a larger Proportion of Exceſs and Variety, to render him ſenſible of them. He riſes, eats, and goes to Bed by the *Julian* Account, long after all others that go by the *new Stile*; and keeps the ſame Hours with Owls and the *Antipodes*. He is a great Obſerver of the *Tartars* Cuſtoms, and never eats, till the great *Cham* having dined makes Proclamation, that all the World may go to Dinner. He does not dwell in his Houſe, but haunt it, like an evil Spirit, that walks all Night to diſturb the Family, and never appears by Day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his Life, and loſes his Time, as Men do their Ways in the Dark; and as blind Men are led by their Dogs, ſo is he governed by ſome mean Servant or other, that relates to his Pleaſures. He is as inconſtant as the Moon, which he lives under; and altho' he does nothing but adviſe with his Pillow all Day, he is as great a Stranger to himſelf, as he is to the reſt of the World. His Mind entertains all

Things very freely, that come and go; but, like Gueſts and Strangers they are not welcome, if they ſtay long—This lays him open to all Cheats, Quacks, and Impoſtors, who apply to every particular Humour while it laſts, and afterwards vaniſh. Thus with St. *Paul*, tho' in a different Senſe, he *dies daily*, and only lives in the Night. He deforms Nature, while he intends to adorn her, like *Indians*, that hang Jewels in their Lips and Noſes. His Ears are perpetually drilled with a Fiddleſtick. He endures Pleaſures with leſs Patience, than other Men do their Pains.

A

DEGENERATE NOBLE:

OR,

One that is proud of his Birth,

IS like a Turnep, there is nothing good of him, but that which is under-ground, or Rhubarb a contemptible Shrub, that ſprings from a noble Root. He has no more Title to the Worth and Virtue of his Anceſtors, than the Worms that were engendred in their dead Bodies, and yet he believes he has enough to exempt himſelf and his Poſterity from all Things of that Nature for ever. This makes him glory in the Antiquity of his Family, as if his Nobility were the better, the further off it is in Time, as well as Deſert, from that of

' *Or a*ſ Apicius, that ſold his Houſe, &c.] What ſuggeſted to *Butler* this Piece of Wit is a Story told by *Aſconius Pædianus* of one *Menius*, who ſold his Houſe, but reſerved one Pillar of it, to build a Balcony upon, from whence he might view the Combats of the Gladiators. The Paſſage is this, " Menius cum Domum ſuam " venderet Catoni et Flacco Cenſoribus, ut ibi Baſilica ædifica- " retur, exceperat jus ſibi unius Columnæ, ſuper quam tectum

his Predeceſſors. He believes the Honour, that was left him, as well as the Eſtate, is ſufficient to ſupport his Quality, without troubling himſelf to purchaſe any more of his own; and he meddles as little with the Management of the one as the other, but truſts both to the Government of his Servants, by whom he is equally cheated in both. He ſuppoſes the empty Title of Honour ſufficient to ſerve his Turn, though he has ſpent the Subſtance and Reality of it, like the Fellow that ſold his Aſs, but would not part with the Shadow of it; or *Apicius*, that ſold his Houſe, and kept only the Balcony, to ſee and be ſeen in. And becauſe he is privileged from being arreſted for his Debts, ſuppoſes he has the ſame Freedom from all Obligations he owes Humanity and his Country, becauſe he is not puniſhable for his Ignorance and want of Honour, no more than Poverty or Unſkilfulneſs is in other Profeſſions, which the Law ſuppoſes to be Puniſhment enough to it ſelf. He is like a *Fanatic*, that

" projiceret ex provolantibus tabulatis, unde ipſe et poſteri ejus " ſpectare munus Gladiatorum poſſent."

Whether our Author made a Miſtake in applying it to *Apicius* an infamous Voluptuary, who in the Reign of *Tiberius* walked an immenſe Fortune upon his gluttonous Extravagancies; or thought he had a right to make this Alteration as more ſuitable to his Purpoſe, muſt be left to the Reader's Determination.

contents himſelf with the mere Title of a Saint, and makes that his Privilege to act all manner of Wickedneſs; or the Ruins of a noble Structure, of which there is nothing left but the Foundation, and that obſcured and buried under the Rubbiſh of the Superſtructure. The living Honour of his Anceſtors is long ago departed, dead and gone, and his is but the Ghoſt and Shadow of it, that haunts the Houſe with Horror and Diſquiet, where once it lived. His Nobility is truly *deſcended* from the Glory of his Forefathers, and may be rightly ſaid to *fall* to him; for it will never riſe again to the Height it was in them by his means; and he ſucceeds them as Candles do the Office of the Sun. The Confidence of Nobility has rendered him ignoble, as the Opinion of Wealth makes ſome Men poor; and as thoſe that are born to Eſtates neglect Induſtry, and have no Buſineſs, but to ſpend; ſo he being born to Honour believes he is no further concerned, than to conſume and waſte it. He is but a Copy, and ſo ill done, that there is no Line of the *Original* in him, but the *Sin* only. He is like a Word, that by ill Cuſtom and Miſtake has utterly loſt the Senſe of that, from which it was derived, and now ſignifies quite contrary: For the

Glory of noble Anceſtors will not permit the good or bad of their Poſterity to be obſcure. He values himſelf only upon his Title, which being only verbal gives him a wrong Account of his natural Capacity; for the ſame Words ſignify more or leſs, according as they are applied to Things, as *ordinary* and *extraordinary* do at Court; and ſometimes the greater Sound has the leſs Senſe, as in Accompts though four be more than three, yet a third in Proportion is more than a fourth.

A

HUFFING COURTIER

IS a Cypher, that has no Value himſelf, but from the Place he ſtands in. All his Happineſs conſiſts in the Opinion he believes others have of it. This is his Faith, but as it is heretical and erroneous, though he ſuffer much Tribulation for it, he continues obſtinate, and not to be convinced. He flutters up and down like a Butterfly in a Garden; and while he is pruning of his Peruque takes Occaſion to contemplate his Legs, and the Symmetry of his Britches. He is part of the Furniture of the Rooms, and ſerves for a walking Picture, a moving Piece of Arras. His Buſineſs is only to be ſeen, and he performs it with admirable Induſtry, placing himſelf always in the beſt Light, looking wonderfully Politic, and cautious whom he mixes withal. His Occupation is to ſhow his Cloaths, and if they could but walk themſelves, they would ſave him the

Labour, and do his Work as well as himſelf. His Immunity from Varlets is his Freehold, and he were a loſt Man without it. His Cloaths are but his Taylor's Livery, which he gives him, for 'tis ten to one he never pays for them. He is very careful to diſcover the Lining of his Coat, that you may not ſuſpect any Want of Integrity or Flaw in him from the Skin outwards. His Taylor is his Creator, and makes him of nothing; and though he lives by Faith in him, he is perpetually committing Iniquities againſt him. His Soul dwells in the Outſide of him, like that of a hollow Tree; and if you do but pill the Bark off him he deceaſes immediately. His Carriage of himſelf is the wearing of his Cloaths, and, like the Cinamon Tree, his Bark is better than his Body. His looking big is rather a Tumor, than Greatneſs. He is an Idol, that has juſt ſo much Value, as other Men give him that believe in him, but none of his own. He makes his Ignorance paſs for Reſerve, and, like a Hunting-nag, leaps over what he cannot get through. He has juſt ſo much of Politics, as Hoſtlers in the Univerſity have *Latin*. He is as humble as a Jeſuit to his Superior; but re-

pays himſelf again in Inſolence over thoſe, that are below him; and with a generous Scorn deſpiſes thoſe, that can neither do him good, nor hurt. He adores thoſe, that may do him good, though he knows they never will; and deſpiſes thoſe, that would not hurt him, if they could. The Court is his Church, and he believes as that believes, and cries up and down every Thing, as he finds it paſs there. It is a great Comfort to him to think, that ſome who do not know him may perhaps take him for a Lord; and while that Thought laſts he looks bigger than uſual, and forgets his Acquaintance; and that's the Reaſon why he will ſometimes know you, and ſometimes not. Nothing but want of Money or Credit puts him in mind that he is mortal; but then he truſts Providence that ſomebody will truſt him; and in Expectation of that hopes for a better Life, and that his Debts will never riſe up in Judgment againſt him. To get in debt is to labour in his Vocation; but to pay is to forfeit his Protection; for what's that worth to one that owes Nothing? His Employment being only to wear his Cloaths, the whole Account of his Life and Actions is recorded in Shopkeepers Books, that are his faithful Hiſtoriographers to

their own Poſterity; and he believes he loſes ſo much Reputation, as he pays off his Debts; and that no Man wears his Cloaths in Faſhion, that pays for them, for nothing is further from the Mode. He believes that he that runs in Debt is beforehand with thoſe that truſt him, and only thoſe, that pay, are behind. His Brains are turned giddy, like one that walks on the Top of a Houſe; and that's the Reaſon it is ſo troubleſome to him to look downwards. He is a Kind of Spectrum, and his Cloaths are the Shape he takes to appear and walk in; and when he puts them off he vaniſhes. He runs as buſily out of one Room into another, as a great Practiſer does in *Weſtminſter*-Hall from one Court to another. When he accoſts a Lady he puts both Ends of his Microcoſm in Motion, by making Legs at one End, and combing his Peruque at the other. His Garniture is the Sauce to his Cloaths, and he walks in his Portcannons like one, that ſtalks in long Graſs. Every Motion of him crys *Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity*, quoth the Preacher. He rides himſelf like a well-managed Horſe, reins in his Neck, and walks *Terra Terra*. He carries his elbows backward, as if he were

pinioned like a truſt-up Fowl, and moves as ſtiff as if he was upon the Spit. His Legs are ſtuck in his great voluminous Britches, like the Whiſtles in a Bagpipe, thoſe abundant Britches, in which his nether Parts are not cloathed, but packt up. His Hat has been long in a Conſumption of the Faſhion, and is now almoſt worn to Nothing; if it do not recover quickly it will grow too little for a Head of Garlick. He wears Garniture on the Toes of his Shoes to juſtify his Pretenſions to the Gout, or ſuch other Malady, that for the Time being is moſt in Faſhion or Requeſt. When he ſalutes a Friend he pulls off his Hat, as Women do their Vizard-Maſques. His Ribbons are of the true Complexion of his Mind, a Kind of painted Cloud or gawdy Rainbow, that has no Colour of it ſelf, but what it borrows from Reflection. He is as tender of his Cloaths, as a Coward is of his Fleſh, and as loth to have them diſordered. His Bravery is all his Happineſs; and like *Atlas* he carries his Heaven on his Back. He is like the golden Fleece, a fine Outſide on a Sheep's Back. He is a Monſter or an *Indian* Creature, that is good for nothing in the World but to be ſeen. He puts himſelf up into a Sedan, like a Fiddle

in a Caſe, and is taken out again for the Ladies to play upon, who when they have done with him, let down his treble-String, till they are in the Humour again. His Cook and Valet de Chambre conſpire to dreſs Dinner and him ſo punctually together, that the one may not be ready before the other. As Peacocks and Oſtridges have the gaudieſt and fineſt Feathers, yet cannot fly; ſo all his Bravery is to flutter only. The Beggars call him *my Lord*, and he takes them at their Words, and pays them for it. If you praiſe him, he is ſo true and faithful to the Mode, that he never fails to make you a Preſent of himſelf, and will not be refuſed, tho' you know not what to do with him when you have him.

A

COURT-BEGGAR.

WAITS at Court, as a Dog does under a Table, to catch what falls, or force it from his Fellows if he can. When a Man is in a fair Way to be hanged that is *richly* worth it, or has hanged himſelf, he puts in to be his Heir and ſucceed, him and pretends as much Merit as another, as, no doubt, he has great Reaſon to do, if all Things were rightly conſidered. He thinks it vain to deſerve well of his Prince, as long as he can do his Buſineſs more eaſily by begging; for the ſame idle Lazineſs poſſeſſes him that does the reſt of his Fraternity, that had rather take an Alms than work for their Livings; and therefore he accounts Merit a more uncertain and tedious Way of riſing, and ſometimes dangerous. He values himſelf and his Place not upon the Honour or Allowances of it, but

the convenient Opportunity of begging, as King *Clauſe*'s Courtiers do when they have obtained of the ſuperior Powers a good Station where three Ways meet, to exerciſe the Function in—The more ignorant, fooliſh, and undeſerving he is, provided he be but impudent enough, which all ſuch ſeldom fail to be, the better he thrives in his Calling, as others in the ſame Way gain more by their Sores and broken Limbs, than thoſe that are ſound and in Health. He always undervalues what he gains, becauſe he comes eaſily by it; and how rich ſoever he proves is reſolved never to be ſatified, as being, like a *Friar Minor*, bound by his Order to be always a Beggar. He is, like King *Agrippa*, almoſt a Chriſtian; for though he never begs any Thing of God, yet he does very much of his Vice-gerent the King that is next him. He ſpends laviſhly what he gets, becauſe it coſts him ſo little Pains to get more, but pays Nothing; for, if he ſhould, his Privilege would be of no uſe at all to him, and he does not care to part with any Thing of his Right. He finds it his beſt Way to be always craving, becauſe he lights many Times

upon Things that are diſpoſed of or not beggable; but if one hit, it pays for twenty that miſcarry; even as thoſe Virtuoſos of his Profeſſion at large aſk as well of thoſe that give them nothing, as thoſe few that out of Charity give them ſomething. When he has paſt almoſt all Offices, as other Beggars do from Conſtable to Conſtable, and after meets with a Stop, it does but encourage him to be more induſtrious in watching the next Opportunity, to repair the Charge he has been at to no Purpoſe. He has his Emiſſaries, that are always hunting out for Diſcoveries, and when they bring him in any Thing, that he judges too heavy for his own Intereſt to carry, he takes in others to join with him (like blind Men and Cripples that beg in Conſort) and if they proſper they ſhare, and give the Jackal ſome ſmall Snip for his Pains in queſting, that is, if he has any further uſe of him, otherwiſe he leaves him like Virtue to reward himſelf; and becauſe he deſerves well, which he does by no means approve of, gives him that, which he believes to be the fitteſt Recompence of all Merit, juſt nothing. He believes that the King's Reſtoration [illegible]

upon his Birth-Day, he is bound to obſerve it all the Days of his Life, and grant, as ſome other Kings have done upon the ſame Occaſion, whatever is demanded of him, though it were the one half of his Kingdom.

A

BUMPKIN,

OR

COUNTRY-SQUIRE

IS a Clown of Rank and Degree. He is the Growth of his own Land, a Kind of *Antoctbanus*, like the *Athenians*, that ſprung out of their own Ground; or Barnacles that grow upon Trees in *Scotland:* His homely Education has rendered him a Native only of his own Soil, and a Foreigner to all other Places, from which he differs in Language, Manner of Living, and Behaviour, which are as rugged as the Coat of a Colt that has been bred upon a Common. The Cuſtom of being the beſt Man in his own Territories has made him the worſt every where elſe. He aſſumes the upper End of the Table at an Ale-Houſe, as his Birthright; receives the Homage of his Com-

pany, which are always ſubordinate, and diſpenſes Ale and Communication, like a Self-conforming Teacher in a Conventicle. The chief Points, he treats on, are the Memoirs of his Dogs and Horſes, which he repeats as often as a Holder-forth, that has but two Sermons; to which if he adds the Hiſtory of his Hawks and Fiſhing, he is very painful and laborious. He does his endeavour to appear a Drole, but his Wit being, like his Eſtate, within the Compaſs of a Hedge, is ſo profound and obſcure to a Stranger, that it requires a Commentary, and is not to be underſtood without a perfect Knowledge of all Circumſtances of Perſons, and the particular Idiom of the Place. He has no Ambition to appear a Perſon of civil Prudence or Underſtanding, more than in putting off a lame infirm Jade for ſound Wind and Limb; to which Purpoſe he brings his Squirehood and Groom to vouch; and, rather than fail, will outſwear an Affidavit-Man. The Top of his Entertainment is horrible ſtrong Beer, which he pours into his Gueſts (as the *Dutch* did Water into our Merchants, when they tortured them at *Amboyna*) till they *confeſs* they can drink no more; and then he triumphs over them as ſubdued and vanquiſhed,

no leſs by the Strength of his Brain, than his Drink. When he ſalutes a Man, he lays vi-lent Hands upon him, and gripes and ſhake him, like a Fit of an Ague: and, when he accoſts a Lady, he ſtamps with his Foot, like a *French* Fencer, and makes a Longee at her, in which he always miſſes his Aim, too high or too low, and hits her on the Noſe or Chin. He is never without ſome rough-handed Flatterer, that rubs him, like a Horſe, with a Curry-Comb, till he kicks and grunts with the Pleaſure of it. He has old Family Stories and Jeſts, that fell to him with the Eſtate, and have been left from Heir to Heir time out of Mind: With theſe he entertains all Comers over and over, and has added ſome of his own Times, which he intends to tranſmit over to Poſterity. He has but one Way of making all Men welcome, that come to his Houſe, and that is, by making himſelf and them drunk; while his Servants take the ſame Courſe with theirs, which he approves of as good and faithful Service, and the rather, becauſe, if he has Occaſion to tell a ſtrange improbable Story, they may be in a Readineſs to vouch with the [redacted] Impudence, and make it a Caſe of Conſcience to lye, as well as drink for his Credit. All

heroical Glory he aſpires to, is but to be reputed a moſt potent and victorious Stealer of Deer, and beater-up of Parks, to which Purpoſe he has compiled Commentaries of his own great Actions, that treat of his dreadful Adventures in the Night, of giving Battle in the Dark, diſcomfiting of Keepers, horſing the deer on his own Back, and making off with equal Reſolution and Succeſs. He goes to Bawdy-Houſes, to ſee Faſhions; that is, to have his Pocket pick't, and the Pox into the Bargain.

AN

ANTIQUARY.

IS one that has his Being in this Age, but his Life and Converſation is in the Days of old. He deſpiſes the preſent Age as an Innovation, and ſlights the future; but has a great Value for that, which is paſt and gone, like the Madman, that fell in Love with *Cleopatra*. He is an old frippery-Philoſopher, that has ſo ſtrange a natural Affection to worm-eaten Speculation, that it is apparent he has a Worm in his Skull. He honours his Forefathers and Fore-mothers, but condemns his Parents as too modern, and no better than Upſtarts. He neglects himſelf, becauſe he was born in his own Time, and ſo far off Antiquity, which he ſo much admires; and repines, like a younger Brother, becauſe he came ſo late into the World. He ſpends the one half of his Time in collecting old inſignificant Trifles,

and the other in ſhewing them, which he takes ſingular Delight in; becauſe the oftener he does it, the further they are from being new to him. All his Curioſities take place of one another according to their Seniority, and he values them not by their Abilities, but their Standing. He has a great Veneration for Words that are ſtricken in Years, and are grown ſo aged, that they have out-lived their Employments—Theſe he uſes with a Reſpect agreeable to their Antiquity, and the good Services they have done. He throws away his Time in enquiring after that which is paſt and gone ſo many Ages ſince, like one that ſhoots away an Arrow, to find out another that was loſt before. He fetches things out of Duſt and Ruins, like the Fable of the chymical Plant raiſed out of its own Aſhes. He values one old Invention, that is loſt and never to be recovered, before all the new ones in the World, tho' never ſo uſeful. The whole Buſineſs of his Life is the ſame with his, that ſhows the Tombs at *Weſtminſter*, only the one does it for his Pleaſure, and the other for Money. As every Man has but one Father, but two Grand-Fathers and a World of Anceſtors; ſo he has a proportional Value

for Things that are antient, and the further off the greater.

He is a great Time-ſerver, but it is of Time out of Mind, to which he conforms exactly; but is wholly retired from the preſent. His Days were ſpent and gone long before he came into the World, and ſince his only Buſineſs is to collect what he can out of the Ruins of them. He has ſo ſtrong a natural Affection to any Thing that is old, that he may truly *ſay to Duſt and Worms you are my Father, and to Rottenneſs thou art my Mother.* He has no Providence nor Fore-ſight; for all his Contemplations look backward upon the Days of old, and his Brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obſcure Word in any old ſenſeleſs Diſcourſe, than be Author of the moſt ingenious new one; and with *Scaliger* would ſell the Empire of *Germany* (if it were in his Power) for an old Song. He devours an old Manuſcript with greater Reliſh than Worms and Moths do, and, though there be nothing in it, value

And with Scaliger *would ſell the Empire of Germany*] This alludes to a ranting Exclamation of *Scaliger*'s upon an Ode in Horace which he was particularly pleaſed with.

it above any Thing printed, which he accounts but a Novelty. When he happens to cure a ſmall Botch in an old Author, he is as proud of it, as if he had got the Philoſophers Stone, and could cure all the Diſeaſes of Mankind. He values things wrongfully upon their Antiquity, forgetting that the moſt modern are really the moſt ancient of all Things in the World, like thoſe that reckon their Pounds before their Shillings and Pence, of which they are made up. He eſteems no Cuſtoms but ſuch as have outlived themſelves, and are long ſince out of Uſe; as the *Catholics* allow of no Saints, but ſuch as are dead, and the *Fanatics*, in Oppoſition, of none but the Living.

A

PROUD MAN

IS a Fool in Fermentation, that ſwells and boils over like a Porridge-Pot. He ſets out his Feathers like an Owl, to ſwell and ſeem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a Tumour and Inflammation of Self-Conceit, that renders every Part of him ſtiff and uneaſy. He has given himſelf Sympathetic Love-Powder, that works upon him to Dotage, and has transformed him into his own Miſtreſs. He is his own Gallant, and makes moſt paſſionate Addreſſes to his own dear Perfections. He commits Idolatry to himſelf, and worſhips his own Image; though there is no Soul living of his Church but himſelf, yet he believes as the Church believes, and maintains his Faith with the Obſtinacy of a *Fanatic*. He is his own Favourite, and advances himſelf not only above his Merit, but all Mankind; is both *Damon* and *Pythias* to his own dear ſelf, and value; his

Crony above his Soul. He gives Place to no Man but himſelf, and that with very great Diſtance to all others, whom he eſteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatſoever he has receives a Value in being his; as a Horſe in a Nobleman's Stable will bear a greater Price than in a common Market. He is ſo proud, that he is as hard to be acquainted with himſelf as with others; for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himſelf only ſuperficially; therefore he treats himſelf civilly as a ſtranger with Ceremony and Compliment, but admits of no Privacy. He ſtrives to look bigger than himſelf, as well as others, and is no better than his own Paraſite and Flatterer. A little Flood will make a ſhallow Torrent ſwell above its Banks, and rage, and foam, and yield a roaring Noiſe, while a deep ſilent Stream glides quietly on. So a vainglorious inſolent proud Man ſwells with a little frail Proſperity, grows big and loud, and overflows his Bounds, and when he ſinks, leaves Mud and Dirt behind him. His Carriage is as glorious and haughty, as if he were advanced upon Men's Shoulders, or tumbled over their Heads like Knipperdolling. He fancies

himſelf a Coloſſe, and ſo he is, for his Head holds no Proportion to his Body, and his foundation is leſſer than his upper Stories. We can naturally take no view of our ſelves, unleſs we look downwards, to teach us how humble Admirers we ought to be of our own Values. The ſlighter and leſs ſolid his Materials are, the more Room they take up, and make him ſwell the bigger; as Feathers and Cotton will ſtuff Cuſhions better than Things of more cloſe and ſolid Parts.

A

FIFTH-MONARCHY-MAN

IS one, that is not contented to be a Privy-Counſellor of the Kingdom of Heaven, but would fain be a Miniſter of State of this World, and tranſlate the Kingdom of Heaven to the Kingdom of Earth. His Deſign is to make *Chriſt* King, as his Forefathers the *Jews* did, only to abuſe and crucify him, that he might ſhare his Lands and Goods, as he did his Vice-gerents here. He dreams of a Fool's Paradiſe without a Serpent in it, a golden Age all of Saints, and no Hypocrites, all *holy-Court* Princes, and no Subjects but the Wicked; a Government of *Perkin Warbec* and *Lambert Simnel* Saints, where every Man, that had a Mind to it, might make himſelf a Prince, and claim a Title to the Crown. He fancies a *fifth-Monarchy* as the Quinteſſence of all Governments, abſtracted from all Matter, and conſiſting

wholly of Revelations, Viſions, and Myſteries. *John* of *Leyden* was the firſt Founder of it, and though he miſcarried, like *Romulus* in a Tempeſt, his Poſterity have Revelations every full Moon, that there may be a Time to ſet up his Title again, and with better Succeſs; though his Brethren, that have attempted it ſince, have no ſooner quartered his Coat with their own, but their whole outward Men were ſet on the Gates of the City; where a Head and four Quarters ſtand as Types and Figures of the *fifth-Monarchy*. They have been contriving (ſince Experiments, that coſt Necks are too chargeable) to try it in little, and have depoſed King *Oberon*, to erect their Monarchy in *Fairy-Land*, as being the moſt proper and natural Region in the whole World for their Government, and if it ſucceed there to proceed further. The *Devil*'s Proſpect of all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and the Glory of them, has ſo dazzled their Eyes, that they would venture their Necks to take him at his Word, and give him his Price. Nothing comes ſo near the Kingdom of Darkneſs as the *fifth-Monarchy*, that is no where to be found, but in dark Propheſies, obſcure Mythologies, and myſtical Riddles, like the Viſions *Æneas* ſaw in Hell of the *Roman* Empire.

Next this it moſt reſembles *Mahomet*'s Coming to the *Turks*, and King *Arthur*'s Reign over the Britons in *Merlin*'s Propheſies; ſo near of Kin are all fantaſtic Illuſions, that you may diſcern the ſame Lineaments in them all. The poor Wicked are like to have a very ill time under them, for they are reſolved upon arbitrary Government, according to their ancient and fundamental Revelations, and to have no Subjects but Slaves, who between them and the *Devil* are like to ſuffer Perſecution enough to make them as able Saints, as their Lords and Maſters. He gathers Churches on the Sunday, as the *Jews* did Sticks on their Sabbath, to ſet the State on Fire. He hums and hahs high Treaſon, and calls upon it, as Gameſters do on the Caſt they would throw. He groans Sedition, and, like the *Phariſee*, rails, when he gives Thanks. He interprets Propheſies, as *Whittington* did the Bells, to ſpeak to him, and governs himſelf accordingly.

THE HENPECT MAN

RIDES behind his Wife, and lets her wear the Spurs and govern the Reins. He is a Kind of prepoſterous Animal, that being curbed in goes with his Tail forwards. He is but ſubordinate and miniſterial to his Wife, who commands in chief, and he dares do nothing without her Order. She takes Place of him, and he creeps in at the Bed's Feet, as if he had married the *Grand Seignor*'s Daughter, and is under Correction of her Pantofle. He is his Wife's Villain, and has nothing of his own further than ſhe pleaſes to allow him. When he was married he promiſed to worſhip his Wife with his Soul inſtead of his Body, and endowed her among his worldly Goods with his Humanity. He changed Sexes with his Wife, and put off the old Man to put on the new Woman. She ſits at the Helm, and he does but tug like a Slave at the Oar. The little

Wit he has being held *in capite* has rendered all the reſt of his Concernments liable to Pupilage and Wardſhip, and his Wife has the Tuition of him during his or her Life; and he has no Power to do any Thing of himſelf, but by his Guardian. His Wife manages him and his Eſtate with equal Authority, and he lives unde rher arbitrary Government and Command as his ſuperior Officer. He is but a kind of Meſſuage and Tenement in the Occupation of his Wife. He and ſhe make up a Kind of Hermaphrodite, a Monſter, of which the one half is more than the whole; for he is the weaker Veſſel, and but his Wife's Helper. His Wife eſpouſed and took him to Huſband for better or worſe, and the laſt Word ſtands. He was meant to be his Wife's Head, but being ſet on at the wrong End ſhe makes him ſerve (like the Jeſuits Devil) for her Feet. He is her Province, an Acquiſition that ſhe took in, and gives Laws to at Indiſcretion; for being overmatched and too feeble for the Encounter, he was forced to ſubmit and take Quarter. He has inverted the Curſe, and turned it upon himſelf; for his Deſire is towards his Wife, and ſhe reigns over him, and with *Eſau* has ſold his Birthright for a Meſs of Matrimony.

His Wife took his Liberty among his worldly Goods, to have and to hold till Death them do part. He is but Groom of his Wife's Chamber, and her menial Husband, that is always in waiting, and a Slave only in the Right of his Wife.

A

SMALL POET

IS one, that would fain make himſelf that, which *Nature* never meant him; like a *Fanatic*, that inſpires himſelf with his own Whimſies. He ſets up Haberdaſher of ſmall Poetry, with a very ſmall Stock, and no Credit. He believes it is Invention enough to find out other Men's Wit; and whatſoever he lights upon either in Books, or Company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together ſo untowardly, that you may perceive his own Wit has the Rickets, by the ſwelling Diſproportion of the Joints. Imitation is the whole Sum of him; and his Vein is but an Itch or Clap, that he has catched of others; and his Flame like that of Charcoals, that were burnt before: But as he wants Judgment to underſtand what is beſt, he naturally takes the worſt, as being moſt agreeable to his own Talent. You may

know his Wit not to be natural, 'tis ſo unquiet and troubleſome in him: For as thoſe, that have Money but ſeldom, are always ſhaking their Pockets, when they have it; ſo does he, when he thinks he has got ſomething, that will make him appear. He is a perpetual Talker; and you may know by the Freedom of his Diſcourſe, that he came lightly by it, as Thieves ſpend freely what they get. He meaſures other Men's Wits by *their* Modeſty, and his own by *his* Confidence. He makes nothing of writing Plays, becauſe he has not Wit enough to underſtand the Difficulty. This makes him venture to talk and ſcribble, as Chowſes do to play with cunning Gameſters, until they are cheated and laughed at. He is always talking of Wit, as thoſe, that have bad Voices, are always ſinging out of Tune; and thoſe, that cannot play, delight to fumble on Inſtruments. He grows the unwiſer by other Men's Harms; for the worſe others write, he finds the more Encouragement to do ſo too. His Greedineſs of Praiſe is ſo eager, that he ſwallows any Thing, that comes in the Likeneſs of it, how notorious and palpable ſoever, and is as Shot-free againſt any Thing, that may leſſen his good Opinion

of himſelf—This renders him incurable, like Diſeaſes, that grow inſenſible.

If you diſlike him it is at your own Peril; he is ſure to put in a Caveat beforehand againſt your Underſtanding; and, like a Malefactor in Wit, is always furniſhed with Exceptions againſt his Judges. This puts him upon perpetual Apologies, Excuſes, and Defences, but ſtill by Way of Defiance, in a Kind of whiffling Strain, without Regard of any Man, that ſtands in the Way of his Pageant. Where he thinks he may do it ſafely, he will confidently own other Men's Writings; and where he fears the Truth may be diſcovered, he will by feeble Denials and feigned Inſinuations give Men Occaſion to ſuppoſe ſo.

If he underſtands *Latin* or *Greek* he ranks himſelf among the Learned, deſpiſes the Ignorant, talks Criticiſms out of *Scaliger*, and repeats *Martial*'s baudy Epigrams, and ſets up his Reſt wholly upon Pedantry. But if he be not ſo well qualified, he crys down all Learning as pedantic, diſclaims Study, and profeſſes to write with as great Facility, as if his Muſe was

ſliding down *Parnaſſus*. Whatſoever he hears well ſaid he ſeizes upon by poetical Licence; and one Way makes it his own, that is by ill repeating of it—This he believes to be no more Theft, than it is to take that, which others throw away. By this means his Writings are, like a Taylor's Cuſhion, of moſaic Work, made up of ſeveral Scraps ſewed together. He calls a ſlovenly naſty Deſcription *great Nature*, and dull Flatneſs *ſtrange Eaſineſs*. He writes down all that comes in his Head, and makes no Choice, becauſe he has nothing to do it with, that is Judgment. He is always repealing the old Laws of Comedy, and like the *long Parliament* making *Ordinances* in their Stead; although they are perpetually *thrown out* of Coffee-Houſes, and come to Nothing. He is like an *Italian* Thief, that never robs, but he murthers, to prevent Diſcovery; ſo ſure is he to cry down the Man from whom he purloins, that his petty Larceny of Wit may paſs unſuſpected. He is but a Copier at beſt, and will never arrive to practiſe by the Life: For bar him the Imitation of ſomething he has read, and he has no Image in his Thoughts.

Whatſoever he hears well ſaid, &c.] In this *Butler* alludes to *Martial*'s Epigram to *Fauſtinus*.

Obſervation and Fancy, the Matter and Form of juſt Wit, are above his Philoſophy. He appears ſo over concerned in all Men's Wits, as if they were but Diſparagements of his own; and crys down all they do, as if they were Encroachments upon him. He takes Jeſts from the Owners and breaks them, as *Juſtices* do falſe Weights, and Pots that want Meaſure. When he meets with any Thing, that is very good, he changes it into ſmall Money, like three Groats for a Shilling, to ſerve ſeveral Occaſions. He diſclaims Study, pretends to take Things in Motion, and to ſhoot flying, which appears to be very true by his often miſſing of his Mark. His Wit is much troubled with Obſtructions; and he has Fits as painful as thoſe of the Spleen. He fancies himſelf a dainty ſpruce Shepherd, with a Flock and a fine ſilken Shepherdeſs, that follows his Pipe, as Rats did the Conjurers in *Germany*.

As for *Epithets*, he always avoids thoſe, that are near akin to the Senſe. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a *Chriſtian* Poet; and therefore all his Care is to chuſe out

Quem recitas meus eſt, O Fidentine, libellus:
Sed male dum recitas, incipit eſſe tuus. *Mart.* L. 1. Ep. 39.

ſuch, as will ſerve, like a wooden Leg, to piece out a maim'd Verſe, that wants a Foot or two; and if they will but rhime now and then into the Bargain, or run upon a Letter, it is a Work of Supererrogation.

For *Similitudes*, he likes the hardeſt and moſt obſcure beſt: For as Ladies wear black Patches, to make their Complexions ſeem fairer than they are; ſo when an Illuſtration is more obſcure than the Senſe that went before it, it muſt of Neceſſity make it appear clearer than it did: For Contraries are beſt ſet off with Contraries.

He has found out a Way to ſave the Expence of much Wit and Senſe: For he will make leſs than ſome have prodigally laid out upon five or ſix Words ſerve forty or fifty Lines. This is a thrifty Invention, and very eaſy; and, if it were commonly known, would much increaſe the Trade of Wit, and maintain a Mul-

We read that Virgil *uſed to make*, &c.] This alludes to a Paſſage in the Life of *Virgil* aſcribed to *Donatus*. "Cum Georgica ſcribe-"ret traditur quotidie meditatos mane plurimos verſus dictare ſo-"litus, ac per totum diem retractando ad pauciſſimos redigere: "non abſurde carmen ſe urſæ more parere dicens, et lambendo "demum effingere.

titude of ſmall Poets in conſtant Employment. He has found out a new Sort of poetical *Georgics*, a Trick of ſowing Wit like clover-graſs on barren Subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very uſeful for the Times, wherein, ſome Men ſay, there is no Room left for new Invention. He will take three Grains of Wit like the Elixir, and projecting it upon the *Iron-Age* turn it immediately into *Gold*— All the Buſineſs of Mankind has preſently vaniſhed, the whole World has kept Holiday; there has been no Men but Heroes and Poets, no Women but Nymphs and Shepherdeſſes; Trees have born Fritters, and Rivers flowed Plum-Porrige.

We read that *Virgil* uſed to make fifty or ſixty Verſes in a Morning, and afterwards reduce them to ten. This was an unthrifty Vanity, and argues him as well ignorant in the Huſbandry of his own Poetry, as *Seneca* ſays he was in that of a Farm; for in plain *Engliſh*

As Seneca *ſays he was in that of a farm.*] *Seneca* in his 86th Epiſtle finds ſeveral Faults with *Virgil*'s Rules and Obſervations in Huſbandry, as they are delivered in his *Georgics*, and adds of him — "Qui non quod veriſſime, ſed quid decentiſſime diceretur, adſpexit; nec Agricolas docere voluit, ſed legentes delectare."

it was no better than bringing a Noble to Ninepence. And as ſuch Courſes brought the *prodigal Son* to eat with Hogs: So they did him to feed with Horſes, which were not much better Company, and may teach us to avoid doing the like. For certainly it is more noble to take four or five Grains of Senſe, and, like a Gold-Beater, hammer them into ſo many Leaves as will fill a whole Book; than to write nothing but Epitomies, which many wiſe Men believe will be the Bane and Calamity of Learning.

When he writes, he commonly ſteers the Senſe of his Lines by the Rhime that is at the End of them, as Butchers do Calves by the Tail. For when he has made one Line, which is eaſy enough; and has found out ſome ſturdy hard Word, that will but rhime, he will hammer the Senſe upon it, like a Piece of hot Iron upon an Anvil, into what Form he pleaſes.

There is no Art in the World ſo rich in Terms as Poetry; a whole Dictionary is ſcarce

So they did him to feed with Horſes] This muſt be explained by the ſame Writer of *Virgil*'s Life, who informs us, that *Virgil* in his Youth ſtudied Phyſic, in which having made great Proficiency, he repaired to *Rome*, and applying himſelf to that Branch of it

able to contain them: For there is hardly a Pond, a Sheep-walk, or a Gravel-pit in all *Greece*, but the antient Name of it is become a Term of Art in Poetry. By this means ſmall Poets have ſuch a Stock of able hard Words lying by them, as *Dryades*, *Hamadryades*, *Aonides*, *Fauni*, *Nymphæ*, *Sylvani*, *&c.* that ſignify nothing at all; and ſuch a World of pedantic Terms of the ſame Kind, as may ſerve to furniſh all the new Inventions and *thorough-Reformations*, that can happen between this and *Plato*'s great Year.

When he writes he never propoſes any Scope or Purpoſe to himſelf, but gives his Genius all Freedom: For as he, that rides abroad for his Pleaſure, can hardly be out of his Way; ſo he that writes for his Pleaſure, can ſeldom be beſide his Subject. It is an ungrateful Thing to a noble Wit to be confined to any Thing—— To what Purpoſe did the Antients feign *Pegaſus* to have Wings, if he muſt be confined to the Road and Stages like a Pack-Horſe, or be forced to be obedient to Hedges and Ditches? There-

which relates to the Diſtempers of Horſes, was employed in *Auguſtus*'s Stables with great Succeſs, and by that Means introduced himſelf into the Favour of that Prince.

fore he has no Reſpect to Decorum and Propriety of Circumſtance; for the Regard of Perſons, Times, and Places is a Reſtraint too ſervile to be impoſed upon poetical Licence; like him that made *Plato* confeſs *Juvenal* to be a Philoſopher, or *Perſius*, that calls the *Athenians Quirites*.

For *Metaphors*, he uſes to chuſe the hardeſt, and moſt far-fet that he can light upon—Theſe are the Jewels of Eloquence, and therefore the harder they are, the more precious they muſt be.

He'll take a ſcant Piece of coarſe Senſe, and ſtretch it on the Tenterhooks of half a ſcore Rhimes, until it crack that you may ſee through it, and it rattle like a Drum-Head. When you ſee his Verſes hanged up in Tobacco-Shops, you may ſay, in defiance of the Proverb, *that the weakeſt does not always go to the Wall*; for 'tis

Like him that made Plato, &c.] Who this Blunder is to be fathered upon I cannot diſcover; but that which he imputes to *Perſius*, and another of *Juvenal*'s, a Paſſage of his own in a Part of his Proſe Collections called *Criticiſms upon Books and Authors*, will explain — *Perſius*, ſays he, commits a very great Abſurdity, when laying the Scene of his fourth Satyr in *Greece*, and bringing in *Socrates* reproving a young Stateſman, he makes him call the *Grecians* Quirites.

well known the Lines are ſtrong enough, and in that Senſe may juſtly take the Wall of any, that have been written in our Language. He ſeldom makes a Conſcience of his Rhimes; but will often take the Liberty to make *preach* rhime with *Cheat*, *Vote* with *Rogue*, and *Committee-Man* with *Hang*.

He'll make one Word of as many Joints, as the Tin-Pudding, that a Jugler pulls out of his Throat, and chops in again—What think you of *glud-fum-flam-haſta-minantes?* Some of the old *Latin* Poets bragged, that their Verſes were tougher than Braſs, and harder than Marble; what would they have done, if they had ſeen theſe? Verily they would have had more reaſon to wiſh themſelves an hundred Throats, than they then had, to pronounce them.

There are ſome, that drive a Trade in writing in praiſe of other Writers, (like Rooks,

——*Quid deinde loquere,* Quirites,
Hoc puto non juſtum eſt, illud male, rectius illud. *Perſ.* S. 4.

Some of the old Latin *Poets,* &c.] Thus *Horace*

Exegi monumentum ære perennius
Regalique ſitu Pyramidum altius *Hor.* L. 3. O. 30.

that bet on Gameſters Hands) not at all to celebrate the learned Author's Merits, as they would ſhew, but their own Wits, of which he is but the Subject. The Letchery of this Vanity has ſpawned more Writers than the *civil Law:* For thoſe, whoſe Modeſty muſt not endure to hear their own Praiſes ſpoken, may yet publiſh of themſelves the moſt notorious Vapours imaginable. For if the Privilege of Love be allowed—*Dicere quæ puduit, ſcribere juſſit Amor*, why ſhould it not be ſo in Self-Love too? For if it be Wiſdom to conceal our Imperfections, what is it to diſcover our Virtues? It is not like, that *Nature* gave Men great Parts upon ſuch Terms, as the *Fairies* uſe to give Money, to pinch and leave them if they ſpeak of it. They ſay—*Praiſe is but the Shadow of Virtue*; and ſure that Virtue is very fooliſh, that is afraid of its own Shadow.

When he writes *Anagrams*, he uſes to lay the Outſides of his Verſes even (like a Brick-

In this he imitates Ben Johnſon.] We are told in *Ben. Johnſon's* Life, that he was intended for a Brick-layer, and worked for ſome time at that Trade.

Benlowſe's *Poetry.*] As I never heard of any Poet of this Name, I take it for granted, that this is a cant Word for ſome one that he did not chuſe to name; and I think it not improbable that the Per-

layer) by a Line of Rhime and Acroſtic, and fill the Middle with Rubbiſh—In this he imitates *Ben. Johnſon*, but in nothing elſe.

There was one, that lined a Hat-Caſe with a Paper of *Benlowſe*'s Poetry—*Prynne* bought it by Chance, and put a new Demi-Caſtor into it. The firſt Time he wore it he felt only a ſinging in his Head, which within two Days turned to a Vertigo—He was let Blood in the Ear by one of the State-Phyſicians, and recovered; but before he went abroad he writ a Poem of Rocks and Seas, in a Stile ſo proper and natural, that it was hard to determine, which was ruggeder.

There is no Feat of Activity, nor Gambol of Wit, that ever was performed by Man, from him that vaults on *Pegaſus*, to him that tumbles through the Hoop of an Anagram, but *Benlows* has got the Maſtery in it, whether it be high-rope Wit, or low-rope Wit. He

ſon meant was Sir *John Denham*. What ſuggeſted to me this Conjecture is *Butler*'s avowed Sentiments of that Gentleman, and a Circumſtance which follows in the next Paragraph, in which *Benlows* is ſaid to have been a Captain once, which coincides with the Hiſtory of Sir *John*, who in the Beginning of the civil War was employed in a military Capacity in the King's Service.

has all Sorts of *Echoes*, *Rebus's*, *Chronograms*, &c. besides *Carwitchets*, *Clenches*, and *Quibbles*— As for *Altars* and *Pyramids* in Poetry, he has out-done all Men that Way; for he has made a *Gridiron*, and a *Frying-Pan* in Verse, that, beside the Likeness in Shape, the very Tone and Sound of the Words did perfectly represent the Noise, that is made by those Utensils, such as the old Poet called *sartago loquendi*. When he was a Captain, he made all the Furniture of his Horse, from the Bit to the Crupper, in beaten Poetry, every Verse being fitted to the Proportion of the Thing, with a moral Allusion of the Sense to the Thing; as the *Bridle of Moderation*, *the Saddle of Content*, and *the Crupper of Constancy*; so that the same Thing was both Epigram and Emblem, even as a Mule is both Horse and Ass.

Some Critics are of Opinion, that Poets ought to apply themselves to the Imitation of *Nature*, and make a Conscience of digressing from her; but he is none of these. The antient Magicians could charm down the Moon, and force Rivers back to their Springs by the

Sartago loquendi.]
Hos Pueris Monitus Patres infundere lippo.

Power of Poetry only; and the Moderns will undertake to turn the Inſide of the Earth outward (like a Jugler's Pocket) and ſhake the *Chaos* out of it, make *Nature* ſhew Tricks like an Ape, and the Stars run on Errands; but ſtill it is by dint of Poetry. And if Poets can do ſuch noble Feats, they were unwiſe to deſcend to mean and vulgar: For where the rareſt and moſt common Things are of a Price (as they are all one to Poets) it argues Diſeaſe in Judgment not to chuſe the moſt curious. Hence ſome infer, that the Account they give of things deſerves no Regard, becauſe they never receive any Thing, as they find it, into their Compoſitions, unleſs it agree both with the Meaſure of their own Fancies, and the Meaſure of their Lines, which can very ſeldom happen: And therefore when they give a Character of any Thing or Perſon, it does commonly bear no more Proportion to the Subject, than the Fiſhes and Ships in a Map do to the Scale. But let ſuch know, that Poets, as well as Kings, ought rather to conſider what is fit for them to give, than others to receive; that they are fain to have regard to the Exchange of Language, and

Cum videas, quæriſne unde hæc ſartago loquendi
Pers. Sat. 1. V. 80.

write high or low, according as that runs: For in this Age, when the ſmalleſt Poet ſeldom goes below more the moſt, it were a Shame for a greater and more noble Poet not to out-throw that cut a Bar.

There was a *Tobacco-Man*, that wrapped *Spaniſh* Tobacco in a Paper of Verſes, which *Benlows* had written againſt the *Pope*, which by a natural Antipathy, that his Wit has to any Thing that's Catholic, ſpoiled the Tobacco; for it preſently turned Mundungus. This Author will take an *Engliſh* Word, and, like the *Frenchman*, that ſwallowed Water and ſpit it out Wine, with a little Heaving and Straining would turn it immediately into *Latin*, as *plunderat ille Domos*—Mille *Hocopokiana*, and a thouſand ſuch.

There was a young Practitioner in Poetry, that found there was no good to be done without a Miſtreſs: For he, that writes of Love before he hath tried it, doth but travel by the Map; and he, that makes Love without a Dame, does like a Gameſter, that plays for

More the merrier?] There is an apparent Defect or Error in theſe Words; but I leave it to the Reader to ſupply or correct.

Nothing. He thought it convenient therefore, firſt to furniſh himſelf with a Name for his Miſtreſs beforehand, that he might not be to ſeek, when his Merit or good Fortune ſhould beſtow her upon him: for every Poet is his miſtreſſe's Godfather, and gives her a new Name, like a Nun that takes Orders. He was very curious to fit himſelf with a handſome Word of a tunable Sound; but could light upon none, that ſome Poet or other had not made uſe of before. He was therefore forced to fall to coining, and was ſeveral Months before he could light on one, that pleaſed him perfectly. But after he had overcome that Difficulty, he found a greater remaining, to get a Lady to own him. He accoſted ſome of all Sorts, and gave them to underſtand, both in Proſe and Verſe, how incomparably happy it was in his Power to make his Miſtreſs, but could never convert any of them. At length he was fain to make his Landreſs ſupply that Place as a Proxy, until his good Fortune, or ſomebody of better Quality would be more kind to him, which after a while he neither hoped nor cared for; for how mean ſoever her Condition was before, when he had once pretended to her, ſhe was ſure to be a Nymph and

a Goddeſs. For what greater Honour can a Woman be capable of, than to be tranſlated into precious Stones and Stars? No Herald in the World can go higher. Beſides he found no Man can uſe that Freedom of Hyperbole in the Character of a Perſon commonly known (as great Ladies are) which we can in deſcribing one ſo obſcure and unknown, that nobody can diſprove him. For he, that writes but one Sonnet upon any of the public Perſons, ſhall be ſure to have his Reader at every third Word cry out—What an Aſs is this to call *Spaniſh paper and Ceruſe Lilies and Roſes*, or *cl ps Influences*—To ſay, *the Graces are her waiting Women*, when they are known to be no better than her Bawdes—that *Day breaks from her Eyes*, when ſhe looks aſquint—Or that *her Breath perfumes the Arabian Winds*, when ſhe puffs Tobacco?

It is no mean Art to improve a Language, and find out Words, that are not only removed from common uſe, but rich in Conſonants, the Nerves and Sinews of Speech, to raiſe a

Are rattling Forſkins, &c.] This, if I miſtake not, is a Line of *H. ward's* in his *British Princes*.

ſoft and feeble Language like ours to the Pitch of *High-Dutch*, as he did, that writ

Arts rattling Foreſkins ſhrilling Bagpipes quell.

This is not only the moſt elegant, but moſt politic Way of Writing, that a Poet can uſe; for I know no Defence like it to preſerve a Poem from the Torture of thoſe that liſp and ſtammer. He that wants Teeth may as well venture upon a Piece of tough horny Brawn as ſuch a Line, for he will look like an Aſs eating Thiſtles.

He never begins a Work without an Invocation of his *Muſe*; for it is not fit that ſhe ſhould appear in public, to ſhew her Skill before ſhe is entreated, as Gentlewomen do not uſe to ſing, until they are applied to, and often deſired.

I ſhall not need to ſay any Thing of the Excellence of Poetry, ſince it has been already performed by many excellent Perſons, among whom ſome have lately undertaken to prove, that the civil Government cannot poſſibly ſubſiſt without it, which, for my Part, I believe to be true

Some have lately.] This alludes to *Davenant*—See *Grey's Hudibras.*

in a poetical Senſe, and more probable to be received of it, than thoſe ſtrange Feats of building Walls, and making Trees dance, which Antiquity aſcribes to Verſe. And though *Philoſophers* are of a contrary Opinion, and will not allow Poets fit to live in a Commonwealth, their Partiality is plainer than their Reaſons; for they have no other Way to pretend to this Prerogative themſelves, as they do, but by removing Poets, whom they know to have a fairer Title; and this they do ſo unjuſtly, that *Plato*, who firſt baniſhed Poets his Republic, forgot that that very Commonwealth was poetical. I ſhall ſay nothing to them, but only deſire the World to conſider, how happily it is like to be governed by thoſe, that are at ſo perpetual a civil War among themſelves, that if we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to their own Reſolution of this Queſtion, and be content to allow them only fit to rule if they could but conclude it ſo themſelves, they would never agree upon it—Mean while there is no leſs Certainty and Agreement in Poetry than the Mathematics; for they all ſubmit to the ſame Rules without Diſpute or Controverſy. But whoſoever ſhall pleaſe to look into the Records of Antiquity ſhall find their Title ſo unqueſtioned, that the greateſt Princes

in the whole World have been glad to derive their Pedigrees, and their Power too, from Poets. *Alexander* the great had no wiſer a Way to ſecure that Empire to himſelf by *Right*, which he had gotten by *Force*, then by declaring himſelf the Son of *Jupiter*; and who was *Jupiter* but the Son of a Poet? So *Cæſar* and all *Rome* was tranſported with Joy, when a Poet made *Jupiter* his Colleague in the Empire; and when *Jupiter* governed, what did the Poets, that governed Jupiter?

A

PHILOSOPHER

SEATS himſelf as Spectator and Critic on the great Theater of the World, and gives Sentence on the Plots, Language, and Action of whatſoever he ſees repreſented, according to his own Fancy. He will pretend to know what is done behind the Scene, but ſo ſeldom is in the Right, that he diſcovers nothing more than his own Miſtakes. When his Profeſſion was in Credit in the World, and Money was to be gotten by it, it divided itſelf into Multitudes of Sects, that maintained themſelves and their Opinions by fierce and hot Conteſts with one another; but ſince the Trade decayed and would not turn to Account, they all fell of themſelves, and now the World is ſo unconcerned in their Controverſies, that three Reformado Sects joined in one, like *Epi-*

Like Epicure-Gaſſendo-Charltoniana] *Butler* in this ſneeringly alludes to Dr. *Charlton*, who publiſhed a Book under the following Title,

curo-Gaſſendo-Charltoniana, will not ſerve to maintain one Pedant. He makes his Hypotheſes himſelf, as a Taylor does a Doublet without Meaſure, no Matter whether they fit *Nature*, he can make *Nature* fit them, and, whether they are too ſtrait or wide, pinch or ſtuff out the Body accordingly. He judges of the Works of *Nature* juſt as the Rabble do of State-Affairs: They ſee things done, and every Man according to his Capacity gueſſes at the Reaſons of them, but knowing nothing of the Arcana or ſecret Movements of either, they ſeldom or never are in the Right; howſoever they pleaſe themſelves, and ſome others, with their Fancies, and the further they are off Truth, the more confident they are they are near it; as thoſe, that are out of their Way, believe, the further they have gone, they are the nearer their Journey's End, when they are furtheſt of all from it. He is confident of immaterial Subſtances, and his Reaſons are very pertinent, that is, *ſubſtantial* as he thinks, and *immaterial* as others do. Heretofore his Beard was the Badge of his Profeſſion, and the Length

Phyſiologia Epicuro-Gaſſendo-Charltoniana. *Or a Fabrick of natural Science erected upon the moſt ancient Hypotheſis of Atoms.* Lond. 1653. Fol.

of that in all his Polemics was ever accounted the Length of his Weapon; but when the Trade fell, that fell too. In *Lucius*'s time they were commonly called *Beard-Wearers*; for all the Strength of their Wits lay in their Beards, as *Sampſon*'s did in his Locks: But ſince the World began to ſee the Vanity of that *Hair-brained* Cheat, they left it off, to ſave their Credit.

A

FANTASTIC

IS one that wears his Feather on the Inſide of his Head. His Brain is like Quickſilver, apt to receive any Impreſſion, but retain none. His Mind is made of changeable Stuff, that alters Colour with every Motion towards the Light. He is a Cormorant, that has but one Gut, devours every Thing greedily, but it runs through him immediately. He does not know ſo much as what he would be, and yet would be every Thing he knows. He is like a Paper-Lanthorn, that turns with the Smoak of a Candle. He wears his Cloaths, as the antient Laws of the Land have provided, according to his Quality, that he may be known what he is by them; and it is as eaſy to decipher him by his Habit as a *Pudding*. He is rigg'd with Ribbon, and his Garniture is his Tackle;

all the reſt of him is Hull. He is ſure to be the earlieſt in the Faſhion, and lays out for it like the firſt Peaſe and Cherries. He is as proud of leading a Faſhion, as others are of a Faction, and glories as much to be in the Head of a Mode, as a Soldier does to be in the Head of an Army. He is admirably ſkilful in the Mathematics of Cloaths; and can tell, at the firſt View, whether they have the right Symmetry. He alters his Gate with the Times, and has not a Motion of his Body, that (like a Dottrel) he does not borrow from ſomebody elſe. He exerciſes his Limbs, like the Pike and Muſket, and all his Poſtures are practiſed—Take him all together, and he is nothing but a Tranſlation, Word for Word, out of *French*, an Image caſt in Plaiſter of *Paris*, and a Puppet ſent over for others to dreſs themſelves by. He ſpeaks *French*, as Pedants do *Latin*, to ſhew his Breeding; and moſt naturally, where he is leaſt underſtood. All his non-Naturals, on which his Health and Diſeaſes depend, are *ſtile novo*. *French* is his Holiday-Language, that he wears for his Pleaſure and Ornament, and uſes *Engliſh* only for his Buſineſs and neceſſary Occaſions. He is like a *Scotchman*, though he is born a Subject of his own

Nation, he carries a *French* faction within him.

He is never quiet, but ſits as the Wind is ſaid to do, when it is moſt in Motion. His Head is as full of Maggots as a Paſtoral Poet's Flock. He was begotten, like one of Pliny's Portugueſe Horſes, by the Wind——The Truth is he ought not to have been reared; for being calved in the Increaſe of the Moon, his Head is troubled with a ——

N. B. The laſt Word not legible.

A

MELANCHOLY MAN

IS one, that keeps the worſt Company in the World, that is, his own; and tho' he be always falling out and quarrelling with himſelf, yet he has not power to endure any other Converſation. His Head is haunted, like a Houſe, with evil Spirits and Apparitions, that terrify and fright him out of himſelf, till he ſtands empty and forſaken. His Sleeps and his Wakings are ſo much the ſame, that he knows not how to diſtinguiſh them, and many times when he dreams, he believes he is broad awake and ſees Viſions. The Fumes and Vapours that riſe from his Spleen and Hypocondries have ſo ſmutched and ſullied his Brain (like a Room that ſmoaks) that his Underſtanding is blear-ey'd, and has no right Perception of any Thing. His Soul lives in his Body, like a Mole in the Earth, that labours in the Dark, and caſts up Doubts and Scruples of his own

Imaginations, to make that rugged and uneaſy, that was plain and open before. His Brain is ſo cracked, that he fancies himſelf to be Glaſs, and is afraid that every Thing he comes near ſhould break him in Pieces. Whatſoever makes an Impreſſion in his Imagination works it ſelf in like a Screw, and the more he turns and winds it, the deeper it ſticks, till it is never to be got out again. The Temper of his Brain being earthy, cold, and dry, is apt to breed Worms, that ſink ſo deep into it, no Medicine in Art or Nature is able to reach them. He leads his Life, as one leads a Dog in a Slip that will not follow, but is dragged along until he is almoſt hanged, as he has it often under Conſideration to treat himſelf in convenient Time and Place, if he can but catch himſelf alone. After a long and mortal Feud between his inward and his outward Man, they at length agree to meet without Seconds, and decide the Quarrel, in which the one drops, and the other ſlinks out of the Way, and makes his Eſcape into ſome foreign World, from whence it is never after heard of. He converſes with nothing ſo much as his own Imagination, which being apt to miſrepreſent Things to him,

makes him believe, that it is ſomething more than it is, and that he holds Intelligence with Spirits, that reveal whatſoever he fancies to him, as the antient rude People, that firſt heard their own Voices repeated by Echoes in the Woods, concluded it muſt proceed from ſome inviſible Inhabitants of thoſe ſolitary Places, which they after believed to be Gods, and called them *Sylvans*, *Fauns*, and *Dryads*. He makes the Infirmity of his Temper paſs for Revelations, as *Mahomet* did by his falling Sickneſs, and inſpires himſelf with the Wind of his own Hypocondries. He laments, like *Heraclitus* the Maudlin Philoſopher, at other Men's Mirth, and takes Pleaſure in nothing but his own un-ſober Sadneſs. His Mind is full of Thoughts, but they are all empty, like a Neſt of Boxes. He ſleeps little, but dreams much, and ſoundeſt when he is waking. He ſees Viſions further off than a ſecond-ſighted Man in *Scotland*, and dreams upon a hard Point with admirable Judgment. He is juſt ſo much worſe than a Madman, as he is below him in Degree of Frenzy; for among Madmen the moſt mad govern all the reſt, and receive a natural Obedience from their Inferiors.

AN

HARANGUER

IS one, that is ſo delighted with the ſweet Sound of his own Tongue, that *William Prynne* will ſooner lend an Ear, than he, to any Thing elſe. His Meaſure of Talk is till his Wind is ſpent; and then he is not ſilenced, but becalmed. His Ears have catched the Itch of his Tongue, and though he ſcratch them, like a Beaſt with his Hoof, he finds a Pleaſure in it. A *ſilenced Miniſter*, has more Mercy on the Government in a ſecure Conventicle, than he has on the Company, that he is in. He ſhakes a Man by the Ear, as a Dog does a Pig, and never looſes his Hold, till he has tired himſelf, as well as his Patient. He does not talk to a Man, but attack him, and whomſoever he can get into his Hands he lays violent Language on. If he can he will run a Man up againſt a Wall, and hold him at a

Bay by the Buttons, which he handles as bu l as he does his Perſon, or the Buſineſs he treats upon. When he finds him begin to ſink, he holds him by the Cloaths, and feels him as a Butcher does a Calf, before he kills him. He is a walking Pillory, and crucifies more Ears than a dozen ſtanding ones. He will hold any Argument rather than his Tongue, and maintain both ſides at his own Charge; for he will tell you what you will ſay, though, perhaps, he does not intend to give you leave. He lugs Men by the Ears, as they correct Children in *Scotland*, and will make them tingle, while he talks with them, as ſome ſay they will do, when a Man is talked of in his Abſence. When he talks to a Man, he comes up cloſe to him, and like an old Soldier lets fly in his Face, or claps the Bore of his Piſtol to his Ear, and whiſpers aloud, that he may be ſure not to miſs his Mark. His Tongue is always in Motion, tho' very ſeldom to the Purpoſe, like a Barber's Sciſſars, which are always ſnipping, as well when they do not cut, as when they do. His Tongue is like a Bagpipe Drone, that has no Stop, but makes a continual ugly Noiſe, as long as he can ſqueeze any Wind out of himſelf. He never leaves a Man until he has

run him down, and then he winds a Death over him. A Sow-Gelder's Horn is not ſo terrible to Dogs and Cats, as he is to all that know him. His Way of Argument is to talk all, and hear no Contradiction. Firſt he gives his Antagoniſt the Length of his Wind, and then, let him make his Approaches if he can, he is ſure to be beforehand with him. Of all diſſolute Diſeaſes the Running of the Tongue is the worſt, and the hardeſt to be cured. If he happen at any time to be at a Stand, and any Man elſe begins to ſpeak, he preſently drowns him with his Noiſe, as a Water-Dog makes a Duck dive: for when you think he has done he falls on, and lets fly again, like a Gun, that will diſcharge nine Times with one Loading. He is a Rattleſnake, that with his Noiſe gives Men warning to avoid him, otherwiſe he will make them wiſh they had. He is, like a Bell, good for nothing but to make a Noiſe. He is like common Fame, that ſpeaks moſt and knows leaſt, Lord *Brooks*, or a Wildgooſe always cackling when he is upon the Wing. His Tongue is like any Kind of Carriage, the leſs Weight it bears, the faſter and eaſier it goes. He is ſo full of Words, that they run over, and are thrown away to no Purpoſe; and

ſo empty of Things, or Senſe, that his Dry-neſs has made his Leaks ſo wide, whatſoever is put in him runs out immediately. He is ſo long in delivering himſelf, that thoſe that hear him deſire to be delivered too, or diſpatched out of their Pain. He makes his Diſcourſe the longer with often repeating *to be ſhort*, and talks much of *in fine*, but never means to come near it.

A

POPISH PRIEST

IS one that takes the ſame Courſe, that the *Devil* did in Paradiſe, he begins with the Woman. He deſpiſes all other *Fanatics* as Upſtarts, and values himſelf upon his Antiquity. He is a Man-Midwife to the Soul, and is all his Life-time in this World deluding it to the next. *Chriſt* made St. *Peter* a Fiſher of Men; but he believes it better to be a Fiſher of Women, and ſo becomes a Woman's Apoſtle. His Profeſſion is to diſguiſe himſelf, which he does in Sheep's-Cloathing, that is, a Lay Habit; but whether, as a Wolf, a Thief, or a Shepherd, is a great Queſtion; only this is certain, that he had rather have one Sheep out of another Man's Fold, than two out of his own. He gathers his Church as *Fanatics* do, yet deſpiſes them for it, and keeps his Flock always in Hurdles, to be removed at his Pleaſure; and though their Souls be rotten or ſcabby with

Hypocriſy, the Fleece is ſure to be found and orthodox. He tars their Conſciences with Confeſſion and Penance, but always keeps the Wool, that he pulls from the Sore, to himſelf. He never makes a Proſelyte, but he *converts* him to his very Shirt, and *turns* his Pockets into the Bargain; for he does nothing unleſs his Purſe prove a good *Catholic*. He never gets within a Family, but he gets on the Top of it, and governs all down to the Bottom of the Cellar—He will not tolerate the Scullion unleſs he be orthodox, nor allow of the turning of the Spit, but *in ordine ad Spiritualia*. His *Dominion is not founded in Grace*, but Sin; for he keeps his Subjects in perfect Awe by being acquainted with their moſt ſacred Iniquities, as *Juvenal* ſaid of the *Greeks*.

Scire volunt ſecreta domus, atque inde timeri.

By this means he holds Intelligence with their own Conſciences againſt themſelves, and keeps their very Thoughts in Slavery; for Men commonly fear thoſe that know any Evil of them, and out of Shame give Way to them. He is very cautious in venturing to attack any Man by Way of Converſion, whoſe Weakneſs he is not very well acquainted with; and like the

Fox, weighs his Gooſe, before he will venture to carry him over a River. He fights with the *Devil* at his own Weapons, and ſtrives to get ground on him with Frauds and Lies—Theſe he converts to pious Uſes. He makes his Prayers (the proper Buſineſs of the Mind) a Kind of Manufacture, and vents them by Tale, rather than Weight; and, while he is buſied in numbring them, forgets their Senſe and Meaning. He ſets them up as Men do their Games at *Picquet*, for fear he ſhould be miſreckoned; but never minds whether he plays fair or not. He ſells Indulgences, like *Lockier*'s Pills, with Directions how they are to be taken. He is but a Copyholder of the *Catholic* Church, that claims by Cuſtom. He believes the *Pope*'s Chain is faſtened to the Gates of Heaven, like King *Harry*'s in the Privy-Gallery.

A

TRAVELLER

IS a Native of all Countries, and an Alien at Home. He flies from the Place where he was hatched, like a Wildgoose, and prefers all others before it. He has no Quarrel to it, but becauſe he was born in it, and like a Baſtard, he is aſhamed of his Mother, becauſe ſhe is of him. He is a Merchant, that makes Voyages into foreign Nations, to drive a Trade in Wiſdom and Politics, and it is not for his Credit to have it thought, he has made an ill Return, which muſt be, if he ſhould allow of any of the Growth of his own Country. This makes him quack and blow up himſelf with Admiration of foreign Parts, and a generous Contempt of Home, that all Men may admire, at leaſt, the means he has had of Improvement, and deplore their own Defects. His Obſervations are like a Sieve, that lets the finer Flour paſs, and retains only the Bran of Things;

for his whole Return of Wiſdom proves to be but Affectation, a periſhable Commodity, which he will never be able to put off. He believes all Men's Wits are at a ſtand, that ſtay at Home, and only thoſe advanced, that travel; as if Change of Paſture did make great Politicians, as well as fat Calves. He pities the little Knowledge of Truth which thoſe have, that have not ſeen the World abroad, forgetting, that at the ſame time he tells us, how little Credit is to be given to his own Relations and thoſe of others, that ſpeak and write of their Travels. He has worn his own Language to Rags, and patched it up with Scraps and Ends of foreign—This ſerves him for Wit; for when he meets with any of his foreign Acquaintances, all they ſmatter paſſes for Wit, and they applaud one another accordingly. He believes this Raggedneſs of his Diſcourſe a great Demonſtration of the Improvement of his Knowledge; as *Inns-of-Court* Men intimate their Proficiency in the Law by the Tatters of their Gowns. All the Wit he brought Home with him is like foreign Coin, of a baſer Alloy than our own, and ſo will not paſs here without great Loſs. All noble Creatures, that are famous in any

one Country, degenerate by being tranſplanted; and thoſe of mean Value only improve—If it hold with Men, he falls among the Number of the latter, and his Improvements are little to his Credit. All he can ſay for himſelf is, his Mind was ſick of a Conſumption, and change of Air has cured him: For all his other Improvements have only been to eat in . . . . and talk with thoſe he did not underſtand; to hold Intelligence with all Gazettes, and from the Sight of Stateſmen in the Street unriddle the Intrigues of all their Councils, to make a wondrous Progreſs into Knowledge by riding with a Meſſenger, and advance in Politics by mounting of a Mule, run through all Sorts of Learning in a Waggon, and ſound all Depths of Arts in a Felucca, ride poſt into the Secrets of all States, and grow acquainted with their cloſe Deſigns in Inns and Hoſtleries; for certainly there is great Virtue in Highways and Hedges to make an able Man, and a good Proſpect cannot but let him ſee far into Things.

A

CATHOLIC

SAYS his Prayers often, but never prays, and worſhips the Croſs more than *Chriſt*. He prefers his Church merely for the Antiquity of it, and cares not how ſound or rotten it be, ſo it be but old. He takes a liking to it as ſome do to old Cheeſe, only for the blue Rottenneſs of it. If he had lived in the primitive Times he had never been a *Chriſtian*; for the Antiquity of the *Pagan* and *Jewiſh* Religion would have had the ſame Power over him againſt the *Chriſtian*, as the old *Roman* has againſt the modern Reformation. The weaker Veſſel he is, the better and more zealous Member he always proves of his Church; for Religion, like Wine, is not ſo apt to leak in a leathern Boraccio as a great Caſk, and is better preſerved in a ſmall Bottle ſtopped with a light Cork, than a veſſel of greater Capacity, where the Spirits being more and ſtronger are the

more apt to fret. He allows of all holy Cheats, and is content to be deluded in a true, orthodox, and infallible Way. He believes the *Pope* to be infallible, becauſe he has deceived all the World, but was never deceived himſelf, which was grown ſo notorious, that nothing leſs than an Article of Faith in the Church could make a Plaſter big enough for the Sore. His Faith is too big for his Charity, and too unwieldy to work Miracles; but is able to believe more than all the Saints in Heaven ever made. He worſhips Saints in Effigie, as *Dutchmen* hang abſent Malefactors; and has ſo weak a Memory, that he is apt to forget his Patrons, unleſs their Pictures prevent him. He loves to ſee what he prays to, that he may not miſtake one Saint for another; and his Beads and Crucifix are the Tools of his Devotion, without which it can do nothing. Nothing ſtaggers his Faith of the *Pope*'s Infallibility ſo much, as that he did not make away the Scriptures, when they were in his Power, rather than thoſe that believed in them, which he knows not how to underſtand to be no Error. The leſs he underſtands of his Religion, the more violent he is in it, which, being the perpetual Condition of all thoſe that are deluded, is a

great Argument that he is miſtaken. His Religion is of no Force without Ceremonies, like a Loadſtone that draws a greater Weight through a Piece of Iron, than when it is naked of it ſelf. His Prayers are a kind of Crambe that uſed to kill Schoolmaſters; and he values them by Number, not Weight.

A

CURIOUS MAN

VALUES things not by their Uſe or Worth, but Scarcity. He is very tender and ſcrupulous of his Humour, as *Fanatics* are of their Conſciences, and both for the moſt part in Trifles. He cares not how unuſeful any Thing be, ſo it be but unuſual and rare. He collects all the Curioſities he can light upon in Art or Nature, not to inform his own Judgment, but to catch the Admiration of others, which he believes he has a Right to, becauſe the Rarities are his own. That which other Men neglect he believes they overſee, and ſtores up Trifles as rare Diſcoveries, at leaſt of his own Wit and Sagacity. He admires ſubtleties above all Things, becauſe the more ſubtle they are, the nearer they are to nothing; and values no Art but that which is ſpun ſo

thin, that it is of no Uſe at all. He had rather have an iron Chain hung about the Neck of a Flea, than an Alderman's of Gold, and *Homer's* Iliads in a Nutſhel than *Alexander's* Cabinet. He had rather have the twelve Apoſtles on a Cherry-Stone, than thoſe on St. *Peter's* Portico, and would willingly ſell *Chriſt* again for that numerical Piece of Coin, that *Judas* took for him. His perpetual Dotage upon Curioſities at length renders him one of them, and he ſhews himſelf as none of the meaneſt of his Rarities. He ſo much affects Singularity, that rather than follow the Faſhion, that is uſed by the reſt of the World, he will wear diſſenting Cloaths with odd fantaſtic Devices to diſtinguiſh himſelf from others, like Marks ſet upon Cattle. He cares not what Pains he throws away upon the meaneſt Trifle, ſo it be but ſtrange, while ſome pity, and others laugh at his ill-employed Induſtry. He is one of thoſe, that valued *Epictetus's* Lamp above the excellent Book he writ by it. If he be a Bookman he ſpends all his Time and Study upon Things that are never to be known. The *Philoſopher's Stone* and *univerſal Medicine* cannot

poſſibly miſs him, though he is ſure to do them. He is wonderfully taken with abſtruſe Knowledge, and had rather hand to Truth with a Pair of Tongs wrapt up in Myſteries and Hieroglyphics, than touch it with his Hands, or ſee it plainly demonſtrated to his Senſes.

A RANTER

IS a *Fanatic* Hector, that has found out by a very ſtrange Way of new Light, how to transform all the *Devils* into *Angels of Light*; for he believes all Religion conſiſts in Looſeneſs, and that Sin and Vice is *the whole Duty of Man.* He puts off the *old Man*, but puts it on again upon the *new one*, and makes his *Pagan* Vices ſerve to preſerve his *Chriſtian* Virtues from wearing out; for if he ſhould uſe his Piety and Devotion always it would hold out but a little while. He is loth that Iniquity and Vice ſhould be thrown away, as long as there may be good Uſe of it; for if that, which is wickedly gotten, may be diſpoſed to pious Uſes, why ſhould not Wickedneſs itſelf as well? He believes himſelf Shot-free againſt all the Attempts of the *Devil*, the *World*, and the *Fleſh*, and therefore is not afraid to attack them in their own Quarters, and encounter them at their own Weapons.

For as ſtrong Bodies may freely venture to do and ſuffer that, without any Hurt to themſelves, which would deſtroy thoſe that are feeble: So a Saint, that is ſtrong in Grace, may boldly engage himſelf in thoſe great Sins and Iniquities, that would eaſily damn a weak Brother, and yet come off never the worſe. He believes Deeds of Darkneſs to be only thoſe Sins that are committed in private, not thoſe that are acted openly and owned. He is but an *Hypocrite* turned the wrong Side outward; for, as the one wears his Vices within, and the other without, ſo when they are counterchanged the *Ranter* becomes an *Hypocrite*, and the *Hypocrite* an able *Ranter*. His Church is the *Devil's* Chappel; for it agrees exactly both in Doctrine and Diſcipline with the beſt reformed Baudy-Houſes. He is a Monſter produced by the Madneſs of this latter Age; but if it had been his Fate to have been whelped in old *Rome* he had paſt for a Prodigy, and been received among raining of Stones and the ſpeaking of Bulls, and would have put a ſtop to all public Affairs, until he had been expiated. *Nero* cloathed *Chriſtians* in the Skins of wild Beaſts; but he wraps wild Beaſts in the Skins of *Chriſtians*.

A

CORRUPT JUDGE

PASSES Judgment as a Gameſter does falſe Dice. The firſt Thing he takes is his Oath and his Commiſſion, and afterwards the ſtrongeſt Side and Bribes. He gives Judgment, as the Council at the Bar are ſaid to give Advice, when they are paid for it. He wraps himſelf warm in Furs, that the cold Air may not ſtrike his Conſcience inward. He is never an upright Judge, but when he is weary of ſitting, and ſtands for his Eaſe. All the Uſe he makes of his Oath is to oppoſe it againſt his Prince, for whoſe Service he firſt took it, and to bind him with that, which he firſt pretended to bind himſelf with; as if the King by imparting a little of his Power to him gave him a Title to all the reſt, like thoſe who holding a little Land in *Capite* render all the reſt

liable to the ſame Tenure. As for that which concerns the People, he takes his Liberty to do what he pleaſes; this he maintains with Canting, of which himſelf being the only Judge, he can give it what arbitrary Interpretation he pleaſes; yet is a great Enemy to arbitrary Power, becauſe he would have no Body uſe it but himſelf. If he have Hopes of Preferment he makes all the Law run on the King's Side; if not, it always takes part againſt him; for as he was bred to make any Thing right or wrong between Man and Man, ſo he can do between the King and his Subjects. He calls himſelf *Capitalis, &c.* which Word he never uſes but to Crimes of the higheſt Nature. He uſurps unſufferable Tyranny over Words; for when he has enſlaved and debaſed them from their original Senſe, he makes them ſerve againſt themſelves to ſupport him, and their own Abuſe. He is as ſtiff to Delinquents, and makes as harſh a Noiſe as a new Cart-wheel, until he is greaſed, and then he turns about as eaſily. He calls all neceſſary and unavoidable Proceedings of State, without the punctual Formality of Law, arbitrary and illegal, but never conſiders, that his own Interpretations

of Law are more arbitrary, and, when he pleaſes, illegal. He cannot be denied to be a very impartial Judge; for right or wrong are all one to him. He takes Bribes, as pious Men give Alms, with ſo much Caution, that his right Hand never knows what his left receives.

A N

A M O R I S T

IS an Artificer, or Maker of Love, a ſworn Servant to all Ladies, like an Officer in a Corporation. Though no one in particular will own any Title to him, yet he never fails, upon all Occaſions, to offer his Services, and they as ſeldom to turn it back again untouched. He commits nothing with them, but himſelf to their good Graces; and they recommend him back again to his own, where he finds ſo kind a Reception, that he wonders how he does fail of it every where elſe. His Paſſion is as eaſily ſet on Fire as a Fart, and as ſoon out again. He is charged and primed with Love-Powder like a Gun, and the leaſt Sparkle of an Eye gives Fire to him, and off he goes, but ſeldom, or never, hits the Mark. He has common Places and Precedents of Repartees and Letters for all Occaſions; and falls as readily into his Method of making love, as a Parſon

does into his Form of Matrimony. He converſes, as Angels are ſaid to do, by Intuition, and expreſſes himſelf by Sighs moſt ſignificantly. He follows his Viſits, as Men do their Buſineſs, and is very induſtrious in waiting on the Ladies, where his Affairs lie; among which thoſe of greateſt Concernment are *Queſtions and Commands*, *Purpoſes*, and other ſuch received Forms of Wit and Converſation; in which he is ſo deeply ſtudied, that in all Queſtions and Doubts, that ariſe, he is appealed to, and very learnedly declares, which was the moſt true and primitive Way of proceeding in the pureſt Times. For theſe Virtues he never fails of his Summons to all Balls, where he manages the Country-Dances with ſingular Judgment, and is frequently an Aſſiſtant at L'hombre; and theſe are all the Uſes they make of his Parts, beſide the Sport they give themſelves in laughing at him, which he takes for ſingular Favours, and interprets to his own Advantage, though it never goes further; for all his Employments being public, he is never admitted to any private Services, and they deſpiſe him as not Woman's Meat: For he applies to too many to be truſted by any one; as Baſtards by having many Fathers, have none at all. He goes often

mounted in a Coach as a Convoy, to guard the Ladies, to take the Duſt in *Hyde-Park*; where by his prudent Management of the Glaſs Windows he ſecures them from Beggars, and returns fraught with China-Oranges and Ballads. Thus he is but a Gentleman-Uſher General, and his Buſineſs is to carry one Lady's Services to another, and bring back the others in Exchange.

A N

ASTROLOGER

IS one that expounds upon the Planets, and teaches to conſtrue the *Accidents* by the *due joining of Stars in Conſtruction.* He talks with them by dumb Signs, and can tell what they mean by their twinckling, and ſquinting upon one another, as well as they themſelves. He is a Spy upon the Stars, and can tell what they are doing, by the Company they keep, and the Houſes they frequent. They have no Power to do any Thing alone, until ſo many meet, as will make a *Quorum.* He is Clerk of the Committee to them, and draws up all their Orders, that concern either public or private Affairs. He keeps all their Accompts for them, and ſums them up, not by *Debtor*, but *Creditor* alone, a more compendious Way. They do ill to make them have ſo much Authority over

the Earth, which, perhaps, has as much as any one of them but the Sun, and as much Right to ſit and vote in their Councils, as any other: But becauſe there are but ſeven Electors of the *German* Empire, they will allow of no more to diſpoſe of all other; and moſt fooliſhly and unnaturally depoſe their own Parent of its Inheritance; rather than acknowledge a Defect in their own Rules. Theſe Rules are all they have to ſhew for their Title; and yet not one of them can tell whether thoſe they had them from came honeſtly by them. *Virgil*'s Deſcription of *Fame*, that reaches from Earth to the Stars, *tam ficti pravique tenax*, to carry Lies and Knavery, will ſerve Aſtrologers without any ſenſible Variation. He is a Fortune-Seller, a Retailer of Deſtiny, and petty Chapman to the Planets. He caſts Nativities as Gameſters do falſe Dice, and by ſlurring and palming *ſextile*, *quartile*, and *trine*, like *ſize*, *quater*, *trois*, can throw what chance he pleaſes. He ſets a Figure, as Cheats do a Main at Hazard; and Gulls throw away their Money at it. He fetches the Grounds of his Art ſo far off, as well from Reaſon, as the Stars, that, like a Traveller, he is allowed to lye by Art

thority. And as Beggars, that have no Money themſelves, believe all others have, and beg of thoſe, that have as little as themſelves: So the ignorant Rabble believe in him, though he has no more Reaſon for what he profeſſes, than they.

A

LAWYER

IS a Retailer of Juſtice, that uſes falſe Lights, falſe Weights, and falſe Meaſures — He meaſures Right and Wrong by his retaining Fee, and, like a *French* Dueliſt, engages on that Side that firſt beſpeaks him, tho' it be againſt his own Brother, not becauſe it is right, but merely upon a Punctilio of Profit, which is better than Honour to him, becauſe Riches will buy Nobility, and Nobility nothing, as having no intrinſic Value. He ſells his Opinion, and engages to maintain the Title againſt all that claim under him, but no further. He puts it off upon his Word, which he believes himſelf not bound to make good, becauſe when he has parted with his Right to it, it is no longer his. He keeps no Juſtice for his own Uſe,

The Severity and Bitterneſs of this Character, and the Ver[illegible] follow, may be accounted for, and in ſome Sort excuſed by [illegible] cumſtance related in the Author's Life, viz. that he loſt moſt [illegible]

as being a Commodity of his own Growth, which he never buys, but only ſells to others: and as no Man goes worſe ſhod than the Shoemaker; ſo no Man is more out of Juſtice than he that gets his Living by it. He draws Bills, as Children do Lots at a Lottery, and is paid as much for Blanks as Prizes. He undoes a Man with the ſame Privilege as a Doctor kills him, and is paid as well for it, as if he preſerved him, in which he is very impartial, but in nothing elſe. He believes it no Fault in himſelf to err in Judgment, becauſe that part of the *Law* belongs to the Judge, and not to him. His beſt Opinions and his worſt are all of a Price, like good Wine and bad in a Tavern, in which he does not deal ſo fairly as thoſe, who, if they know what you are willing to beſtow, can tell how to fit you accordingly. When his Law lies upon his Hands, he will afford a good Penyworth, and rather pettyfog and turn common Barreter, than be out of Employment. His Opinion is one Thing while it is his own, and another when it is paid for; for the Property being altered, the

Wife's Fortune, which was conſiderable, by its being put out on ill Securities, owing probably to the Unſkilfulneſs or Roguery of ſome Lawyer.

Caſe alters alſo. When his Council is not to his Client's Turn, he will never take it back again, though it be never the worſe, nor allow him any Thing for it, yet will ſell the ſame over and over again to as many as come to him for it. His Pride encreaſes with his Practice, and the fuller of Buſineſs he is, like a Sack, the bigger he looks. He crouds to the Bar like a Pig through a Hedge; and his Gown is fortified with Flankers about the Shoulders, to guard his Ears from being galled with Elbows. He draws his Bills more extravagant and unconſcionable than a Taylor; for if you cut off two thirds in the Beginning, Middle, or End, that which is left will be more reaſonable and nearer to Senſe than the whole, and yet he is paid for all: For when he draws up a Buſineſs, like a Captain that makes falſe Muſters, he produces as many looſe and idle Words as he can poſſibly come by, until he has received for them, and then turns them off, and retains only thoſe that are to the Purpoſe—This he calls drawing of *Breviates*. All that appears of his Studies is in ſhort Time converted into Waſte-Paper, Taylor's Meaſures, and Heads for Children's Drums. He appears very violent againſt the other Side, and rails to pleaſe

his Client, as they do Children, *give me a Blow and I'll ſtrike him, ah naughty, &c.*—This makes him ſeem very zealous for the good of his Client, and, though the Cauſe go againſt him, he loſes no Credit by it, eſpecially if he fall foul on the Council of the other Side, which goes for no more among them than it does with thoſe virtuous Perſons, that quarrel and fight in the Streets, to pick the Pockets of thoſe that look on. He hangs Men's Eſtates and Fortunes on the ſlighteſt Curioſities and feebleſt Niceties imaginable, and undoes them like the Story of breaking a Horſe's Back with a Feather, or ſinking a Ship with a ſingle Drop of Water; as if Right and Wrong were only notional, and had no Relation at all to practice (which always requires more ſolid Foundations) or Reaſon and Truth did wholly conſiſt in the right Spelling of Letters, when, as the ſubtler Things are, the nearer they are to nothing; ſo the ſubtler Words and Notions are, the nearer they are to Nonſenſe. He overruns *Latin* and *French* with greater Barbariſm, than the *Goths* did *Italy* and *France*, and makes as mad a Confuſion of Language by mixing both with *Engliſh*. Nor does he uſe *Engliſh* much

better, for he clogs it ſo with Words, that its Senſe becomes as thick as Puddle, and is utterly loſt to thoſe, that have not the Trick of ſlipping over, where it is impertinent. He has but one Termination for all *Latin* Words, and that's a Daſh. He is very juſt to the firſt Syllables of Words, but always bobtails the laſt, in which the Senſe moſt of all conſiſts, like a Cheat, that does a Man all Right at the firſt, that he may put a Trick upon him in the End. He is an *Apprentice* to the Law without a Maſter, is his own Pupil, and has no Tutor but himſelf, that is a Fool. He will ſcrew and wreſt Law as unmercifully as a Tumbler does his Body, to lick up Money with his Tongue. He is a *Swiſs*, that profeſſes mercenary Arms, will fight for him, that gives him beſt Pay, and, like an *Italian* Bravo, will fall foul on any Man's Reputation, that he receives a retaining Fee againſt. If he could but maintain his Opinions as well as they do him, he were a very juſt and righteous Man; but when he has made his moſt of it, he leaves it, like his Client, to ſhift for itſelf. He fetches Money out of his Throat, like a Jugler: and as the Rabble in the Country value Gentlemen by their Houſekeeping and their Eating; ſo is he ſuppoſed to

have ſo much Law as he has kept Commons, and the abler to deal with Clients by how much the more he has devoured of *Inns o' Court* Mutton; and it matters not, whether he keep his Study, ſo he has but kept Commons. He never ends a Suit, but prunes it, that it may grow the faſter, and yield a greater Increaſe of Strife. The Wiſdom of the Law is to admit of all the petty, mean, real Injuſtices in the World, to avoid imaginary poſſible great ones, that may perhaps fall out. His Client finds the Scripture fulfilled in him, that *it is better to part with a Coat too, than go to Law for a Cloke*; for *as the beſt Laws are made of the worſt Manners*, even ſo are the beſt Lawyers of the worſt Men. He humms about *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and returns Home with his Pockets, like a Bee with his Thighs laden; and that which *Horace* ſays of an Ant, *Ore trahit quodcunque poteſt, atque addit acervo*, is true of him; for he gathers all his Heap with the Labour of his Mouth, rather than his Brain and Hands. He values himſelf, as a Carman does his Horſe, by the Money he gets, and looks down upon all that gain leſs as Scoundrels. The Law is like that double-formed ill-begotten Monſter,

that was kept in an intricate Labyrinth, and fed with Men's Flesh; for it devours all that come within the Mazes of it, and have not a Clue to find the Way out again. He has as little Kindness for the Statute Law, as *Catholics* have for the Scripture, but adores the common Law as they do Tradition, and both for the very same Reason: For the statute Law being certain, written and designed to reform and prevent Corruptions and Abuses in the Affairs of the World (as the Scriptures are in Matters of Religion) he finds it many Times a great Obstruction to the Advantage and Profit of his Practice; whereas the common Law being unwritten, or written in an unknown Language, which very few understand but himself, is the more pliable and easy to serve all his Purposes, being utterly exposed to what Interpretation and Construction his Interest and Occasions shall at any Time incline him to give it; and differs only from arbitrary Power in this, that the one gives no Account of itself at all, and the other such a one as is perhaps worse than none, that is implicit, and not to be under-

May Varlets be your Barber.] The Word *Varlet*, *Butler* uses in another Place for a Bum-bailif, in which sense it must be here taken;

ſtood, or ſubject to what Conſtruction he pleaſes to put upon it.

Great Critics in a *noverint univerſi*,
Know all Men by theſe Preſents how to curſe ye;
Pedants of *ſaid and foreſaid*, and both *Frenches*
Pedlars, and Pokie, may thoſe rev'rend Benches
Y' aſpire to be the Stocks, and may ye be
No more call'd to the Bar, but Pillory;
Thither in Triumph may ye backward ride,
To have your Ears moſt juſtly crucify'd,
And cut ſo cloſe, until there be not Leather
Enough to ſtick a Pen in left of either;
Then will your Conſciences, your Ears, and Wit
Be like Indentures Tripartite cut fit:
May your Horns multiply, and grow as great
As that which does blow Grace before your Meat:
May Varlets be your Barbers now, and do
The ſame to you, they have been done unto;
That's Law and Goſpel too, may it prove true,
Then they ſhall do Pump-Juſtice upon you;
And when y' are ſhav'd and powder'd you ſhall fall
Thrown o'er the Bar, as they did o'er the Wall,

though I don't find, that our Dictionary-writers ever give it that Signification.

Never to riſe again, unleſs it be
To hold your Hands up for your Roguery,
And when you do ſo, may they be no leſs
Sear'd by the Hangman, than your Conſciences.
May your Gowns ſwarm, until you can determine
The Strife no more between yourſelves and Vermin,
Than you have done between your Clients purſes-
Now kneel, and take the laſt and worſe of curſes--
May you be honeſt, when it is too late,
That is, undone the only Way you hate.

A N

H E R A L D

CALLS himſelf a *King*, becauſe he has Power and Authority to *hang*, *draw*, and *quarter* Arms; for aſſuming a Juriſdiction over the diſtributive Juſtice of Titles of Honour, as far as Words extend, he gives himſelf as great a Latitude that Way, as other Magiſtrates uſe to do, where they have Authority, and would enlarge it as far as they can. 'Tis true he can make no Lords nor Knights of himſelf, but as many Squires and Gentlemen as he pleaſes, and adopt them into what Family they have a Mind. His Dominions abound with all Sorts of Cattle, Fiſh, and Fowl, and all manner of Manufactures, beſides whole Fields of Gold and Silver, which he magnificently beſtows upon his Followers, or ſells as cheap as Lands in *Jamaica*. The Language they uſe is barbarous, as being but a Dialect of Pedlar's *French*,

or the *Ægyptian*, though of a loftier Sound, and in the Propriety affecting Brevity, as the other does Verboſity. His Buſineſs is like that of all the Schools, to make plain Things hard with perplexed Methods and inſignificant Terms, and then appear learned in making them plain again. He profeſſes Arms not for uſe, but Ornament only, and yet makes the baſeſt Things in the World, as Dogs-Turds and Women's Spindles, Weapons of good and worſhipful Bearings. He is wiſer than the Fellow that ſold his Aſs, but kept the Shadow for his own Uſe; for he ſells only the Shadow (that is the Picture) and keeps the Aſs himſelf. He makes Pedigrees as 'Pothecaries do Medicines, when they put in one Ingredient for another that they have not by them: by this means he often makes inceſtuous Matches, and cauſes the Son to marry the Mother. His chief Province is at Funerals, where he commands in chief, marſhals the *triſtitiæ irritamenta*, and like a Gentleman-Sewer to the Worms ſerves up the Feaſt with all punctual Formality. He will join as many Shields together as would make a *Roman* Teſtudo, or *Macedonian* Phalanx, to fortify the Nobility of a new made Lord, that will pay for the impreſting of them, and

allow him Coat and Conduct Money. He is a kind of a Necromancer, and can raiſe the Dead out of their Graves, to make them marry and beget thoſe they never heard of in their Life-time. His Coat is like the King of *Spain*'s Dominions all Skirts; and hangs as looſe about him; and his Neck is the Waſte, like the Picture of *Nobody* with his Breeches faſtened to his Collar. He will ſell the Head or a ſingle Joint of a Beaſt or Fowl as dear as the whole Body, like a Pig's Head in *Bartlemew*-Fair, and after put off the reſt to his Cuſtomers at the ſame Rate. His Arms being utterly out of Uſe in War, ſince Guns came up, have been tranſlated to Diſhes and Cups, as the Ancients uſed their precious Stones according to the Poet—*Gemmas ad pocula tranſfert a Gladiis*, *&c.* and ſince are like to decay every Day more and more; for ſince he gave Citizens Coats of Arms, Gentlemen have made bold to take their Letters of Mark by way of Repriſal. The Hangman has a Receipt to mar all his Work in a Moment; for by nailing the wrong End of a Scutcheon upwards upon a Gibbet, all the Honour and Gentility extinguiſhes of itſelf, like a Candle that's held with the Flame downwards. Other Arms are made for the ſpoiling

of Blood; but his only purify and cleanſe it like Scurvy-graſs; for a ſmall Doſe taken by his Preſcription will refine that which is as baſe and groſs as Bull's Blood (which the *Athenians* uſed to poiſon withal) to any Degree of Purity.

A

LATITUDINARIAN

GIVES himſelf the more Scope, becauſe he that has the largeſt Conſcience is moſt like, in all Probability, to keep within Compaſs of it: for one that is ſtrait is uneaſy, apt to pinch, and will not do half the Service that a wider will endure. He does not greatly care to live within the Pale of the Church, but had rather have the Church live within his Pale. He believes the Way to Heaven is never the better for being ſtrait, and if it could be made wider it would be much more convenient; for there being ſo many that undertake that Journey, how few ſoever arrive at the End of it, they muſt of Neceſſity juſtle, croud and fall foul upon one another, as we find they do, and therefore he thinks it beſt, both for himſelf and the Eaſe of his Fellow-Travellers, to get out of the common Road,

and leave the more Room for thoſe that can not leap Ditches, and if they could, when they are once out, do not know how to get in again ſo well as he does. He is but a Kind of a modeſt *Ranter*, that believes *Chriſtian* Liberty and *natural* Liberty may very well conſiſt together; for being Things of the ſame Kind there can be no poſſible Difference between them, but only in Degreee, which can never cauſe the one to deſtroy the other; and natural Liberty being of the elder Houſe, if there be any Precedency, ought to have a Right to it. He believes Obedience is nothing but a civil Complacence, that obliges a Man no further than ſaying—*I am your humble Servant*; and that Uniformity is too like a Thing made and complotted to be true. He believes Laws are made to puniſh thoſe only, that do not underſtand how to break them diſcreetly, and to do no Man right, that has not Money or Intereſt to compel them to it; that like fooliſh Magiſtrates require Reſpect in public, but will endure all Manner of Affronts in private, eſpecially among Friends.

A

MATHEMATICIAN

SHEWS as many Tricks on the Outſide of Body, as *Philoſophers* do on the Inſide of it, and for the moſt Part to as little Purpoſe; the only Difference is, that the one begins in Nonſenſe and ends in Senſe, and the other quite contrary begins in Senſe and ends in Nonſenſe: For the Mathematician begins with Body abſtract, which was never found in Nature, and yet afterwards traces it to that which is real and practical; and the Philoſopher begins with Body as it is really in Nature, and afterwards wears it away with much handling into thin Subtilties that are merely notional. The Philoſopher will not endure to hear of Body without Quantity, and yet afterwards gives it over, and has no Conſideration of it any further: And the Mathematician will allow

of Being without Quantity, and yet afterwards conſiders nothing elſe but Quantity. All the Figures he draws are no better, for the moſt Part, than thoſe in Rhetoric, that ſerve only to call certain Rotines and Manners of Speech by inſignificant Names, but teach nothing. His Art is only inſtrumental, and like others of the ſame Kind, when it outgrows its Uſe becomes merely a Curioſity; and the more it is ſo, the more impertinent it proves; for Curioſities are impertinent to all Men but the Curious, and they to all the reſt of the World. His Forefathers paſt among the Ancients for Conjurers, and carried the Credit of all Inventions, becauſe they had the Luck to ſtand by when they were found out, and cry'd *half's ours*. For though the Mechanics have found out more excellent Things, than *they* have Wit enough to give names to, (though the greateſt Part of their Wit lies that Way) yet they will boldly aſſume the Reputation of all to themſelves; though they had no Relation at all to the Inventions; as great Perſons uſe to claim kindred (though they cannot tell how it comes about) with their Inferiors when they thrive in the World. For certainly Geometry has no more right to lay Claim to the Inventions of

the Mechanics than Grammar has to the original of Language, that was in Uſe long before it; and when that Uſe and Cuſtom had prevailed, ſome Men by obſerving the Conſtruction, Frame, and Relations that Words have to one another in Speech drew them into Rules, and of theſe afterwards made an Art; and juſt ſo and no more did Geometry by the Dimenſions, Figures, and Proportions of Things that were done long before it was in being; nor does the preſent Uſe of one or the other extend further than this, to teach Men to ſpeak, and write, and proportion things regularly, but not to contrive or deſign at all. Mathematicians are the ſame Things to Mechanics, as Markers in Tennis Courts are to Gameſters; and they that aſcribe all Inventions to Mathematics are as wiſe as thoſe that ſay, no Man can play well that is not a good Marker; as if all the Skill of a Goldſmith lay in his Balance, or a Draper in his Yard; or that no Man can play on a Lute that is not a good Fiddle-Maker.

When his Art was in its Infancy, and had by Obſervation found out the Courſe of the

Sun and Moon and their Eclipſes (though imperfectly) and could predict them, which the reſt of the World were ignorant of, he went further, and would undertake upon that Account to foretel any Thing, as Liars that will make one Truth make Way for a hundred Lies. He believes his Art, or rather Science, to be wholly practical, when the greateſt Part of it, and as he believes the beſt, is merely contemplative, and paſſes only among Friends to the Mathematics and no further, for which they flatter and applaud one another moſt virtuouſly.

A N

EPIGRAMMATIST

IS a Poet of ſmall Wares, whoſe Muſe is ſhort-winded, and quickly out of Breath. She flies like a Gooſe, that is no ſooner upon the Wing, but down again. He was originally one of thoſe Authors, that uſed to write upon white Walls, from whence his Works being collected and put together paſs in the World, like ſingle Money among thoſe that deal in ſmall Matters. His Wit is like Fire in a Flint, that is nothing while it is in, and nothing again as ſoon as it is out. He treats of all Things and Perſons that come in his Way, but like one that draws in little, much leſs than the Life.

His Bus'neſs is t' inveigh and flatter
Like parcel Paraſite and Satyr.

He is a Kind of Vagabond Writer, that is never out of his Way; for nothing is beſide the Purpoſe with him, that propoſes none at all. His Works are like a running Banquet, that have much Variety but little of a Sort; for he deals in nothing but Scraps and Parcels like a Taylor's Broker. He does not write, but ſet his Mark upon Things, and gives no Accompt in Words at length, but only in Figures. All his Wit reaches but to four Lines, or ſix at the moſt; and if he ever venture further it tires immediately like a Poſt-Horſe, that will go no further than his wonted Stages. Nothing agrees ſo naturally with his Fancy as Bawdery, which he diſpenſes in ſmall Pittances to continue his Reader ſtill in an Appetite for more.

A

VIRTUOSO

IS a Well-willer to the Mathematics —He perſues Knowledge rather out of Humour than Ingenuity, and endeavours rather to ſeem, than to be. He has nothing of Nature but an Inclination, which he ſtrives to improve with Induſtry; but as no Art can make a Fountain run higher than its own Head; ſo nothing can raiſe him above the Elevation of his own Pole. He ſeldom converſes but with Men of his own Tendency, and whereſoever he comes treats with all Men as ſuch, for as Country-Gentlemen uſe to talk of their Dogs to thoſe that hate Hunting, becauſe they love it themſelves; ſo will he of his Arts and Sciences to thoſe that neither know, nor care to know any Thing of them. His Induſtry were admirable, if it did not attempt the greateſt Difficulties with the feebleſt Means: for he commonly ſlights any Thing that is plain and eaſy, how uſeful and ingenious

ſoever, and bends all his Forces againſt the hardeſt and moſt improbable, tho' to no Purpoſe if attained to; for neither knowing how to meaſure his own Abilities, nor the Weight of what he attempts, he ſpends his little Strength in vain, and grows only weaker by it—And as Men uſe to blind Horſes that draw in a Mill, his Ignorance of himſelf and his Undertakings makes him believe he has advanced, when he is no nearer to his End than when he ſet out firſt. The Bravery of Difficulties does ſo dazzle his Eyes, that he proſecutes them with as little Succeſs, as the Taylor did his Amours to *Queen Elizabeth*. He differs from a Pedant, as *Things* do from *Words*; for he uſes the ſame Affectation in his Operations and Experiments, as the other does in Language. He is a Haberdaſher of ſmall Arts and Sciences, and deals in as many ſeveral Operations as a baby-Artificer does in Engines. He will ſerve well enough for an Index, to tell what is handled in the World, but no further. He is wonderfully delighted with Rarities, and they continue ſtill ſo to him, though he has ſhown them a thouſand Times; for every new Admirer, that gapes upon them, ſets him a gaping too. Next theſe he loves ſtrange na-

tural Hiſtories; and as thoſe, that read Romances, though they know them to be Fictions, are as much affected as if they were true, ſo is he, and will make hard Shift to tempt himſelf to believe them firſt to be poſſible, and then he's ſure to believe them to be true, forgetting that *Belief upon Belief is falſe Heraldry.* He keeps a Catalogue of the Names of all famous Men in any Profeſſion, whom he often takes Occaſion to mention as his very good Friends, and old Acquaintances. Nothing is more pedantic than to ſeem too much concerned about Wit or Knowledge, to talk much of it, and appear too critical in it. All he can poſſibly arrive to is but like the Monkies dancing on the Rope, to make Men wonder, how 'tis poſſible for *Art* to put *Nature* ſo much out of her Play.

His Learning is like thoſe Letters on a Coach, where many being writ together no one appears plain. When the King happens to be at the Univerſity, and Degrees run like Wine in Conduits at public Triumphs, he is ſure to have his Share; and though he be as free to chuſe his Learning as his Faculty, yet like St. *Auſtin*'s Soul *creando infunditur, in-*

fundendo creatur. *Nero* was the firſt Emperour of his Calling, tho' it be not much for his Credit. He is like an Elephant that, though he cannot ſwim, yet of all Creatures moſt delights to walk along a River's Side; and as in Law, *Things that appear not, and things that are not, are all one*; ſo he had rather not be than not appear. The Top of his Ambition is to have his Picture graved in Braſs, and publiſhed upon Walls, if he has no Work of his own to face with it. His want of Judgment inclines him naturally to the moſt extravagant Undertakings, like that of *making old Dogs young, telling how many Perſons there are in a Room by knocking at a Door, ſtopping up of Words in Bottles,* &c. He is like his Books, that contain much Knowledge, but know nothing themſelves. He is but an Index of Things and Words, that can direct where they are to be ſpoken with, but no further. He appears a great Man among the ignorant, and like a Figure in Arithmetic, is ſo much the more, as it ſtands before Ciphers that are nothing of themſelves. He calls himſelf an *Antiſocordiſt* a Name unknown to former Ages, but ſpawned by the Pedantry of the preſent. He delights moſt in attempting Things beyond his

Reach, and the greater Diſtance he ſhoots at, the further he is ſure to be off his Mark. He ſhows his Parts, as Drawers do a Room at a Tavern, to entertain them at the Expence of their Time and Patience. He inverts the Moral of that Fable of him, that careſſed his Dog for fawning and leaping up upon him, and beat his Aſs for doing the ſame Thing; for it is all one to him, whether he be applauded by an Aſs, or a wiſer Creature, ſo he be but applauded.

A JUSTICE OF PEACE

IS one that has a Patent for his Wit, and underſtands by Commiſſion, in which his Wife and his Clerk are of the *Quorum*. He is Judge of the Peace, but has nothing to do with it until it is broken; and then his Buſineſs is to patch it up again. His Occupation is to keep the Peace, but he makes it keep him; and lives upon the Scraps of it, as thoſe he commits do on the common Baſket. The Conſtable is his Factor, and the Jaylor the Keeper of his Warehouſe, and Rogues, Bawds, and Thieves his Goods. He calls taking of

Many Strokes in this Character the Reader may find in that which *Butler* has drawn of his Counſellor and Juſtice in *Hud. bras* P. 3. C. 3.

Pigs and Capons taking of Bail; and they paſs with him for *ſubſtantial Houſe-keepers.* Of theſe he takes Security, that the Delinquent ſhall anſwer it before the Seſſions, that is before the Court ſits next, otherwiſe Forfeiture of Recognizance is ſure to riſe up in Judgment. He binds Men over, as Highwaymen do, to unty their Purſes, and then leaves them to unbind themſelves again, or rather as Surgeons do, to let their Purſes Blood. He makes his Commiſſion a Patent, that no Man ſhall ſet up any Sin without Licence from him. He knows no Virtue, but that of his Commiſſion, for all his Buſineſs is with Vice, in which he is ſo expert, that he can commit one Sin inſtead of another, as *Bribery* for *Bawdery*, and *Perjury* for *Breach of the Peace.* He uſes great Care and Moderation in puniſhing thoſe, that offend regularly, by their Calling, as reſidentiary Bawds, and incumbent Pimps, that pay Pariſh Duties—— Shopkeepers, that uſe conſtant falſe Weights and Meaſures, theſe he rather prunes, that they may grow the better, than diſables; but is very ſevere to Hawkers and Interlopers, that commit Iniquity on the Bye. He interprets the Statutes, as *Fanatics* do the Scripture, by his own Spirit; and is moſt expert in the Caſes of

light Bread, Highways, and getting of Baſtards. His whole Authority is like a *Welſh*-Hook; for his Warrant is a *Puller to her*, and his Mittimus a *thruſt-her from her*. He examines bawdy Circumſtances with ſingular Attention, and files them up for the Entertainment of his Friends, and Improvement of the Wit of the Family. Whatſoever he is elſe, he is ſure to be a Squire, and bears Arms the firſt Day he bears Office; and has a more indubitate and apparent Title to *worſhip*, than any other Perſon. If he be of the long Robe he is more buſy and pragmatical on the Bench, than a ſecular Juſtice; and at the Seſſions, by his Prerogative, gives the Charge, which puts him to the Expence of three *Latin* Sentences, and as many Texts of Scripture; the reſt is all of Courſe. He ſells good Behaviour, and makes thoſe, that never had any, buy it of him at ſo much a Doſe, which they are bound to take off in ſix Months or longer, as their Occaſions require. He is apt to miſtake the Senſe of the Law, as when he ſent a zealous Botcher to Priſon for *ſewing* Sedition, and committed a Mountebank for *raiſing* the Market, becauſe he ſet up his Bank in it. Much of his Buſineſs and Ability conſiſts in the diſtributive Juſtice

of diſpoſing of Baſtards, before they are born, to the right Proprietors, that no Pariſh may be wronged, and forced to pay for more Fornication, than they have had Occaſion for. Next this he does his Country ſignal Service in the judicious and mature Legitimation of tipling Houſes, that the Subject be not impoſed upon with illegal and arbitrary Ale. At the Seſſions his Recogniſances appear, or hide their Heads, according as his Wife and Clerk have found the Bill; for Delinquents, like Aldermen, that fine for't, are excuſed, otherwiſe they muſt ſtand and bear Office in the Court, tho' it be but to be whipped, or ſet in the Pillory. If he be of the *Quorum* he is a double Juſtice, and ought, like a double Jugg, to hold as much as two ſimple ones; but if he hap to be empty and out of Juſtice in any Buſineſs, he is not at Home; or not at Leiſure, and ſo the Matter is tranſmitted to the next in Capacity. His Conſcience is never troubled for his own Sins, eſpecially thoſe of Commiſſion (which he takes to be but the Privilege of his Place) for he finds it is Buſineſs enough for one Man, to have to do with thoſe of others.

A

FANATIC.

SAINT *Paul* was thought by *Feſtus* to be mad with too much Learning; but the *Fanatics* of our Times are mad with too little. He chooſes himſelf one of the *Elect*, and packs a Committee of his own Party to judge the twelve Tribes of *Iſrael*. The *Apoſtles* in the primitive Church worked Miracles to confirm and propagate their Doctrine; but he thinks to confirm his by working at his Trade. He aſſumes a Privilege to impreſs what Text of Scripture he pleaſes for his own Uſe, and leaves thoſe that make againſt him for the Uſe of the Wicked. His Religion, that tends only to Faction and Sedition, is neither fit for Peace nor War, but Times of a Condition between both; like the Sails of a Ship, that will not endure a a Storm, and are of no Uſe at all in a Calm. He believes it has enough of the primitive Chriſtian, if it be but perſecuted as that was,

no Matter for the Piety or Doctrine of it; as if there were nothing required to prove the Truth of a Religion but the Puniſhment of the Profeſſors of it; like the old Mathematicians, that were never believed to be profoundly knowing in their Profeſſion, until they had run through all Puniſhments, and juſt 'ſcaped the Fork. He is all for ſuffering for Religion, but nothing for acting; for he accounts *good Works* no better than Encroachments upon the Merits of *free believing*, and a good Life the moſt troubleſome and unthrifty Way to Heaven. He canonizes himſelf a Saint in his own Life-time, as the more ſure and certain Way, and leſs troubleſome to others. He outgrows Ordinances, as a 'Prentice that has ſerved out his Time does his Indentures, and being a Freeman ſuppoſes himſelf at Liberty to ſet up what Religion he pleaſes. He calls his own ſuppoſed Abilities *Gifts*, and diſpoſes of himſelf like a Foundation deſigned to pious Uſes, although, like others of the ſame Kind, they are always diverted to other Purpoſes. He owes all his *Gifts* to his Ignorance, as Beggars do the Alms they receive to their Poverty. They are ſuch as the *Fairies* are ſaid to drop in

Men's Shoes, and when they are diſcovered to give them over and confer no more; for when his Gifts are diſcovered they vaniſh, and come to nothing. He is but a Puppet Saint, that moves he knows not how, and his Ignorance is the dull leaden Weight that puts all his Parts in Motion. His outward Man is a Saint, and his inward Man a Reprobate; for he carries his Vices in his Heart, and his Religion in his Face.

A N

INTELLIGENCER

WOULD give a Peny for any Stateſman's Thought at any Time. He travels abroad to gueſs what Princes are deſigning by ſeeing them at Church or Dinner; and will undertake to unriddle a Government at firſt Sight, and tell what Plots ſhe goes with, male or female; and diſcover, like a Mountebank, only by ſeeing the public Face of Affairs, what private Marks there are in the moſt ſecret Parts of the Body politic. He is ſo ready at Reaſons of State, that he has them, like a Leſſon, by Rote: but as Charlatans make Diſeaſes fit their Medicines, and not their Medicines Diſeaſes; ſo he makes all public Affairs conform to his own eſtabliſhed Reaſon of State, and not his Reaſon, though the Caſe alter ever ſo much, comply with them. He thinks to obtain a great Inſight into State-Affairs by obſerving

only the outſide Pretences and Appearances of Things, which are ſeldom or never true; and may be reſolved ſeveral Ways all equally probable; and therefore his Penetrations into theſe Matters are like the Penetrations of Cold into natural Bodies, without any Senſe of itſelf, or the Thing it works upon—For all his Diſcoveries in the End amount only to Entries and Equipages, Addreſſes, Audiences; and Viſits, with other ſuch politic Speculations, as the Rabble in the Streets is wont to entertain itſelf withal. Nevertheleſs he is very cautious not to omit his Cipher, though he writes nothing but what every one does, or may ſafely know; for otherwiſe it would appear to be no Secret. He endeavours to reduce all his Politics into Maxims, as being moſt eaſily portable for a travelling Head, though, as they are for the moſt Part of ſlight Matters, they are but, like Spirits drawn out of Water, inſipid and good for nothing. His Letters are a Kind of Bills of Exchange, in which he draws News and Politics upon all his Correſpondents, who place it to Accompt, and draw it back again upon him; and though it be falſe, neither cheats the other, for it paſſes between both for good and ſufficient Pay. If he drives an inland Trade,

he is Factor to certain remote Country *Virtuoſos*, who finding themſelves unſatisfied with the Brevity of the *Gazette* deſire to have Exceedings of News, beſides their ordinary Commons. To furniſh thoſe he frequents Clubs and Coffee-Houſes, the Markets of News, where he engroſſes all he can light upon; and, if that do not prove ſufficient, he is forced to add a Lye or two of his own making, which does him double Service; for it does not only ſupply his Occaſions for the preſent, but furniſhes him with Matter to fill up Gaps the next Letter with retracting what he wrote before, and in the mean-time has ſerved for as good News as the beſt; and, when the Novelty is over it is no Matter what becomes of it, for he is better paid for it than if it were true.

A

PROSELITE.

A Prieſt ſtole him out of the Craddle, like the Fairies, and left a Fool and Changeling in his Place. He new dyes his Religion, and commonly into a ſadder and darker Colour than it was before. He gives his Opinion the Somer-Salt, and turns the wrong Side of it outwards. He does not mend his Manners, but botch them with Patches of another Stuff and Colour. Change of Religion being for the moſt Part uſed by thoſe, who underſtand not why one Religion is better than another, is like changing of Money two Sixpences for a Shilling; both are of equal Value, but the Change is for Convenience or Humour. There is nothing more difficult than a Change of Religion for the better; for as all Alterations in Judgment are derived from a precedent confeſt Error, that Error is more probably like to pro-

duce another, than any Thing of ſo different a Nature as Truth. He impoſes upon himſelf in believing the Infirmity of his Nature to be the Strength of his Judgment, and thinks he changes his Religion when he changes himſelf, and turns as naturally from one thing to another, as a Maggot does to a Fly. He is a Kind of Freebooty and Plunder, or one Head of Cattle driven by the Prieſts of one Religion out of the Quarters of another; and they value him above two of their own: for beſide the Glory of the Exploit they have a better Title to him, (as he that is conquered is more in the Power of him that ſubdued him, than he that was born his Subject) and they expect a freer Submiſſion from one that takes Quarter, than from thoſe that were under Command before. His Weakneſs, or Ignorance, or both, are commonly the chief Cauſes of his Converſion; for if he be a Man of a Profeſſion, that has no Hopes to thrive upon the Accompt of mere Merit, he has no Way ſo eaſy and certain, as to betake himſelf to ſome forbidden Church, where, for the common Cauſe's Sake, he finds ſo much brotherly Love and Kindneſs, that they will rather employ him than one of another Perſuaſion though more ſkilful; and

he gains by turning and winding his Religion as Tradeſmen do by their Stocks. The Prieſt has commonly the very ſame Deſign upon him; for he that is not able to go to the Charges of his Converſion may live free enough from being attacked by any Side. He was troubled with a Vertigo in his Conſcience, and nothing but Change of Religion, like Change of Air, could cure him. He is like a Sick-man, that can neither lye ſtill in his Bed, nor turn himſelf but as he is helped by others. He is like a Revolter in an Army; and as Men of Honour and Commanders ſeldom prove ſuch, but common Soldiers Men of mean Condition frequently to mend their Fortunes: So in Religion Clergymen, who are Commanders, ſeldom prevail upon one another, and, when they do, the Proſelyte is uſually one, who had no Reputation among his own Party before, and after a little Trial finds as little among thoſe, to whom he revolts.

A

CLOWN

IS a Centaur, a Mixture of Man and Beaſt, like a Monſter engendred by unnatural Copulation, a Crab engrafted on an Apple. He was neither made by Art, nor Nature, but in Spight of both, by evil Cuſtom. His perpetual Converſation with Beaſts has rendered him one of them, and he is among Men but a naturalized Brute. He appears by his Language, Genius and Behaviour to be an Alien to Mankind, a Foreigner to Humanity, and of ſo oppoſite a Genius, that 'tis eaſier to make a *Spaniard* a *Frenchman*, than to reduce him to Civility. He diſdains every Man that he does not fear, and only reſpects him, that has done him Hurt, or can do it. He is like *Nebuchadnezzar* after he had been a Month at Graſs, but will never return to be a Man again as

he did, if he might; for he deſpiſes all Manner of Lives but his own, unleſs it be his Horſe's to whom he is but Valet de-Chambre. He never ſhews himſelf humane or kind in any Thing, but when he pimps to his Cow, or makes a Match for his Mare; in all Things elſe he is ſurly and rugged, and does not love to be pleaſed himſelf, which makes him hate thoſe that do him any Good. He is a *Stoic* to all Paſſions but Fear, Envy, and Malice; and hates to do any Good, though it coſt him nothing. He abhors a Gentleman becauſe he is moſt unlike himſelf, and repines as much at his Manner of Living, as if he maintained him. He murmurs at him as the Saints do at the Wicked, as if he kept his Right from him; for he makes his Clownery a Sect, and damns all that are not of his Church. He manures the Earth like a Dunghill, but lets himſelf lye Fallow, for no Improvement will do good upon him. *Cain* was the firſt of his Family, and he does his Endeavour not to degenerate from the original Churliſhneſs of his Anceſtor. He that was fetched from the Plough to be made Dictator had not half his Pride and Inſolence; nor *Caligula*'s

Horſe, that was made Conſul. All the worſt Names that are given to Men are borrowed from him, as *Villain*, *Deboyſe*, *Peaſant*, &c. He wears his Cloaths like a Hide, and ſhifts them no oftner than a Beaſt does his Hair. He is a Beaſt, that *Geſner* never thought of.

A

QUIBBLER.

IS a Jugler of Words, that ſhows Tricks with them, to make them appear what they were not meant for, and ſerve two Senſes at once, like one that plays on two *Jews* Trumps. He is a Fencer of Language, that falſifies his Blow, and hits where he did not aim. He has a fooliſh Slight of Wit, that catches at Words only, and lets the Senſe go, like the young Thief in the Farce, that took a Purſe, but gave the Owner his Money back again. He is ſo well verſed in all Caſes of Quibble, that he knows when there will be a Blot upon a Word, as ſoon as it is out. He packs his Quibbles like a Stock of Cards, let him but ſhuffle, and cut where you will, he will be ſure to have it. He dances on a Rope of Sand, does the *Somerſet*, *Strapado*, and *half-ſtrapado* with Words, plays at all manner of Games

with *Clinches*, *Carwickets*, and *Quibbles*, and talks *under-Leg*. His Wit is left-handed, and therefore what others mean for right, he apprehends quite contrary. All his Conceptions are produced by equivocal Generation, which makes them juſtly eſteemed but Maggots. He rings the Changes upon Words, and is ſo expert, that he can tell at firſt Sight, how many Variations any Number of Words will bear. He talks with a *Trillo*, and gives his Words a double Reliſh. He had rather have them bear two Senſes in vain and impertinently, than one to the Purpoſe, and never ſpeaks without a Lere-Senſe. He talks nothing but Equivocation and mental Reſervation, and mightily affects to give a Word a double Stroke, like a Tennis-Ball againſt two Walls at one Blow, to defeat the Expectation of his Antagoniſt. He commonly ſlurs every fourth or fifth Word, and ſeldom fails to throw Doublets. There are two Sorts of Quibbling, the one with Words, and the other with Senſe, like the Rhetoricians *Figuræ Dictionis & Figuræ Sententiæ*—The firſt is already cried down,

Without a Lere-Senſe] A *Lere-Senſe* is a ſecond or ſupernumerary Senſe, as a Led-Horſe was formerly called *a Lere-Horſe*.
See *Bailey*'s Dictionary.

and the other as yet prevails; and is the only Elegance of our modern Poets, which eaſy Judges call *Eaſineſs*; but having nothing in it but *Eaſineſs*, and being never uſed by any laſting Wit, will in wiſer Times fall to nothing of itſelf.

A
WOOER

STANDS Candidate for Cuckold, and if he miſs of it, it is none of his Fault; for his Merit is ſufficiently known. He is commonly no Lover, but able to paſs for a moſt deſperate one, where he finds it is like to prove of conſiderable Advantage to him; and therefore has Paſſions lying by him of all Sizes proportionable to all Women's Fortunes, and can be indifferent, melancholy, or ſtark-mad, according as their Eſtates give him Occaſion; and when he finds it is to no Purpoſe, can preſently come to himſelf again, and try another. He proſecutes his Suit againſt his Miſtreſs as Clients do a Suit in Law, and does nothing without the Advice of his learned Council, omits no Advantage for want of ſoliciting, and, when he gets her Conſent, overthrows her. He en-

deavours to match his Eſtate, rather than himſelf, to the beſt Advantage, and if his Miſtreſs's Fortune and his do but come to an Agreement, their Perſons are eaſily ſatisfied, the Match is ſoon made up, and a Croſs Marriage between all four is preſently concluded. He is not much concerned in his Lady's Virtues, for if the Opinion of the *Stoics* be true, *that the virtuous are always rich*, there is no doubt, but ſhe that is rich muſt be virtuous. He never goes without a Liſt in his Pocket of all the Widows and Virgins about the Town, with Particulars of their Jointures, Portions, and Inheritances, that if one miſs he may not be without a Reſerve; for he eſteems *Cupid* very improvident, if he has not more than two Strings to his Bow. When he wants a better Introduction, he begins his Addreſſes to the Chamber-maid, like one that ſues the Tenant to eject the Landlord, and according as he thrives there makes his Approaches to the Miſtreſs. He can tell readily what the Difference is between Jointure with Tuition of Infant, Land, and Money of any Value, and what the Odds is to a Penny between them all, either to take or leave. He does not ſo much go a wooing as put in his Claim, as if all Men of Fortune

had a fair Title to all Women of the ſame Quality, and therefore are ſaid to demand them in Marriage. But if he be a Wooer of Fortune, that deſigns to raiſe himſelf by it, he makes wooing his Vocation, deals with all Matchmakers, that are his Setters, is very painful in his Calling, and, if his Buſineſs ſucceed, ſteals her away and commits Matrimony with a felonious Intent. He has a great deſire to beget Money on the Body of a Woman, and as for other Iſſue is very indifferent, and cares not how old ſhe be, ſo ſhe be not paſt Money-bearing.

A N

IMPUDENT MAN

IS one, whoſe want of Money and want of Wit have engaged him beyond his Abilities. The little Knowledge he has of himſelf being ſuitable to the little he has in his Profeſſion has made him believe himſelf fit for it. This double Ignorance has made him ſet a Value upon himſelf, as he that wants a great deal appears in a better Condition, than he that wants a little. This renders him confident, and fit for any Undertaking, and ſometimes (ſuch is the concurrent Ignorance of the World) he proſpers in it, but oftner miſcarries, and becomes ridiculous; yet this Advantage he has, that as nothing can make him ſee his Error, ſo nothing can diſcourage him that Way; for he is fortified with his Ignorance, as barren and rocky Places are by their Situation, and he will rather believe that all Men want Judgment,

than himſelf. For as no Man is pleaſed, that has an ill Opinion of himſelf, Nature, that finds out Remedies herſelf, and his own Eaſe render him inſenſible of his Defects—From hence he grows impudent; for as Men judge by Compariſon, he knows as little what it is to be defective, as what it is to be excellent. Nothing renders Men modeſt, but a juſt Knowledge how to compare themſelves with others; and where that is wanting, Impudence ſupplies the Place of it: for there is no *Vacuum* in the Minds of Men, and commonly, like other Things in Nature, they ſwell more with Rarefaction than Condenſation. The more Men know of the World, the worſe Opinion they have of it; and the more they underſtand of Truth, they are better acquainted with the Difficulties of it, and conſequently are the leſs confident in their Aſſertions, eſpecially in matters of Probability, which commonly is ſquint-ey'd, and looks nine Ways at once. It is the Office of a juſt Judge to hear both Parties, and he that conſiders but the one Side of Things can never make a juſt Judgment, though he may by Chance a true one. Impudence is the Baſtard of Ignorance, not only unlawfully,

but inceſtuouſly begotten by a Man upon his own Underſtanding, and laid by himſelf at his own Door, a Monſter of unnatural Production; for Shame is as much the Propriety of human Nature (though overſeen by the Philoſophers) and perhaps more than Reaſon, laughing, or looking aſquint, by which they diſtinguiſh Man from Beaſts; and the leſs Men have of it, the nearer they approach to the Nature of Brutes. Modeſty is but a noble Jealouſy of Honour, and Impudence the Proſtitution of it; for he, whoſe Face is proof againſt Infamy, muſt be as little ſenſible of Glory. His Forehead, like a voluntary Cuckold's, is by his Horns made Proof againſt a Bluſh. Nature made Man barefaced, and civil Cuſtom has preſerved him ſo; but he that's impudent does wear a Vizard more ugly and deformed than Highway Thieves diſguiſe themſelves with. Shame is the tender moral Conſcience of good Men. When there is a Crack in the Skull, Nature herſelf with a tough horny Callus repairs the Breach; ſo a flaw'd Intellect is with a brawny Callus Face ſupplied. The Face is the Dial of the Mind; and where the do not go together, 'tis a Sign, that one or both are out of Order. He that is impudent

is like a Merchant, that trades upon his Credit without a Stock, and if his Debts were known, would break immediately. The Inſide of his Head is like the Outſide; and his Peruke as naturally of his own Growth, as his Wit. He paſſes in the World like a Piece of Counterfeit Coin, looks well enough until he is rubbed and worn with Uſe, and then his Copper Complexion begins to appear, and nobody will take him, but by Owl-light.

AN

IMITATER

IS a counterfeit Stone, and the larger and fairer he appears the more apt he is to be diſcovered, whilſt ſmall ones, that pretend to no great Value, paſs unſuſpected. He is made like a Man in Arras-Hangings, after ſome great Maſter's Deſign, though far ſhort of the Original. He is like a Spectrum or walking Spirit, that aſſumes the Shape of ſome particular Perſon, and appears in the Likeneſs of ſomething that he is not, becauſe he has no Shape of his own to put on. He has a Kind of Monkey and Baboon Wit, that takes after ſome Man's Way, whom he endeavours to imitate, but does it worſe than thoſe Things that are naturally his own; for he does not learn, but take his Pattern out, as a Girl does her Sampler. His whole Life is nothing but a Kind of Education, and he is always learning to be

ſomething that he is not, nor ever will be: For Nature is free, and will not be forced out of her Way, nor compelled to do any Thing againſt her own Will and Inclination. He is but a Retainer to Wit, and a Follower of his Maſter, whoſe Badge he wears every where, and therefore his Way is called *ſervile Imitation.* His Fancy is like the innocent Lady's, who by looking on the Picture of a *Moor* that hung in her Chamber conceived a Child of the ſame Complexion; for all his Conceptions are produced by the Pictures of other Men's Imaginations, and by their Features betray whoſe Baſtards they are. His Muſe is not inſpired but infected with another Man's Fancy; and he catches his Wit, like the Itch, of ſomebody elſe that had it before, and when he writes he does but ſcratch himſelf. His Head is, like his Hat, faſhioned upon a Block, and wrought in a Shape of another Man's Invention. He melts down his Wit, and caſts it in a Mold: and as metals melted and caſt are not ſo firm and ſolid, as thoſe that are wrought with the Hammer; ſo thoſe Compoſitions, that are founded and run in other Men's Molds, are always more brittle and looſe than thoſe, that are forged in a Man's own Brain. He binds

himſelf Prentice to a Trade, which he has no Stock to ſet up with, if he ſhould ſerve out his Time, and live to be made free. He runs a whoring after another Man's Inventions (for he has none of his own to tempt him to an incontinent Thought) and begets a Kind of Mungrel Breed, that never comes to good.

A

TIME-SERVER

WEARS his Religion, Reaſon, and Underſtanding always in the Mode; and endeavours as far as he can to be one of the firſt in the Faſhion, let it change as oft as it can. He makes it his Buſineſs, like a politic *Epicure*, to entertain his Opinion, Faith, and Judgment, with nothing but what he finds to be moſt in Seaſon; and is as careful to make his Underſtanding ready according to the preſent Humour of Affairs, as the Gentleman was, that uſed every Morning to put on his Cloaths by the Weather-Glaſs. He has the ſame reverend Eſteem of the modern Age, as an Antiquary has for venerable Antiquity; and like a Glaſs receives readily any preſent Object, but takes no Notice of that which is paſt,

or to come. He is always ready to become any Thing as the Times ſhall pleaſe to diſpoſe of him, but is really nothing of himſelf; for he that ſails before every Wind can be bound for no Port. He accounts it Blaſphemy to ſpeak againſt any Thing in preſent Vogue, how vain or ridiculous ſoever, and Arch-Hereſy to approve of any Thing, though ever ſo good and wiſe, that is laid by; and therefore caſts his Judgment and Underſtanding upon Occaſion, as Bucks do their Horns, when the Seaſon arrives to breed new againſt the next, to be caſt again. He is very zealous to ſhew himſelf, upon all Occaſions, a true Member of the Church for the Time being, that has not the leaſt Scruple in his Conſcience againſt the Doctrine or Diſcipline of it, as it ſtands at preſent, or ſhall do hereafter, unſight unſeen: for he is reſolved to be always for the Truth, which he believes is never ſo plainly demonſtrated as in that Character, that ſays—*It is great and prevails*, and in that Senſe only fit to be adhered to by a prudent Man, who will never be kinder to Truth than ſhe is to him; for ſuffering is a very *evil Effect*, and not like to proceed from a *good Cauſe*. He is a Man of a

right public Spirit, for he reſigns himſelf wholly to the Will and Pleaſure of the Times; and, like a zealous implicit Patriot, believes as the State believes, though he neither knows, nor cares to know, what that is.

A

PRATER

IS a common Nuſance, and as great a Grievance to thoſe that come near him as a Pewterer is to his Neighbours. His Diſcourſe is like the braying of a Mortar, the more impertinent the more volublé and loud, as a Peſtle makes more Noiſe when it is rung on the Sides of a mortar, than when it ſtamps downright and hits upon the Buſineſs. A Dog that opens upon a wrong Scent will do it oftner than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as longwinded as a Ventiduct, that fills as faſt as it empties, or a Trade-Wind, that blows one Way for half a Year togéther, and another as long, as if it drew in its Breath for ſix Months, and blew it out again for ſix more. He has no Mercy on any Mans Ears or Patience, that he can get within his Sphere of Activity, but tortures him, as they correct Boys in *Scotland*, by ſtretching their Lugs without Remorſe.

He is like an Earwig, when he gets within a Man's Ear he is not eaſily to be got out again. He will ſtretch a Story as unmercifully as he does the Ears of thoſe he tells it to, and draw it out in length like a Breaſt of Mutton at the *Hercules* Pillars, or a Piece of Cloth ſet on the Tenters, till it is quite ſpoiled and good for nothing. If he be an Orator, that ſpeaks *diſtinctè et ornatè*, though not *aptè*, he delivers his Circumſtances with the ſame mature Deliberation, that one that drinks with a Guſto ſwallows his Wine, as if he were loth to part with it ſooner than he muſt of Neceſſity; or a Gameſter, that pulls the Cards that are dealt him one by one, to enjoy the Pleaſure more diſtinctly of ſeeing what Game he has in his Hand. He takes ſo much Pleaſure to hear himſelf ſpeak, that he does not perceive with what Uneaſineſs other Men endure him, though they expreſs it ever ſo plainly; for he is ſo diverted with his own Entertainment of himſelf, that he is not at Leiſure to take Notice of any elſe. He is a *Siren* to himſelf, and has no Way to eſcape Shipwreck but by having his Mouth ſtoped, inſtead of his Ears. He plays with his Tongue as a Cat does with her Tail, and is tranſported with the Delight he gives himſelf

of his own making. He underſtands no Happineſs like that of having an Opportunity to ſhew his Abilities in public, and will venture to break his Neck to ſhew the Activity of his Eloquence, for *the Tongue is* not only *the worſt Part of a bad Servant*, but of an ill Maſter, that does not know how to govern it; for then it is like *Guſman*'s Wife, *very headſtrong and not ſure of Foot.*

A N

HERMETIC PHILOSOPHER.

HE is a Kind of Hector in Learning, that thinks to maintain himself in Reputation by picking Quarrels with his gentle Readers, and compounding them to his own Advantage; as if he meant to baffle their Understandings, and fright them into a reverend Opinion of his great Abilities. He comes forth in public with *his concealed Truths*, as he calls

In Justice to the author I must declare, that this Character, though fairly copied out for the Press, is left by him without a Title; and that that, which it now bears, is only added for the Sake of Uniformity. The Reader will from several Circumstances quickly perceive that the first Part of it is personal; and from the same one may with a good deal of Certainty pronounce, that it was intended for the Author of a Book entituled—MAGIA ADAMICA; *or the Antiquity of Magic, and its descent from* ADAM. *With a Discovery of the true Cœlum Terræ, or Magicians Heavenly Chaos, and first Matter of all Things by T. W. Lond.* 1650. 12°. The Book itself I have not been able to get a Sight of; and I found my Conjecture upon the Title, and what little Account *Butler* gives of it in his own Notes upon two Passages in his Hudibras printed in 1674.

them, like one that had ſtolen ſomething under his Cloak; and being afraid to be ſtopped falls foul on any Man, that has the ill Hap to be in his Way: for if you diſlike him it is at your own Peril, he is ſure to put in a Caveat beforehand againſt your Underſtanding; and, like a Malefactor in Wit, is always furniſhed with Exceptions againſt his Judges. This puts him upon perpetual Apologies, Excuſes, and Defences, but ſtill by Way of Defiance, in a Kind of whiffling Strain, without Regard of any Man, that he thinks will ſtand in the Way of his Pageant. He ſhews as little Reſpect to Things as Perſons; for his conſtant Method is to ſhuffle Things of different Kinds together, like a Pack of Cards, and then deal them out as they happen. He pretends to contemn the preſent Age, and addreſs his Writings to Poſterity, to ſhew, that he has a better Opinion of his own Propheſy, than the Knowledge of any Man now living; and that he underſtands

And derives the Pedigree of Magic from Adam's firſt green Britches.] To the ſame he alludes in the following Lines in *Hudibras*, in his Character of *Ralpho*.

For Myſtic Learning wonderous able
In Magic Taliſman, and Cabal,
Whoſe primitive Tradition reaches
As far as Adam's *firſt green Breeches.* *Hud.* P. 1. C. 1.

more of the Ages to come, than this does of him. Next to Poſterity he is in love with Antiquity, of which he ſeems to be ſo fond, that he contemns *Seth*'s Pillars as modern, and derives the Pedigree of Magic from *Adam*'s firſt green Britches; becauſe Fig-leaves being the firſt Cloaths, that Mankind wore, were only uſed for Covering, and therefore are the moſt ancient Monuments of concealed Myſteries.

He controuls his fellow Labourers in the Fire with as much Empire and Authority, as if he were ſole Overſeer of the *great Work*, to which he lights his Reader like an *ignis fatuus*, which uſes to miſlead Men into Sloughs and Ditches; for when he has mired him in the *Chaos*, and told him, that the *Philoſopher's Stone* is Water, or a Powder, he leaves him in the Dark. With this Chaos he makes more Work, than the Fellow that interprets to the

And upon this Paſſage gives the following Note—"The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the antient *Magi* to be derived from that Knowledge, which God himſelf taught *Adam* in *Paradiſe* before the Fall.

With this Chaos he makes more Work, than the Fellow that interprets to the ſhew of it.] This correſponds with what the Title of *Magia Adamica* promiſes of *a Diſcovery of the true Cœlum Terræ, or Ma-*

ſhow of it, and with no leſs Aſtonishment to the ignorant. Such of his learned Diſcoveries, that ſignify any Thing, though it be vulgar and common, he calls *experimental truths*, and thoſe that mean nothing *Myſteries*, which with him is but another Word for Nonſenſe, though it be ſupported, like Heraldry, with Eagles, Dragons, and Lions; but as the Poet obſerves

——Canibus pigris, ſcabieque vetuſta
Nomen erit Tigris, Leo, Pardus, ſiquid adhuc ſit
Quod fremit in Terris violentius——

ſo the Senſe of theſe terrible Terms is equally contemptible; for a Maggot is of a higher Form in Nature than any Production of Metals. His War with the Schoolmen is not amiſs, but he perſecutes it unmercifully, without giving Quarter; though being a Writer of Fortune he might conſider his own Intereſt,

gicians heavenly Chaos and firſt Matter of all Things——It agrees alſo with what *Butler* ſays in *Ralpho*'s Character.

The Chaos *too he had deſcry'd,*
And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd:
Not that of Paſte-Board which Men ſhew
For Groats at Fair of Bartholomew. *Hud.* P. 1. C. 1.

This ſhew of the *Chaos* was, I fancy, of the ſame Sort with thoſe which we have now a-days of the *Creation* and *Paradiſe*.

and remember that they keep him in conſtant Employment: for whenſoever he has Occaſion to digreſs, that is to write more than ſix Lines, if the Schoolmen, or the Chaos, or *the great Work* did not ſupply him, according as he is diſpoſed either to rail or cant, I know not what would become of him. To this Canting he is ſo conſtantly inclined, that he beſtows no ſmall Pains in deviſing Nick-names for himſelf and his Patron, to whom he writes like one that whiſpers aloud, and ſays that in his Ear, that is meant for the hearing of others. The Judgment of this Gentleman is his Privilege, and his Epiſtles to him are like counterfeit Paſſes, which he makes for himſelf, and believes they will carry him through, though the Perſon be ſo unknown, that nobody can gueſs by his Account, whether he be his Tutor or his Pupil.

———*Canibus pigris, ſcabieque vetuſta*
Nomen erit, &c.]

As *Butler* for Brevity's Sake has given this Paſſage from *Juvenal* imperfect, which renders it obſcure and a little faulty in Point of Grammar, it may not be improper to tranſcribe from the Original.

———*Canibus pigris, ſcabieque vetuſta*
Lævibus, et ſicca lambentibus ora Lucernæ,
Nomen erit Pardus, Tigris, Leo; ſi quid adhuc eſt,
Quod fremat in Terris violen tius— *Juv.* Sat. 8. V. 34.

He adores *Cornelius Agrippa* as an Oracle, yet believes he underſtands more of his Writings than he did himſelf; for he will not take his own Teſtimony concerning his three Books of occult Philoſophy, which he confeſſes to have written without Wit or Judgment. Yet it cannot be denied but he is very impartial to himſelf; for in forbidding his Diſciples to read any modern Books, but only *Sandivogius* and *Enchiridion phyſicæ reſtitutæ*, he does Juſtice on his own Works, and very ingenuouſly ſhews us how they are beſt to be underſtood. This *Phyſica reſtituta* is his *great Magiſtery*, two Lines of which he uſes to project upon his baſer Metal, and make it multiply to twice as many Pages. Theſe are commonly ſet forth like a Shopkeeper's Stall, with ſo much of his coarſer Wares, as will only ſerve to ſhew what he deals in—The beſt you may ſuppoſe is laid up carefully; for he always tells you what he could tell you, whereby it appears the Purpoſe

For he will not take his own Teſtimony concerning his three Books of occult Philoſophy, &c.] The paſſage alluded to is the following one in *Agrippa*'s Preface—"Si alicubi erratum ſit, ſive quid liberius "dictum, ignoſcite Adoleſcentiæ noſtræ, qui minor quam Adoleſ- "cens hoc Opus compoſui; ut poſſim me excuſare ac dicere, *dum* "*eram parvulus loquebar ut parvulus, factus autem Vir evacuavi* "*quæ erant parvuli*; ac in Libro de Vanitate Scientiarum hunc

of his Writing is but to let you know, that he knows, which if you can but attain to you are ſufficiently learned, and may paſs for *verè adeptus*; though otherwiſe he will not allow any Man to be free of the *Philoſophers*, that has not only ſerved out his Time to a Furnace, but can cant and ſpit Fire like a Jugler. He is ſo full of the *great Secret*, that he cannot poſſibly hold, but is fain, when he is treating of other Matters, to withdraw very abruptly, and vent himſelf, *ſed clam et cum ſcrobe*, like him that digged a Hole in the Ground to whiſper in, for nobody muſt expect to be the wiſer for it; but though he bury his Talent, he never fails to write an Epitaph upon it, that ſhall improve it more among the credulous, than if he had put it forth. Yet no Man muſt ſay ſo, that will not either own, or contemn the Title of *barbarous* and *ignorant*; for with ſuch Language he uſes to fortify the weaker Parts of his Works, like a Ditch, againſt thoſe, that

" Librum magna ex Parte retractavi."

But only Sandivogius & Enchiridion phyſicæ reſtitutæ.] *Michael Sandivogius* was a famous chymical Writer in the Beginning of the laſt Century, and the *Enchiridion phyſicæ reſtitutæ*, ſuppoſed to be wrote by one *D'Eſpagnet*, was a Book in no leſs Eſteem with the Virtuoſos of that Claſs.

ſhall venture to attempt them. He [illegible] Scholar can no more live in the [illegible], than a Serpent in *Ireland*: but thoſe weak and feeble Wits, that will not carry Point-Blank, muſt be fain to aim above the Mark, or elſe they will ſhoot too low. He hath taken much Pains to prove, that Magic is not conjuring; and that Sir *Henry Cornelius* was no Conjurer, nor his Dog a Devil, but a mere natural Dog, though he confeſſes, he could not chuſe but have more in him than another Dog, having ſerved ſuch a Maſter, who in his Preface to *Lully*'s *Ars brevis* profeſſes in a few Weeks to have made ignorant old Men and young Children, with a mere Trick, able to diſpute

That Sir HENRY CORNELIUS *was no Conjurer, nor his Dog a Devil.*] That this muſt be applied to the Author of *Magia Adamica* appears from *Butler*'s own Teſtimony in a Note of his upon theſe two Lines in his *Hudibras*.

> Agrippa *kept a* Stygian Pug
> *I'th' Garb and Habit of a Dog.*

" *Cornelius Agrippa* (ſays he) had a Dog, that was ſuſpected to " be a Spirit, for ſome Tricks he was wont to do, beyond the " Capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Ma-* " *gia Adamica* has taken a great deal of Pains to vindicate both the " Doctor and the Dog from that Aſperſion, in which he has ſhewn " a very great Reſpect and Kindneſs for them both."

Who in his Preface to Lully's Ars brevis profeſſes, &c.] The Paragraphs referred to are theſe — " Ea autem eſt Ars inventiva " Raymundi Lullii, cujus ea Dignitas eſt ac Præcellentia, ea Gene- " ralitas ac Certitudo, ut ſe ſola ſufficiente, nulla alia Scientia

in all Sorts of Learning with the moſt profound Doctors in *Europe*.

He adores the *Brethren of the Roſy-Croſs* as the only Owls of *Athens* that can ſee in the Dark; and wonders at them, like one of the Rabble of Birds—Theſe are a Kind of *Philoſophers Errant*, that wander up and down upon Adventures, and have an enchanted Caſtle, inviſible to all but themſelves, to which they are bound by their Order to repair at certain Seaſons. In this Tabernacle reſts the Body of their Prophet or Founder, who dying, as they affirm, hid himſelf in a Kind of inviſible Oven, where after an hundred Years he was

" præſuppoſita, non ullo indigens forinſeco juvamine, infallibiliter " cum omni ſecuritate ac certitudine, errore omni ſemoto, de omni " re ſcibili Veritatem ac Scientiam ſine Difficultate et Labore invenire " nos faciat —— Ea inſuper hujus Scientiæ eſt Promptitudo et " Facilitas, ut etiam Pueri impuberes, hac Arte freti, in omnibus " ferme facultatibus docte diſſerere poſſint: multi etiam, qui in " extrema Senectute ſe ad Literas contulere, hac arte paucis Men- " ſibus in Viros doctiſſimos evaſere."

He adores the Brethren of the Roſy-Croſs, &c.] The Character, which has ſo far been perſonal, is now extended to a general one of the *Roſicrucians*. To enter into a particular Explication of all that our Author ſatirically obſerves of their Tenets would be both tedious and unjuſt to the Reader; and therefore I ſhall only in general refer him to thoſe Writers who have treated upon this Subject, and to the Light that *Butler* himſelf throws upon it in his Characters of *Ralpho* and *Sidrophel*, and more particularly in the Diſpute he introduces betwixt *Hudibras* and *Sidrophel* about judicial Aſtrology, &c.

diſcovered by a Kind of Propheſying Door, not overbaked nor cold, but warm, and looking (like a Woodcock's Head ſtuck in the Lid of a Pye) as if he were alive. With him they found a World of moſt precious Secrets and Myſteries, with a deal of Treaſure, and a Dictionary of all thoſe Names, that *Adam* gave the Creatures; and theſe they have ſince given one another: for they profeſs to underſtand the Language of Beaſts and Birds, as they ſay *Solomon* did, elſe he would never have ſaid—*The Fowls of the Air can diſcover Treaſon againſt Princes.* This Knowledge, they affirm, may be attained by Eating, in a planetary Moment, a Raſher made of the Liver of a Camelion, the only broiled Lexicon in the World. For they will undertake to teach any Kind of myſterious Learning in the World by Way of Diet; and therefore have admirable Receipts, to make ſeveral Diſhes for *Taliſman*, *Magic*, and *Cabal*, in which Sciences a Man of an ingenious Stomach may eat himſelf into more Knowledge at a Meal, than he could poſſibly arrive at by ſeven Years Study.

They are better acquainted with the intelligible World, than they are with this; and

underſtand more of Ideas, than they do of Things. This intelligible World is a Kind of *Terra incognita*, a *Pſittacorum Regio*, of which Men talk what they do not underſtand. They would have us believe, that it is but the Counterpart of the elementary World; and that there is not ſo much as an individual Beard upon the Face of the Earth, that has not another there perfectly of the ſame Colour and Cut to match it. Next to this, as they tell us, lies the celeſtial World, in which they are at Home--All the Dukes, Earls, and Barons in the Planets are their Godſons, if not their Baſtards. Theſe Lords ſpiritual hold ſo perfect a Conformance in all their Manners, Cuſtoms, and Uſages with ours upon Earth, that a learned Antiquary would certainly conclude, they were at firſt ſome Colony tranſplanted hence. With theſe they are ſo familiar, that they have a Particular of every one's Eſtate, and can tell how many Tenants he has, that hold their Lands of him. Theſe Spirits they uſe to catch by the Noſes with Fumigations, as St. *Dunſtan* did the Devil with a Pair of Tongs, and make them compound for their Liberty by diſcovering Secrets. By this Means they have found out the Way to make planetary Mouſetraps, in

which Rats and Mice ſhall take themſelves without the Expence of toaſted Cheeſe and Bacon. They have fine Devices to make counterfeit Maggots of Lute-Strings, tranſlate Agues into Dogs, or fright them away with Spiders; to cure the Tooth-ach or ſore Eyes with Medicines laid to the Imagination; kill Rats and Warts with Rhimes; quote Moles on any Part of the Body by an Index in the Face; diſcover loſt Maidenheads; pimp with Figures, Charms, and Characters; cut Noſes out of Buttocks with *Taliacotius*; blow the Philoſophers Fire with Words of pure Wind, and draw the glorify'd Spirit of the Elixir not out of groſs Matter, but the pure incorporeal Hope and Faith of the Credulous, which is the beſt and the moſt rational Way of Multiplication; for a ſmall Doſe ſo prepared, and projected upon the dulleſt Metal, converts it preſently into Gold ready coined. They have found out a Way to make inviſible Hour-glaſſes for gifted Brethren to preach by, who would give Offence to tender Conſciences, if it ſhould ſeem, as if the Spirit could enable them to underſtand what to ſay, but not how much, without the Help of a carnal Hour-glaſs. They are now carrying on a *thorough-Reformation* in the celeſtial World—

They have repaired the old Spheres, that were worn as thin as a Cob-web, and faſtened the Stars in them with a Screw, by which means they may be taken off, and put on again at Pleaſure. They have pulled down all the ancient Houſes of the Planets, and ſet up Tents in their Places, as being more convenient in regard of their Eaſineſs to be removed upon all Occaſions. They have lately fallen on *Du-Bartas*'s Deſign to new-chriſten all the Conſtellations, and give them Scripture Names, a Work no doubt of ſingular Piety, and like in Time to convert the Aſtrologers, when they ſhall derive the Principles and Rudiments of their Science from divine Authority, which now they are fain to borrow of the old heathen Poets. This in Proceſs of Time may enable them (as well as other Trades) to preach for themſelves, and ſave the Charge of hiring old Mungrel Rabines, that are three Quarters *Jews*, to make their Art as lawful as they can, with mighty Arguments drawn from Etymologies and Anagrams. But their Intelligence in the upper World is nothing to what they have in the infernal; for they hold exact Correſpondence with the Devils, and can give a perfect Account of their eccleſiaſtical, civil, and mi-

litary Diſcipline. By their Advice the Fiends lately attempted a *Reformation* of their Government, that is, to bring all Things into Confuſion, which among them is the greateſt Order. They have placed *Minos*, *Æacus*, and *Rhadamant* on the Bench again ſince they received a Writ of Eaſe, and have given the Pettifogging Devils, that were thrown over the Bar for their Honeſty, leave to practiſe again, having firſt taken an *Engagement* to be true and faithful to the Government. They have entertained the *Furies* again, that were turned out of Service by the later Poets, and given *Charon* a new Coat and Badge. Indeed for their Militia, being out of the Way of Philoſophers, they are not ſo exactly verſed in it, and therefore are forced to raiſe old Poetical Spirits only for Shew, and to make up their Number (like a Captain, that makes a falſe Number) in which *Cerberus* paſſes and receives Pay for three. All this they perform by Virtue and Dint of Numbers, which they will have to run through the three Worlds like a Ladder of Ropes, holding the ſame Proportion in them all, and the univerſal Privilege of *the great Secret*, which they can prove to be the golden Bough, that ſerved *Æneas* for a Paſs to go to Hell with. Theſe

Numbers they believe to be the better Sort of Spirits, by the Largeneſs of their Dominion, which extends from beyond the intelligible World, through all the inferior Worlds, to the Center, which is the uttermoſt bound of their Empire that Way. They had like to have been choſen Principles in the elementary World, in the Room of old doating *Privation*, but that *Darkneſs* carried it with the *Brotherhood* in an indirect Way, having caſt a Miſt before their learned Eyes. They have agreed upon a Truce and Ceſſation of Hoſtility between the Elements, and are like to conclude a Peace, by declaring the old Quarrel to ariſe from the *Intenſion*, and not from the *Element*, which is a clear Confutation of that old Maxim—*ex nihilo nihil fit*. They believe, that Spirits have a ſtrange natural Allegiance to hard Words, though they mean nothing; by which it ſhould ſeem, that a well-taught Jackdaw, or one of *James Howel's* Trees may be as able a Conjurer as *Friar Bacon* himſelf. Next to Words they are catched with Characters, which are nothing elſe but Marks, that Spirits make for their Names, becauſe they cannot write—Theſe

Or one of James Howel's Trees.] This alludes to *Howel's* Dodona's Grove, where the Trees are introduced as ſpeaking.

the *Brethren* have always in Blanks, to which they can write what they pleaſe, and then arreſt them upon it, and keep them ſafe, until they put in Bail to anſwer *whatſoever they ſhall be demanded.* By this means they have found out, who is the true Owner of the *Beaſt* in the *Apocalyps*, which has long paſſed for a Stray among the Learned; what is the true Product of 666, that has rung like *Whittington*'s Bells in the Ears of Expoſitors; how long it is to the Day of Judgment, and, which is more wonderful, whether it ſhall be in Winter or Summer. They can tell the Age of *Time* without looking into his Mouth, like a Horſe's, as the Chronologers do, or ſearching the Church-Book: for they have certain hiſtorical Spirits, that will give them as able an Account of the general Hiſtory of the World, as *Roſſe* himſelf. By the Help of theſe they can immediately tell, who was the firſt Chriſtian Cobler, without diving into *Arabic* Short-Hand, or travelling far into the *Eaſt* (as ſome have done) to fetch that, which they might have had at

This had been an excellent Courſe for the old round-headed Stoics.] This Banter upon the *Stoics* we have alſo in Hudibras.

So th' antient Stoics in their Porch
With fierce diſpute maintain'd their Church,

home in the Legend—A very learned Overſight.

They have found out an admirable Way to decide all Controverſies, and reſolve Doubts of the greateſt Difficulty by Way of *horary Queſtions*; for as the learned Aſtrologers, obſerving the Impoſſibility of knowing the exact Moment of any Man's Birth, do uſe very prudently *to caſt the Nativity of the Queſtion* (like him, that ſwallowed the Doctor's Bill inſtead of the Medicine) and find the Anſwer as certain and infallible, as if they had known the very Inſtant, in which the Native, as they call him, crept into the World: ſo in Queſtions either ſo ſubtile and obſcure, that Truth plays leaſt in Sight, and Words and Terms go for no more than a Jugler's Canting; the only Way in the World is to conſider the critical Minute of the Queſtion, and from thence reſolve it. This had been an excellent Courſe for the old Round-headed *Stoics* to find out, whether *Bonum was*

Beat out their Brains in Fight and Study,
To prove that Virtue *is a* Body,
That Bonum *is an* Animal
Made good with ſtout polemic Brawl:

Corpus, or Virtue an Animal, about which they had ſo many fierce Encounters in their *Stoa*, that about one thouſand four hundred and forty loſt their Lives upon the Place, and far many more their Beards, and Teeth, and Noſes—But this had never been, had the *Brethren* lived in thoſe Days, who can not only part all the mad Frays of Controverſy in Philoſophy, but Religion alſo, and, like true canonical Conſtables, make thoſe ſpiritual Swaſh-Bucklers deliver up their Weapons, and keep the Peace. Nor is their Power and Authority leſs in compoſing of civil Differences; for they have a Receipt to make two Armies, that are drawn up ready to fight, put up their Swords and face about. This is ſo eaſy, they ſay, that it has been done by Women: but their Way is to raiſe a Storm, which they can do at any Time with the Liver of a Wolf, and make it thunder and lighten, as eaſily as ſtrike Fire in a Tinder-Box. This, they ſay, has been experimented between *Hanibal* and the *Romans*; and certainly

In which ſome hundreds on the Place
Were ſlain outright, and many a Face
Retrench'd of Noſe, and Eyes, and Beard,
To maintain what their Sect averr'd. *Hud.* P. 2. C. 2.

And by Way of Explication *Butler* ſubjoins this Note—" *In*

it is more probable than that Courſe, which ſome modern Philoſophers have taken to do it by Way of Argument, which is ſo prepoſterous, that they believe, they can prevent or compoſe all civil Wars by proving, that Mankind was born to nothing elſe; and will undertake to perſuade Men to Subjection and Obedience by making it appear, that Nature brought them forth all equal: that pretend to ſecure the Titles of Princes by proving, that whoſoever can get their Power from them has a Right to it; and perſuade them and their Subjects to obſerve imaginary Contracts by arguing, that they are invalid as ſoon as made——But had theſe Men converſed with the *Brethren*, they would never have brought Contradictions ſo barefaced together, but have dreſt them up with ſome pretty Diſguiſe, which they have always ready for ſuch Occaſions, that, though they had been never ſo ſubtile and ſenſeleſs, ſhould have made them paſs at leaſt for Myſteries. For though they very much contemn

" *Porticu* (*Stoicorum Schola Athenis*) *Diſcipulorum Seditionibus, mille* " *quadringenti triginta cives interfecti ſunt.* Diog. Laert. *in Vit.* " *Zenonis*, p. 383. Thoſe old *Virtuoſos* were better Proficients " in thoſe Exerciſes, than the modern, who ſeldom improve higher " than cuffing, and kicking.

any Knowledge, that is either derived from Senſe or reducible to it; and account Demonſtration too groſs and low an Aim for the ſublime Speculations of the Intellect: Though they believe their own Senſes baſe and unworthy of their Notice (like that delicate *Roman*, who being put in his Litter by his Servants, aſked, whether he ſat or no) yet they never apply themſelves to any Thing abſtruſe or ſubtile, but with much Caution; and commonly reſolve all Queſtions of that Nature by Numbers—*Monades*, *Triades*, and *Decades*, are with them a Kind of philoſophical *Fulhams*, with which, like cunning Gameſters, they can throw what they pleaſe, and be ſure to win; for no Body can diſprove them. And truly they are much to be commended, if for nothing elſe, yet for their ingenious Brevity: for they never entertain their Readers with tedious Circumſtances, to the great Expence of their Time, but diſpatch immediately, and make them underſtand as much of theſe Affairs in a few Minutes, as they can do in an Age; which is more than can be ſaid of thoſe, that uſe to tie Argument to Argument (as Monkies uſe to hang by one another's Tails in *India*) until they

have made a Pair of learned Tarryers, which neither they, nor any Body elſe knows how to undo. But the *Brethren*, if this will not do, have yet more curious Ways; for they have invented Optics, in which they will put Atoms and Ideas, and give the Eye as perfect an Account of their niceſt Subtleties, as all the Philoſophers in the World can with all their Diſputations. In theſe you may ſee the Bone *Luz*, and *Deſcartes*'s Die in the Brain with every Spot in it, as exactly as the Eyes of a Flea in a magnifying Glaſs. They have made Spectacles to read *Jacob Boehmen* and *Ben-Iſrael* with, which, like thoſe Glaſſes that revert the Object, will turn the wrong End of their Sentences upwards, and make them look like Senſe. They have built a philoſophical Hoſpital for the Relief of thoſe, that are blind, deaf, and dumb, by eſtabliſhing a Community of the Senſes, whereby any one may ſupply the Place of another in his Abſence, and do his Buſineſs for him as well as that which is out of the Way. This is an Art to teach Men to ſee with their Ears, and hear with their Eyes and Noſes, and it has been found true by Expe-

rience and Demonſtration, if we may believe the Hiſtory of the *Spaniard*, that could ſee Words, and ſwallow Muſic by holding the Peg of a Fiddle between his Teeth; or him that could ſing his Part backward at firſt Sight, which thoſe that were near him might hear with their Noſes; or *Dubartas*'s Painter, that could draw the Report of a Gun, as it is very faithfully rendered by Mr. *Silveſter* thus—

There in a Wood behind a Box-Tree ſhrinking
He draws a Fowler with his left Eye winking;
Down falls the Cock, up from the touch-Pan flies
A ruddy Flame, that in a Moment dies;
Off goes the Gun, and through the Foreſt rings
The thund'ring Bullet born on fiery Wings.

No doubt a very ſtrange Landſcape, and not unlike that, which *Anthropoſophus* has made of the *inviſible Mountain of the Philoſophers*; but nothing comparable to thoſe Curioſities of Knowledge, which they have comprized in ſingle Words, not inferior to the nine-Pins and

If we may believe the Hiſtory of the Spaniard] This alludes to a Story told by Sir *Kenelme Digby* of a *Spaniſh* Nobleman [illegible] Brother to the Conſtable of *Caſtile*, who being born deaf, and conſequently dumb, was taught to underſtand what was ſaid to him b[illegible]

a Bowl in a Cherry-Stone. They will pick Myſteries out of Syllables and Letters, as Jugglers do Money out of their Noſes——This they learned of the Forefathers of Anagrams, the *Rabbins*. Beſide this they have admirable Methods to diſpoſe and lay up Learning in, like thoſe odd Contrivances in Cabinets, where nobody can tell how to find it but themſelves. *Lully*'s Ars Brevis is one of theſe, wherein *Magnitudo*, *Bonitas*, and *Quomodo* are ſeveral concealed Drawers, in which they, that have any Learning, may lay it up ſafe, and (if there be any Truth in his Commentator) they that have none too, which is not altogether ſo ſtrange — In theſe it will ſprout and grow of it ſelf, as Onions do in the Spring above Ground, and multiply no Man can imagine how, that does not very well underſtand the equivocal Generation of Maggots.

They can grave the Signets of the Planets in precious Stones with their own Influences, as Diamonds are cut with their own Duſt—

looking at the Perſon who ſpoke, and alſo to give proper and diſtinct Anſwers; from whence Sir *Kenelme* takes occaſion to ſay—— *that he could hear by his Eyes, and ſee Words.* See *Digby* of Body.

Theſe being made in a *right Minute* have an admirable magnetic Virtue inſtilled, to draw Learning, Wit, Valour, Wealth, Honour, and Women after the Owner, juſt as the Load-ſtone does Iron. Theſe were uſed much by the *Knights-errant*, which made them more valiant than Giants, and cunning than Conjurers; they were always furniſhed with Ladies and Damſels; and though we find little Mention made of their Wealth, yet they always lived at a high Rate, when the Value of a Knight's Eſtate in thoſe Times was but a ſmall Matter.

They have an admirable Way to diſtinguiſh the Influences of the Stars; for among ſo many Myriads of good and bad, that are confuſed and mixt together, they will preſently ſeparate thoſe of virtuous Uſe from the Evil, like *Beccalini*'s Drum, that would beat up all the Weeds in a Garden, and leave the Herbs ſtanding—Theſe they keep in Glaſſes, like the Powder made of the Sun-Beams, till they have Occaſion to uſe them. They are commonly

Like Beccalini's Drum, &c.] See this explained by *Butler* himſelf in *Hudibras*, P. 1. C. 2. V. 173, &c. and by a Quotation from *Beccalini* by Dr. *Grey* by Way of Note.

the better Half of *the great Magiſtery*; and ſerve them to innumerable Purpoſes in all their Profeſſions of Philoſophy, Magic, Divinity, Phyſic, Aſtrology, Alchimy, Bawdery, Witchcraft, &c. for, beſide a rare Property they have to reſtore ſinful old Age to Virtue, Youth, and Underſtanding, they are very ſovereign to clear the Eyes of the Mind, and make a blear-ey'd Intellect ſee like a Cat in the Dark, though it be ſtark blind in the Light.

Theſe Influences, they would make us believe, are a Kind of little inviſible Midwives, which the Stars employ at the Nativities of Men, to ſwathe and bind up their Spirits, (juſt as Midwives do their Bodies) which being then moſt tender and flexible, they can mold into what Form they pleaſe: for mixing with the Air their firſt breath, they do not only infect the Soul and Body, and their Faculties, but the Tempers, Diſpoſition, Opinions, Actions (and their Events) of Men with a certain fatal Contagion; which, like a ſlow-working Poiſon lying ſtill for many Years, ſhall afterwards, like Diſeaſes and Sores, break out in the ſeveral Actions and Emergencies of their Lives. And yet it ſhould ſeem, theſe In-

fluences are but a Kind of Mock-*deſtinies*, whoſe Buſineſs it is to tamper with all Men, but compel none——This the Learned call *inclining* not *neceſſitating*. They have a ſmall precarious Empire, wholly at the Will of the Subject; they can raiſe no Men but only Volunteers, for their Power does not extend to preſs any. Their Juriſdiction is only to invite Men to the Gallows, or the Pillory in a civil Way, but force none ſo much as to a Whipping, unleſs, like *Catholic* Penitents, they have a mind to it, and will lay it on themſelves. They are very like, if not the ſame, to the Temptations of the *Devil*—— They can perſuade a Man to break his Neck, or drown himſelf, preſent him with a Rope and a Dagger, and deſire him to make Choice of which he pleaſes; but if they do not take him juſt in the Humour, they may as well go hang themſelves. As little Good as Hurt can they do any Man againſt his Will—They cannot make a private Man a Prince, unleſs he have a very ſtrong Deſire to be ſo; nor make any Man happy in any Condition whatſoever, unleſs his own Liking concur. They could never put Fools in Authority, as they uſe to do, if they did not take Delight in it; nor make them great Philoſophers and profound Scho-

lars, unleſs they pleaſed themſelves with Study. As for the Wife, the Learned tell us, they have nothing to do with them; and if they make any Attempt upon them; it is to no Purpoſe: for when they *incline* a Man to be a Knave, and prevail upon him, he muſt be a Fool (for they have no Power over the Wife) and ſo all their Labour is loſt.

They uſe to make ſolemn Vows to Almighty God, never to diſcover *the great Secret* to any Perſon living (as *Lully* does) and yet preſently will undertake to teach it; but conjure every Scholar to keep it to himſelf, like Treaſon that dies if it take Air. Then they forbid them to converſe with any, that have not Faith in the Art, that they may hear as little againſt it as they have to ſay for it; an excellent Preſervative to keep an implicit Faith from taking cold—This is the high-Way of all Impoſtors, who can never do more than another believes. But after ſo many Precepts and Rules delivered with the greateſt Confidence and Preſumption of Certainty, they will tell you, that this Art is not to be attained but by divine Revelation, and only to

be expected by holy and ſanctified Perſons, that have left behind them all the Concernments of this World; whereby it ſeems, *this Shadow of Art follows thoſe only that fly it, and flies from thoſe that follow it.*

AN

ALDERMAN

HAS taken his Degree in Cheating, and the higheſt of his Faculty; or paid for refuſing his *Mandamus*. He is a Peer of the City, and a Member of their upper Houſe, who, as ſoon as he arrives at ſo many thouſand Pounds, is bound by the Charter to ſerve the Public with ſo much Underſtanding, what ſhift ſoever he make to raiſe it, and wear a Chain about his Neck like a Raindeer, or in Default to commute, and make Satisfaction in ready Money, the beſt Reaſon of the Place; for which he has the Name only, like a titular Prince, and is an *Alderman extraordinary*. But if his Wife can prevail with him to ſtand, he becomes one of the City-ſupporters, and, like the Unicorn in the King's Arms, wears a Chain about his Neck very right-worſhipfully. He wears Scarlet, as the Whore of *Babylon* does, not for her honeſty, but the Rank and Quality

ſhe is of among the Wicked. When he ſits as a Judge in his Court he is abſolute, and uſes arbitrary Power; for he is not bound to underſtand what he does, nor render an Account why he gives Judgment on one Side rather than another; but his Will is ſufficient to ſtand for his Reaſon, to all Intents and Purpoſes. He does no public Buſineſs without eating and drinking, and never meets about Matters of Importance, but the Cramming his Inſide is the moſt weighty Part of the Work of the Day. He diſpatches no public Affair until he has thoroughly dined upon it, and is fully ſatisfied with Quince-Pye and Cuſtard: for Men are wiſer, the *Italians* ſay, after their Bellies are full, than when they are faſting, and he is very cautious to omit no Occaſion of improving his Parts that Way. He is ſo careful of the Intereſt of his Belly, and manages it ſo induſtriouſly, that in a little Space it grows great and takes Place of all the reſt of his Members, and becomes ſo powerful, that they will never be in a Condition to rebel againſt it any more. He is cloathed in Scarlet the Livery of his Sins, like the rich Glutton, to put him in Mind of what Means he came to his Wealth and Preferment by. He makes a Trade of his Zeal

ing, and, like a Cock, ſcrapes when he feeds; for the Public pays for all and more, which he and his Brethren ſhare among themſelves; for they never make a dry Reckoning. When he comes to be Lord-Mayor he does not keep a great Houſe, but a very great Houſe-warming for a whole Year; for though he invites all the *Companies* in the City he does not treat them, but they club to entertain him, and pay the Reckoning beforehand. His Fur-gown makes him look a great deal bigger than he is, like the Feathers of an Owl, and when he pulls it off, he looks as if he were fallen away, or like a Rabbet, had his Skin pulled off.

A

DISPUTANT

IS a Holder of Arguments, and Wagers too, when he cannot make them good. He takes naturally to Controverſy, like Fiſhes in *India* that are ſaid to have Worms in their Heads, and ſwim always againſt the Stream. The greateſt Maſtery of his Art conſiſts in turning and winding the State of the Queſtion, by which means he can eaſily defeat whatſoever has been ſaid by his Adverſary, though excellently to the Purpoſe, like a Bowler, that knocks away the Jack, when he ſees another Man's Bowl lye nearer to it than his own. Another of his Faculties is with a Multitude of Words to render what he ſays ſo difficult to be recollected, that his Adverſary may not eaſily know what he means, and conſequently not underſtand what to anſwer, to which he ſecretly reſerves an Advantage to reply by interpreting

what he ſaid before otherwiſe than he at firſt intended it, according as he finds it ſerve his Purpoſe to evade whatſoever ſhall be objected. Next to this, to pretend not to underſtand, or miſinterprets what his Antagoniſt ſays, though plain enough, only to divert him from the Purpoſe, and to take Occaſion from his Expoſition of what he ſaid to ſtart new Cavils on the Bye, and run quite away from the Queſtion: but when he finds himſelf preſt Home and beaten from all his Guards, to amuſe the Foe with ſome ſenſeleſs Diſtinction, like a falſified Blow, that never hits where 'tis aimed, but while it is minded makes Way for ſome other Trick that may paſs. But that which renders him invincible is Abundance of Confidence and Words, which are his offenſive and defenſive Arms; for a brazen Face is a natural Helmet or Beaver, and he that has Store of Words needs not ſurrender for Want of Ammunition--No Matter for Reaſon and Senſe, that go for no more in Diſputations than the Juſtice of a Cauſe does in War, which is underſtood but by few, and commonly regarded by none. For the Cuſtom of Diſputants is not ſo much to deſtroy one *another's* Reaſon, as to cavil at

the Manner of expreſſing it, right or wrong; for they believe—*Dolus an Virtus*, &c. ought to be allowed in Controverſy as War, and he that gets the Victory on any Terms whatſoever deſerves it, and gets it honourably. He and his Opponent are like two falſe Lute-ſtrings, that will never ſtand in Tune to one another; or like two Tennis-players, whoſe greateſt Skill conſiſts in avoiding one another's Strokes.

A

S O T

HAS found out a Way to renew, not only his Youth, but his Childhood, by being ſtewed, like old *Æſon*, in Liquor; much better than the *Virtuoſo*'s Way of making old Dogs young again: for he is a Child again at ſecond hand, never the worſe for the Wearing, but as purely freſh, ſimple, and weak, as he was at firſt. He has ſtupify'd his Senſes by living in a moiſt Climate according to the Poet—*Beetum in craſſo jurares aëre natum.* He meaſures his Time by Glaſſes of Wine, as the Ancients did by Water-Glaſſes; and as *Hermes Triſmegiſtus* is ſaid to have kept the firſt Accompt of Hours by the piſſing of a Beaſt dedicated to *Serapis*, he revives that Cuſtom in his own Practice, and obſerves it punctually in paſſing his Time. He is like a Statue placed in a moiſt Air; all the Lineaments of Humanity are mouldered away, and there is nothing left of him but a rude Lump of the Shape of a Man, and no one

part entire. He has drowned himſelf in a But of Wine, as the Duke of *Clarence* was ſerved by his Brother. He has waſhed down his Soul and piſt it out; and lives now only by the Spirit of Wine or Brandy, or by an Extract drawn off his Stomach. He has ſwallowed his Humanity, and drunk himſelf into a Beaſt, as if he had pledged *Madam Circe*, and done her Right. He is drowned in a Glaſs like a Fly, beyond the Cure of Crums of Bread, or the Sun Beams. He is like a Spring-Tide; when he is drunk to his high-Water-Mark he ſwells and looks big, runs againſt the Stream, and overflows every Thing that ſtands in his Way; but when the Drink within him is at an Ebb, he ſhrinks within his Banks, and falls ſo low and ſhallow, that Cattle may paſs over him. He governs all his Actions by the Drink within him, as a *Quaker* does by the Light within him; has a different Humour for every Nick his Drink riſes to, like the Degrees of the Weatherglaſs, and proceeds from Ribaldry and Bawdery to Politics, Religion, and Quarreling, until it is at the Top, and then it is the Dog-Days with him; from whence he falls down again, until his Liquor is at the Bottom, and then he lyes quiet, and is frozen up.

AN

ATHEIST

IS a bold Diſputant, that takes upon him to prove the hardeſt Negative in the whole World, and from the Impoſſibility of his Attempt may be juſtly concluded not to underſtand it: for he that does not underſtand ſo much as the Difficulty of his Undertaking, can know nothing elſe of it; and he, that will venture to comprehend that, which is not within his Reach, does not know ſo far as his own Latitude, much leſs the Extent of that which lies beyond it. He denies that to be, which he finds by undeniable Inference to be in all Things; and, *becauſe it is every where, would have it to be no where*; as if that old Gingle were logically true in all Things, becauſe it is ſo in nothing. If a blind Man ſhould affirm, there is no ſuch Thing as Light, and

an Owl no ſuch Thing as Darkneſs, it would be hard to ſay, which is the verier Owl of the two; and yet both would ſpeak *true*, according to their own Apprehenſions and Experience, but *falſe*, becauſe it is of Things beyond the Reach of their Capacities. He draws a Map of Nature by his own Fancy, and bounds her how he pleaſes, without Regard to the Poſition of the Heavens, by which only her Latitude is to be underſtood, and without which all his Speculations are vain, idle, and confuſed. Nothing but Ignorance can produce a Confidence bold enough to determine of the firſt Cauſe; *for all the inferior Works of Nature are Objects more fit for our Wonder, than Curioſity; and ſhe conceals the Truth of Things, that lye under our View, from us, to diſcourage us from attempting thoſe, that are more remote.* He commits as great an Error in making *Nature* (which is nothing but the Order and Method, by which all Cauſes and Effects in the World are governed) to be the firſt Cauſe, as if he ſhould ſuppoſe the Laws, by which a Prince governs, to be the Prince himſelf.

A

JUGLER

IS an artificial Magician, that with his Fingers caſts a Miſt before the Eyes of the Rabble, and makes his Balls walk inviſible which Way he pleaſes. He does his Feats behind a Table, like a *Preſbyterian* in a Conventicle, but with much more Dexterity and Cleanlineſs, and therefore all Sorts of People are better pleaſed with him. Moſt Profeſſions and Myſteries derive the Practice of all their Faculties from him, but uſe them with leſs Ingenuity and Candour; for the more he deceives thoſe he has to do with, the better he deals with them, while thoſe that imitate him in a lawful Calling are far more diſhoneſt; for the more they impoſe the more they abuſe. All his Cheats are primitive, and therefore more innocent and of greater Purity than thoſe that are

by Tradition from Hand to Hand derived to them: for he conveys Money out of one Man's Pocket into another's with much more Sincerity and Ingenuity than thoſe, that do it in a *legal* Way, and for a leſs conſiderable, though more conſcientious, Reward. He will fetch Money out of his own Throat with a great deal more of Delight and Satisfaction to thoſe that pay him for it, than any Haranguer whatſoever, and make it chuck in his Throat better than a Lawyer, that has talked himſelf hoarſe, and ſwallowed ſo many Fees, that he is almoſt choaked. He will ſpit Fire, and blow Smoke out of his Mouth, with leſs Harm and Inconvenience to the Government, than a ſeditious Holder-forth; and yet all theſe diſown and ſcorn him, even as Men, that are grown great and rich, deſpiſe the Meanneſs of their Originals. He calls upon *Preſto begone*, and the *Babylonian*'s *Tooth*, to amuſe and divert the Rabble from looking too narrowly into his Tricks; while a zealous Hypocrite, that calls Heaven and Earth to witneſs his, turns up the Eye, and ſhakes the Head at his Idolatry and Profanation. He goes the Circuit to all Country Fairs, where he meets with good ſtrolling Practice, and comes up to *Bartholomew* Fair as his Ma-

chaelmas Term; after which he removes to ſome great Thorough-fare, where he hangs out himſelf in Effigie, like a *Dutch* Malefactor, that all thoſe, that paſs by, may for their Money have a Trial of his Skill. He endeavours to plant himſelf, as near as he can, to ſome Puppet-Play, Monſter, or Mountebank, as the moſt convenient Situation, and, when Trading grows ſcant, they join all their Forces together, and make up one grand Shew, and admit the Cut-Purſe and Ballad-Singer to trade under them, as Orange-Women do at a Playhouſe.

A

SCEPTIC

IS a Critic, that deals in Wholeſale; he never cenſures but in groſs, as being the moſt thriving and eaſy Trade of Wit: for the Diſcovery of particular Errors in Knowledge requires deeper Inſight, has more of difficult Subtlety, and leſs of Glory; as it is eaſier by much to cry down a Science than underſtand it, and more brave to appear above it, than ſkilful in it. He has a natural Inclination and Ambition to Knowledge; but being unfortunate in a Temper of Wit not capable of it, derives his Glory from the Remedy of his Defects (as Men do their Bravery from their Nakedneſs) and undervaluing that, which he cannot attain to, would make his Neceſſity appear a Virtue, and his Ignorance the Choice of his Judgment. Much of this proceeds from his Envy, which is ſo impatient of ſeeing any Man exceed him in that, which

he would gladly pretend to, that with *Cæſar* he had rather deſtroy the Commonwealth of Letters, than endure another to be greater than himſelf in it. If it be his Misfortune to be engaged in an Argument, his conſtant Method is Catechiſm; for he will be ſure to aſk Queſtions only, and put others to anſwer, a Game at which the dulleſt Idiot may play with the wiſeſt in the World, and be too hard for him; and when with his Pedigree of Queſtions, that beget one another, he has driven you as far as the Wit of Man can reach, becauſe you can go no further, he will conclude you have not moved at all. As if you ſhould tell him of the Siege of *Troy*, and do not begin (as *Horace*'s Poetaſter did) with the hatching of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, he will not believe you can ſay any Thing of *Hector* and *Ajax*. He is a worſe Tyrant than *Caligula* wiſhed himſelf; for in denying Reaſon, Senſe, and Demonſtration he cuts off all the beſt Heads of Mankind at a Blow.

A

PROJECTOR,

IS by Interpretation a Man of *Forecaſt*. He is an Artiſt of Plots, Deſigns, and Expedients to find out Money, as others hide it, where nobody would look for it. He is a great Rectifier of the Abuſes of all Trades and Myſteries, yet has but one Remedy for all Diſeaſes, that is, by getting a Patent to ſhare with them, by Virtue of which they become authoriſed, and conſequently ceaſe to be Cheats. He is a great Promoter of the public Good, and makes it his Care and Study to contrive Expedients, that the Nation may not be ill ſerved with falſe Rags, arbitrary Puppet-Plays, and inſufficient Monſters, of all which he endeavours to get the Superintendency. He will undertake to render treaſonable Pedlars, that carry Intelligence between *Rebels* and *Fanatics*,

true Subjects and well-affected to the Government for half a Crown a Quarter, which he takes for giving them Licence to do ſo ſecurely and uncontrouled. He gets as much by thoſe Projects that miſcarry, as by thoſe that hold (as Lawyers are paid as well for undoing as preſerving of Men) for when he has drawn in Adventurers to purchaſe Shares of the Profit, the ſooner it is ſtopped, the better it proves for him; for, his own Buſineſs being done, he is the ſooner rid of theirs. He is very expert at gaging the Underſtandings of thoſe he deals with, and has his Engines always ready with mere Air to blow all their Money out of their Pockets into his own, as Vintners do Wine out of one Veſſel into another. He is very amorous of his Country, and prefers the public Good before his own Advantage, until he has joined them both together in ſome Monopoly, and then he thinks he has done his Part, and may be allowed to look after his own Affairs in the ſecond Place. The chiefeſt and moſt uſeful Part of his Talent conſiſts in Quacking and Lying, which he calls anſwering of Objections, and convincing the Ignorant: Without this he can do nothing;

for as it is the common Practice of moſt Knaveries, ſo it is the ſureſt and beſt fitted to the vulgar Capacities of the World; and though it render him more ridiculous to ſome few, it always prevails upon the greater Part.

A

COMPLEMENTER

IS one that endeavours to make himſelf appear a very fine Man, in perſuading another, that *He* is ſo; and by offering thoſe Civilities, which he does not intend to part with, believes he adds to his own Reputation, and obliges another for nothing. He is very free in making Preſents of his Services, becauſe he is certain, he cannot poſſibly receive in return leſs than they are worth. He differs very much from all other Critics in Punctilios of Honour; for he eſteems himſelf very uncivilly dealt with, if his Vows and Proteſtations paſs for any Thing, but mere Lies and Vanities. When he gives his Word, he believes it is no longer his, and, therefore, holds it very unreaſonable to give it, and keep it too. He divides his Services among ſo many, that there comes but little, or nothing to any one Man's

Share; and, therefore, they are very willing to let him take it back again. He makes over himſelf *in truſt* to every Man, but ſtill it is to *his own Uſes*, to ſecure his Title againſt all other Claims, and cheat his Creditors. He is very generous of his Promiſes, but ſtill it is without *lawful Conſideration*, and ſo they go for nothing. He extols a Man to his Face, like thoſe that write in Praiſe of an Author, to ſhow his own Wit, not his, whom they undertake to commend. He has certain ſet Forms and Routines of Speech, which he can ſay over, while he thinks on any Thing elſe, as a *Catholic* does his Prayers; and, therefore, never means what he ſays. His Words flow eaſily from him, but ſo ſhallow, that they will bear no Weight at all. All his Offers of Endearment are but like Terms of Courſe, that carry their own Anſwers along with them; and, therefore, paſs for nothing between thoſe that underſtand them, and deceive thoſe only, that believe in them. He profeſſes moſt Kindneſs commonly to thoſe, he leaſt cares for, like an Hoſt, that bids a Man welcome, when he is going away. He had rather be every Man's menial Servant, than any one Man's Friend; for Servants gain by their Maſters, and Men often loſe by their Friends.

A

CHURCHWARDEN

IS a public Officer, intruſted to rob the Church by Virtue of his Place, as long as he is in it. He has a very great Care to eat and drink well upon all public Occaſions, that concern the Pariſh: for *a good Conſcience being a perpetual Feaſt*, he believes, the better he feeds, the more Conſcience he uſes in the Diſcharge of his Truſt; and as long as there is no Dry-money-cheat uſed, all others are allowed, according to the Tradition and Practice of the Church in the pureſt Times. When he lays a Tax upon the Pariſh he commonly raiſes it a fourth Part above the Accompt, to ſupply the Default of Houſes that may be burnt, or ſtand empty; or Men that may break and run away; and if none of theſe happen, his Fortune is the greater, and his Hazard never the

leſs; and therefore he divides the Overplus between himſelf and his Colleagues, who were engaged to pay the whole, if all the Pariſh had run away, or hanged themſelves. He over-reckons the Pariſh in his Accompts, as the Taverns do him, and keeps the odd Money himſelf, inſtead of giving it to the Drawers. He eats up the Bell-Ropes like the Aſs in the Emblem, and converts the broken Glaſs-Windows into whole Beer-Glaſſes of Sack; and before his Year is out, if he be but as good a Fellow as the drinking Biſhop was, pledges a whole Pulpit-full. If the Church happen to fall to decay in his Time, it proves a Deodand to him; for he is Lord of the Manor, and does not only make what he pleaſes of it, but has his Name recorded on the Walls among Texts of Scripture and leathern Buckets, with the Year of his Office, that the Memory of the Unjuſt, as well as the Juſt, may laſt as long as ſo tranſitory a Thing may. He interprets his Oath, as *Catholics* do the Scripture, not according to the Senſe and Meaning of the Words, but the Tradition and Practice of his Predeceſſors; who have always been obſerved to ſwear what others pleaſe, and do what they pleaſe themſelves.

A

ROMANCE WRITER.

PULLS down old Hiſtories to build them up finer again, after a new Model of his own deſigning. He takes away all the Lights of Truth in Hiſtory to make it the fitter Tutoreſs of Life; for *Truth* herſelf has little or nothing to do in the Affairs of the World, although all Matters of the greateſt Weight and Moment are pretended and done in her Name; like a weak Princeſs, that has only the Title, and *Falſhood* all the Power. He obſerves one very fit Decorum in dating his Hiſtories in the Days of old, and putting all his own Inventions upon ancient Times; for when the World was younger, it might, perhaps, love, and fight, and do generous Things at the Rate he deſcribes them; but ſince it is grown old, all theſe heroic Feats are laid by and utterly given over, nor ever like to come in Faſhion

again; and therefore all his Images of thoſe Virtues ſignify no more than the Statues upon dead Men's Tombs, that will never make them live again. He is like one of *Homer*'s Gods, that ſets Men together by the Ears, and fetches them off again how he pleaſes; brings Armies into the Field like *Janello*'s leaden Soldiers; leads up both Sides himſelf, and gives the Victory to which he pleaſes, according as he finds it fit the Deſign of his Story; makes Love and Lovers too, brings them acquainted, and appoints Meetings when and where he pleaſes, and at the ſame Time betrays them in the Height of all their Felicity to miſerable Captivity, or ſome other horrid Calamity; for which he makes them rail at the Gods, and curſe their own innocent Stars, when he only has done them all the Injury—Makes Men Villains, compells them to act all barbarous Inhumanities by his own Directions, and after inflicts the cruelleſt Puniſhments upon them for it. He makes all his Knights fight in Fortifications, and ſtorm one another's Armour

Like Janello's *leaden Soldiers.*] This alludes to ſome Kind of a Puppet-Performance in thoſe Times, as I find the Name *Janello*, in another imperfect Piece of *Butler*'s, introduced as belonging to a famous Operator in that Art.

before they can come to encounter Body for Body; and always matches them ſo equally one with another, that it is a whole Page before they can gueſs which is likely to have the better; and he that has it is ſo mangled, that it had been better for them both to have parted fair at firſt; but when they encounter with thoſe, that are no Knights, though ever ſo well armed and mounted, ten to one goes for nothing—As for the Ladies, they are every one the moſt beautiful in the whole World, and that's the Reaſon why no one of them, nor all together with all their Charms have Power to tempt away any Knight from another. He differs from a juſt Hiſtorian as a Joyner does from a Carpenter, the one does Things plainly and ſubſtantially for Uſe, and the other carves and poliſhes merely for Show and Ornament.

A

C H E A T

IS a Freeman of all Trades, and all Trades of his. Fraud and Treachery, are his *Calling*, though his *Profeſſion* be the ſtricteſt Integrity and Truth. He ſpins Nets, like a Spider, out of his own Entrails, to entrap the Simple and Unwary that light in his Way, whom he devours and feeds upon. All the greater Sort of Cheats, being allowed by Authority, have loſt their Names (as *Judges*, when they are called to the Bench, are no more ſtiled *Lawyers*) and left the Title to the meaner only, and the unallowed. The common Ignorance of Mankind is his Province, which he orders to the beſt Advantage. He is but a tame Highwayman, that does the ſame Things by Stratagem and Deſign, which the other does by Force, makes Men deliver their Underſtandings firſt, and after their Purſes. Oaths and Lies are his

Tools that he works with, and he gets his Living by the Drudgery of his Conſcience. He endeavours to cheat the Devil by mortgaging his Soul ſo many Times over and over to him, forgetting that he has Damnations, as Prieſts have Abſolutions, of all Prices. He is a Kind of a juſt Judgment, ſent into this World to puniſh the Confidence and Curioſity of Ignorance, that out of a natural Inclination to Error will tempt its own Puniſhment, and help to abuſe itſelf. He can put on as many Shapes, as the Devil that ſet him on Work, is one that fiſhes in muddy Underſtandings, and will tickle a Trout in his own Element, till he has him in his Clutches, and after in his Diſh, or the Market. He runs down none but thoſe, which he is certain are *fera Natura*, mere natural Animals, that belong to him that can catch them. He can do no Feats without the co-operating Aſſiſtance of the Chowſe, whoſe Credulity commonly meets the Impoſtor half Way, otherwiſe nothing is done; for all the Craft is not in the Catching (as the Proverb ſays) but the better half at leaſt in being catched. He is one that, like a Bond *without Fraud, Covin, and further Delay, is void and of none*

Effect, other wiſe does ſtand and remain in full Power, Force, and Virtue. He truſts the Credulous with what Hopes they pleaſe at a very eaſy Rate, upon their own Security, until he has drawn them far enough in, and then makes them pay for all at once. The firſt Thing he gets from him is a good Opinion, and afterwards any Thing he pleaſes; for after he has drawn him from his Guards, he deals with him like a Surgeon, and tyes his Arm before he lets him Blood.

A

LIBELLER

IS a certain Claſſic Author, that handles his Subject Matter very ruggedly, and endeavours with his own evil Words to corrupt another Man's good Manners. All his Works treat but of two Things, his own Malice, and another Man's Faults; both which he deſcribes in very proper and pertinent Language. He is not much concerned whether what he writes be *true* or *falſe*, that's nothing to his Purpoſe, which aims only at *filthy* and *bitter*; and therefore his Language is, like Pictures of the Devil, the fouler the better. He robs a Man of his good Name, not for any good it will do him (for he dares not own it) but merely, as a Jackdaw ſteals Money, for his Pleaſure. His Malice has the ſame Succeſs with other Men's Charity, to be rewarded in

private; for all he gets is but his own private Satisfaction, and the Teſtimony of an evil Conſcience; for which, if it be diſcovered, he ſuffers the worſt Kind of Martyrdom, and is paid with condign Puniſhment, ſo that at the beſt he has but his *Labour* for his *Pains*. He deals with a Man as the *Spaniſh* Inquiſition does with Heretics, cloaths him in a Coat painted with helliſh Shapes of Fiends, and ſo ſhews him to the Rabble, to render him the more odious. He expoſes his Wit like a Baſtard, for the next Comer to take up and put out to Nurſe, which it ſeldom fails of, ſo ready is every Man to contribute to the Infamy of another. He is like the Devil, that ſows Tares in the Dark, and while a Man ſleeps plants Weeds among his corn. When he ventures to fall foul on the Government or any great Perſons, if he has not a ſpecial Care to keep himſelf, like a Conjurer, ſafe in his Circle, he raiſes a Spirit that falls foul on himſelf, and carries him to *Limbo*; where his Neck is clapped up in the Hole, out of which it is never releaſed, until he has paid his Ears down on the Nail for Fees. He is in a worſe Condition than a School-boy;

for when he is diſcovered, he is whipped for his Exerciſe, whether it be well or ill done; ſo that he takes a wrong Courſe to ſhew his Wit, when his beſt Way to do ſo is to conceal it; otherwiſe he ſhews his Folly inſtead of his Wit, and pays dear for the Miſtake.

A

TEDIOUS MAN

TALKS to *no End*, as well as to no Purpoſe; for he would never come at it willingly. His Diſcourſe is like the Road-Miles in the *North*,, the filthier and dirtier the longer; and he delights to dwell the longer upon them to make good the old Proverb that ſays—*they are good for the Dweller, but ill for the Traveller.* He ſets a Tale upon the Rack, and ſtretches until it becomes lame and out of Joint. *Hippocrates* ſays—*Art is long*; but he is ſo for Want of Art. He has a Vein of Dullneſs, that runs through all he ſays or does; for nothing can be tedious, that is not dull and inſipid. Digreſſions and Repetitions, like Bag and Baggage, retard his March, and put him to perpetual Halts. He makes his Approaches to a Buſineſs by oblique Lines, as if he meant to beſiege it, and

fetches a wide Compaſs about to keep others from diſcovering what his Deſign is. He is like one that travels in a dirty deep Road, that moves ſlowly; and, when he is at a Stop, goes back again, and loſes more Time in picking of his Way, than in going it. How troubleſome and uneaſy ſoever he is to others, he pleaſes himſelf ſo well, that he does not at all perceive it; for though *home be homely*, it is more delightful than finer Things abroad; and he, that is uſed to a Thing and knows no better, believes that other Men, to whom it appears otherwiſe, have the ſame Senſe of it that he has; as melancholy Perſons, that fancy themſelves to be Glaſs, believe that all others think them ſo too; and therefore that, which is tedious to others, is not ſo to him, otherwiſe he would avoid it: for it does not ſo often proceed from a natural Defect, as Affectation, and Deſire to give others that Pleaſure which they find themſelves, though it always falls out quite contrary. He that converſes with him is like one that travels with a Cómpanion, that rides a lame Jade; he muſt either endure to go his Pace, or ſtay for him; for though he underſtands long before what

he would be at better than he does himſelf, he muſt have Patience and ſtay for him, until with much ado to little Purpoſe, he at length comes to him; for he believes himſelf injured, if he ſhould bate a Jot of his own Diverſion.

A

TAYLOR

CAME in with the Curſe; and is younger Brother unto Thorns, and Thiſtles, and Death; for if *Adam* had not fallen, he had never ſat croſs-leg'd. Sin and he are Partners; for as Sin firſt brought him into Employment, ſo he by cheating and contributing to Pride and Vanity works to Sin, and the old Trade is ſtill kept up between both. Our *Saviour* wore his Coat without Seam, rather than he would have any Thing to do with him; and *Elias*, when he went to Heaven, left his Mantle behind, becauſe it had been polluted by his Fingers. The *Jews* in all great Calamities were wont to rent their Garments, only to teſtify, that they defy'd him and all his Works. All Men love and admire Cloaths, but ſcorn and deſpiſe him that made them, as Princes approve of Treaſon, but hate Traitors. He ſits croſs-leged to ſhew that he is originally a

Turk, and calls himſelf *Merchant-Taylor* upon no other Account, but only as he deſcended from *Mahomet*, who was a Merchant's Prentice himſelf in his Youth. And his conſtant Cuſtom of making the Calves of his Legs a Stool to ſit upon, has rendered him ſo ſtiff in the Hams, that he walks as if he was newly circumciſed, to diſtinguiſh himſelf from a *Chriſtian*. He lives much more by his Faith than good Works; for he gains more by truſting and believing in one that pays him at long Running, than ſix that he works for, upon an even Accompt, for ready Money. He never cuts his Coat according to his Cloth; but always the more he is allowed the leſs he puts in a Garment; and he believes he has Reaſon for it; for he is fain to take double Pains in contriving how to diſpoſe both what he ſteals, and what he uſes, to the beſt Advantage, which coſts him twice as much Labour as that which he gets nothing by. He never cuts a Man's Cloaths but he cuts his Purſe into the Bargain; and when he makes a Pocket takes Handſel of it, and picks it firſt himſelf. He calls Stealing *damning*, by a Figure in Rhetoric called the Effect for the Efficient, and the Place where he lodges all his Thieveries *Hell*, to put him in

mind of his latter End; and what he ſteals by Retail the Broker takes off his Hands by Wholeſale. He keeps his Wife in Taffety to ſave Charges; for when her Petticoats are worn out, they ſerve him to line Veſts with, as well as if they were new, and when he is unfurniſhed of theſe, old Satten and Taffety Men ſupply him for Ends of Gold and Silver. He gets more by the Trimming and Garniture of of Cloaths than all the reſt; for he can ſwallow Ribbands like a Jugler, and put whole Pieces more in his Bill than ever he made uſe of, and ſtretch Lace, as a Shoe-maker does Leather with his Teeth, when he ſets it on. The Mercers are in Fee with him to revive old rotten Stuffs by giving them new fantaſtic Names; and he brings them into the Mode by ſwearing they are new come up; in Conſideration of which he is allowed to buy cheap and ſell dear; for he is loth to undervalue his Conſcience, and put it off at a mean Rate, as long as he ſees his Neighbours can make more of their—He ſcorns that.

A

FACTIOUS MEMBER

IS ſent out laden with the Wiſdom and Politicks of the Place he ſerves for, and has his own Freight and Cuſtom free. He is truſted like a Factor to trade for a Society, but endeavours to turn all the public to his own private Advantages. He has no Inſtructions but his Pleaſure, and therefore ſtrives to have his Privileges as large. He is very wiſe in his politic Capacity as having a full Share in the Houſe, and an implicit Right to every Man's Reaſon, though he has none of his own, which makes him appear ſo ſimple out of it. He believes all Reaſon of State conſiſts in Faction, as all Wiſdom in Haranguing, of which he is ſo fond, that he had rather the Nation ſhould periſh, than continue ignorant of his great Abilities that Way; though he that obſerves his Geſtures, Words, and Delivery, will

find them ſo perfectly agreeable to the Rules of the Houſe, that he cannot but conclude he learnt his Oratory the very ſame Way that Jack-daws and Parrots practiſe by. For he coughs, and ſpits, and blows his Noſe with that diſcreet and prudent Caution, that you would think he had buried his Talent in a Handkerchief, and were now pulling it out to diſpoſe of it to a better Advantage. He ſtands and preſumes ſo much upon *the Privileges of the Houſe*, as if every Member were a *Tribune* of the People, and had as abſolute Power as they had in *Rome*, according to the lately eſtabliſhed fundamental Cuſtom and Practice of their quarter'd Predeceſſors of unhappy Memory. He endeavours to ſhew his Wiſdom in nothing more than in appearing very much unſatisfy'd with the preſent Manage of State-Affairs, although he knows nothing of the Reaſons; ſo much the better; for the Thing is the more difficult, and argues his Judgment and Inſight the greater; for any Man can judge that underſtands the Reaſons of what he does, but very few know how to judge mechanically without underſtanding why or wherefore. It is ſufficient to aſſure him, that the public Money has been diverted

from the proper Uſes it was raiſed for, becauſe he has had no Share of it himſelf; and the Government ill-managed, becauſe he has no hand in it, which, truly, is a very great Grievance to the People, that underſtand, by himſelf and his Party, that are their Repreſentatives, and ought to underſtand for them, how able he is for it. He fathers all his own Paſſions and Concerns, like Baſtards, on the People, becauſe being entruſted by them without Articles or Conditions, they are bound to acknowledge whatſoever he does as their own Act and Deed.

A

PRETENDER

IS eaſily acquainted with all Knowledges, but never intimate with any; he remembers he has ſeen them ſomewhere before, but cannot poſſibly call to mind where. He will call an Art by its Name, and claim Acquaintance with it at firſt Sight. He knew it perfectly, as the *Platonics* ſay, in the other World, but has had the Unhappineſs to diſcontinue his Acquaintance ever ſince his Occaſions called him into this. He claps on all the Sail he can poſſibly make, though his Veſſel be empty and apt to overſet. He is of a true philoſophical Temper contented with a little, deſires no more Knowledge than will ſatisfy Nature, and cares not what his Wants are, ſo he can but keep them from the Eyes of the World. His Parts are unlimited; for as no Man knows his Abilities, ſo he

does his Endeavour, that as few ſhould his Defects. He wears himſelf in Oppoſition to the Mode, for his Lining is much coarſer than his Outſide; and as others line their Serge with Silk, he lines his Silk with Serge. All his Care is employed to appear, not to be; for things that are not, and Things that appear not, are not only the ſame in Law, but in all other Affairs of the World. It ſhould ſeem that the moſt impudent Face is the beſt; for he that does the ſhamefulleſt Thing moſt unconcerned is ſaid *to ſet a good Face upon it:* For the Truth is, the Face is but the Outſide of the Mind, but all the Craft is to know how 'tis lined. Howſome'er he fancies himſelf as able as any Man, but not being in a Capacity to try the Experiment, the Hint-Keeper of *Greſham* College is the only competent Judge to decide the Controverſy. He may, for any Thing he knows, have as good a Title to his Pretences as another Man; for Judgment being not paſt in the Caſe (which ſhall never be by his Means) his Title ſtill ſtands fair. All he can poſſibly attain to is but to be another Thing than Nature meant him, though a much worſe. He makes that good that Pliny ſays of Children *qui celerius fari cepere, tardius ingredi incipiunt.*

The apter he is to ſmatter, the ſlower he is in making any Advance in his Pretences. He truſts Words before he is thoroughly acquainted with them, and they commonly ſhew him a Trick before he is aware; and he ſhews at the ſame Time his Ignorance to the Learned, and his Learning to the Ignorant.

A

NEWS-MONGER

IS a Retailer of Rumour, that takes up upon Truſt, and ſells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a periſhable Commodity, that will not keep: for if it be not freſh it lies upon his Hands, and will yield nothing. True or falſe is all one to him; for Novelty being the Grace of both, a Truth grows ſtale as ſoon as a Lye; and as a ſlight Suit will laſt as well as a better while the Faſhion holds, a Lye ſerves as well as Truth till new ones come up. He is little concerned whether it be good or bad, for that does not make it more or leſs News; and, if there be any Difference, he loves the bad beſt, becauſe it is ſaid to come ſooneſt; for he would willingly bear his Share in any public Calamity, to have the Pleaſure of hearing and telling it. He is deeply read in Diurnals, and can give as good an Account of *Rowland Pepin*, if need be,

as another Man. He tells News, as Men do Money, with his Fingers; for he aſſures them it comes from very good Hands. The whole Buſineſs of his Life is like that of a Spaniel; to fetch and carry News, and when he does it well he is clapt on the Back, and fed for it; for he does not take to it altogether like a Gentleman for his Pleaſure, but when he lights on a conſiderable Parcel of News, he knows where to put it off for a Dinner, and quarter himſelf upon it, until he has eaten it out; and by this Means he drives a Trade, by retrieving the firſt News to truck it for the firſt Meat in Seaſon; and like the old *Roman* Luxury ranſacks all Seas and Lands to pleaſe his Palate; for he imports his Narratives from all Parts within the Geography of a Diurnal, and eats as well upon the *Ruſs* and *Polander*, as the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*. By this means his Belly is provided for, and nothing lyes upon his Hands but his Back, which takes other Courſes to maintain itſelf by weſt and ſtray Silver Spoons, ſtraggling Hoods and Scarfs, pimping, and Setts at *L'Ombre*.

AN EMBASSADOR

IS accountable to Honour in his private Capacity, but not at all in his public; for as he repreſents his Prince, that has the diſpoſing of Honour, he is above it, and cannot be diſpoſed by it. The greateſt Part of his Qualification conſiſts in the Bravery of his Followers, and he carries his Abilities on his Servant's Backs. He is obliged to be witty by his Place, and bound to make ſmart Repartees, what Shift ſoever he makes to come by them. He repreſents his Prince's Perſon, when he comes near to the Perſon of the Prince that gives him Audience, but not before, as appears by the profound Reverence he obſerves, and the Legs he makes. His Inſtructions are his Part, which he learns by Art; and there is nothing left to him but the Action and Delivery. He carries Letters of Credence with him, to enable him better to manage that great *Arcanum Imperii*,

or politic Art of Government, Diſſembling and Lying, which he is entruſted withal, and engaged in Honour to enforce, as far as ſolemn Vows and Proteſtations, and if need be, pawning his Salvation to the Devil, can enable him. He brings Materials with him from Home, to ſerve for all politic Occaſions that can fall out, and is bound only to make Speeches and Legs to them; and, the ſlighter they are, to afford the more Gravity and ſolemn Formality for Allowance: For he is intruſted with the Wiſdom of the Nation which he comes from, and ought to uſe it to the beſt Advantage, and preſerve it ſo ſafe, that no Man living may know where to find it out. He is very tender conſcienced in his politic Capacity, will not endure that any Man ſhould excel him in going or ſitting; and will rather give his Soul, than ſo much Place as it would take up on the Point of a Needle. When he puts on the Perſon of his Prince, he makes all other Reaſons of State march behind, like a Retinue to attend and wait upon it. He travels like a *Lapland* Witch, and leaves his own Perſon behind him in a Trance, till he returns Home, and then takes it up again, and comes to himſelf. He goes a Wooing with Letters of Commendation from

his Maſter in his own Behalf, makes paſſionate Love to ſome foreign Intereſt, and when he meets with an equal Return of Affection, and has won the tender Heart of the State, he puts all his politic Capacities into one Leg, and eſpouſes his Queen with it, as if he ſat in the Stocks. He has more Tricks to avoid rencounters with other Embaſſadors and Diſputes of Precedence, than a Coward has to meet his Enemy in the Field; and when he is engaged by Accident, has as many Expedients to ſave his Honour harmleſs, as the learned Critics of the Sword have with curious and ſubtle Contemplation found out.

A

PLAY-WRITER

OF our Times is like a *Fanatic*, that has no Wit in ordinary eaſy Things, and yet attempts the hardeſt Tuſk of Brains in the whole World, only becauſe, whether his Play or Work pleaſe or diſpleaſe, he is certain to come off better than he deſerves, and find ſome of his own Latitude to applaud him, which he could never expect any other Way; and is as ſure to loſe no Reputation, becauſe he has none to venture.

Like gaming Rooks, that never ſtick
To play for hundreds upon Tick,
'Cauſe, if they chance to loſe at Play,
Th'ave not one halfpenny to pay;
And, if they win a hundred Pound,
Gain, if for Sixpence they compound.

Nothing encourages him more in his Undertaking than his Ignorance, for he has not Wit enough to underſtand ſo much as the Difficulty of what he attempts; therefore he runs on boldly like a foolhardy Wit, and *Fortune*, that favours Fools and the Bold, ſometimes takes Notice of him for his double Capacity, and receives him into her good Graces. He has one Motive more, and that is the concurrent ignorant Judgment of the preſent Age, in which his ſottiſh Fopperies paſs with Applauſe, like *Oliver Cromwel*'s Oratory among *Fanatics* of his own canting Inclination. He finds it eaſier to write in Rhime than Proſe; for the World being overcharged with Romances, he finds his Plots, Paſſions, and Repartees ready made to his Hand; and if he can but turn them into Rhime, the Thievery is diſguiſed, and they paſs for his own Wit and Invention without Queſtion; like a ſtolen Cloke made into a Coat, or dyed into another Colour. Beſides this he makes no Conſcience of ſtealing any Thing that lights in his Way, and borrows the Advice of ſo many to correct, enlarge, and amend what he has ill-favouredly patcht together, that it becomes like a Thing drawn by Council, and none of his

own Performance, or the Son of a Whore that has no one certain Father. He has very great Reaſon to prefer Verſe before Proſe in his Compoſitions; for Rhime is like Lace, that ſerves excellently well to hide the Piecing and Coarſneſs of a bad Stuff, contributes mightily to the Bulk, and makes the leſs ſerve by the many Impertinencies it commonly requires to make Way for it; for very few are endowed with Abilities to bring it in on its own Accompt. This he finds to be good Huſbandry, and a Kind of neceſſary Thrift; for they that have but a little ought to make as much of it as they can. His Prologue, which is commonly none of his own, is always better than his Play, like a Piece of Cloth that's fine in the Beginning and coarſe afterwards, though it has but one Topic, and that's the ſame that is uſed by Malefactors, when they are to be tried, to except againſt as many of the Jury as they can.

A

MOUNTEBANK

IS an epidemic Phyſician, a Doctor-Errant, that keeps himſelf up by being, like a Top, in Motion; for if he ſhould ſettle, he would fall to nothing immediately. He is a Pedlar of Medicines, a petty Chapman of Cures, and Tinker empirical to the Body of Man. He ſtroles about to Markets and Fairs; where he mounts on the Top of his Shop, that is his Bank, and publiſhes his Medicines as univerſal as himſelf; for every Thing is for all Diſeaſes, as himſelf is of all Places, that is to ſay, of none. His Buſineſs is to ſhew Tricks and Impudence: as for the Cure of Diſeaſes it concerns thoſe that have them, not him, farther than to get their Money. His *Pudding* is his Setter, that lodges the Rabble for him, and then ſlips him, who opens with a deep Mouth, and has an ill Day, if he does not run down ſome. He baits his Patient's Body with his

Medicines, as a Rat-catcher does a Room, and either poiſons the Diſeaſe, or him. As ſoon as he has got all the Money, and ſpent all the Credit the Rabble could ſpare him, he then removes to freſh Quarters, where he is leſs known, and better truſted. If but one in twenty of his Medicines hit by Chance, when *Nature* works the Cure, it ſaves the Credit of all the reſt, that either do no Good or Hurt; for whoſoever recovers in his Hands, he does the Work *under God*; but if he die, God does it *under him*; his Time was come, and there's an End. A Velvet Jerkin is his prime Qualification, by which he is diſtinguiſhed from his *Pudding*, as *He* is with his Cap from him. This is the Uſher of his School, that draws the Rabble together, and then He draws their Teeth. He adminiſters Phyſic with a Farce, and gives his Patients a Preparative of Dancing on the Rope, to ſtir the Humours, and prepare them for Evacuation. His Fool ſerves for his Foil, and ſets him off, as well as his Bragging and Lying. The firſt Thing he vents is his own Praiſe, and then his Medicines wrapt up in ſeveral Papers and Lies. He mounts his Bank as a Vaulter does his wooden Horſe, and

then ſhews Tricks for his Patients, as Apes do for the King of *Spain*. He caſts the Nativity of Urinals, and tries Diſeaſes, like a Witch, by Water. He bails the Place with a Jigg, draws the Rabble together, and then throws his Hook among them. He pretends to univerſal Medicines, that is ſuch, as, when all Men are ſick together, will cure them all, but till then no one in particular.

A

MODERN CRITIC

IS a Corrector of the Preſs gratis; and as he does it for nothing, ſo it is to no Purpoſe. He fancies himſelf Clerk of *Stationers-Hall*, and nothing muſt paſs Current, that is not entered by him. He is very ſevere in his ſuppoſed Office, and crys, *Woe to ye Scribes*, right or wrong. He ſuppoſes all Writers to be Malefactors without *Clergy*, that claim the Privilege of their Books, and will not allow it, where the Law of the Land and common Juſtice does. He cenſures in groſs, and condemns all without examining Particulars—— If they will not confeſs and accuſe themſelves, he will rack them until they do. He is a *Committee-Man* in the Commonwealth of Letters, and as great a Tyrant; ſo is not bound to proceed but by his own Rules, which he will not

endure to be diſputed. He has been an Apocryphal Scribler himſelf; but his Writings wanting Authority he grew diſcontent, and turned Apoſtate, and thence becomes ſo ſevere to thoſe of his own Profeſſion. He never commends any Thing but in Oppoſition to ſomething elſe, that he would undervalue, and commonly ſides with the weakeſt, which is generous any where but in Judging. He is worſe than an *Index expurgatorius*; for he blots out all, and, when he cannot find a Fault, makes one. He *demurrs* to all Writers, and when he is *over-ruled*, will run into *Contempt*. He is always bringing *Writs of Errour*, like a Pettifogger, and *reverſing of Judgments*, tho' the Caſe be never ſo plain. He is a Mountebank, that is always quacking of the infirm and diſeaſed Parts of Books, to ſhew his Skill; but has nothing at all to do with the Sound. He is a very ungentle Reader, for he reads Sentence on all Authors, that have the Unhappineſs to come before him; and therefore Pedants, that ſtand in Fear of him, always appeal from him beforehand, by the Name of *Momus* and *Zoilus*, complain ſorely of his extrajudicial Proceedings, and proteſt againſt

him as corrupt, and his Judgment *void and of none Effect*; and put themſelves into the Protection of ſome powerful Patron, who, like a Knight-Errant, is to encounter with the Magician, and free them from his Enchantments.

A

WITTAL

IS a Perſon of great Complaiſance, and very civil to all that have Occaſion to make Uſe of his Wife. He married a Wife as a common Proxy for the Service of all thoſe, that are willing to come in for their Shares—He ingroſſed her firſt by Wholeſale, and ſince puts her off by Retail——He profeſſes a Form of Matrimony, but utterly denies the Power thereof. They that tell Tales are very unjuſt; for having not put in their Claims before Marriage, they are bound for ever after to hold their Tongues. The Reaſon why Citizens are commonly Wittals is, becauſe Men that drive a Trade and are Dealers in the World, ſeldom provide any Thing for their own Uſes, which they will not very willingly put off again for conſiderable Profit. He believes it to be but a vulgar Error, and no ſuch Diſparagement as the World commonly imagines, to be a Cuck-

old; for Man being the Epitomy and Repreſentation of all Creatures, cannot be ſaid to be perfect, while he wants that Badge and Character, which ſo many ſeveral Species wear both for their Defence and Ornament. He takes the only wiſe and ſure Courſe that his Wife ſhould do him no Injury; for having his own free Conſent it is not in her Power that Way to do him any Wrong at all. His Wife is, like *Eve* in Paradiſe, married to all Mankind, and yet is unſatisfied that there are no more Worlds, as *Alexander the Great* was. She is a Perſon of public Capacity, and rather than not ſerve her Country would ſuffer an Army to march over her Belly, as *Sir Rice ap Thomas* did. Her Huſband and ſhe give and take equal Liberty, which preſerves a perfect Peace and good Underſtanding between both; while thoſe, that are concerned in one another's Love and Honour, are never quiet, but always catterwalling. He differs from a jealous Man, as a valiant Man does from a Coward, that trembles at a Danger, which the other ſcorns and deſpiſes. He is of a true philoſophical Temper, and ſuffers what he knows not how to avoid with a more than *Stoical* Reſolution—He is one of

thoſe the Poet ſpeaks of.

——*Qui ferre incommoda Vitæ,*
Nec jactare jugum, vita didicere Magiſtra.

He is as much pleaſed to ſee many Men approve his Choice of his Wife; and has as great a Kindneſs for them, as Opiniaſters have for all thoſe whom they find to agree with themſelves in Judgment, and approve the Abilities of their Underſtandings.

A

BUSY MAN

IS one, that ſeems to labour in every Man's Calling, but his own; and like *Robin-Good-Fellow* does any Man's Drudgery, that will let him. He is like an Ape, that loves to do whatſoever he ſees others do; and is always as buſy as a Child at Play. He is a great Undertaker, and commonly as great an Under-Performer. His Face is like a Lawyer's Buckram Bag, that has always Buſineſs in it; and as he trots about, his Head travels as faſt as his Feet. He *covets* his Neighbour's Buſineſs, and his own is to meddle, not do. He is very laviſh of his Advice, and gives it freely, becauſe it is worth nothing, and he knows not what to do with it himſelf. He is a *common-Barreter* for his Pleaſure, that takes no Money, but pettifogs gratis. He is very inquiſitive after every Man's Occaſions, and charges himſelf with them like a Public Notary. He is a great Overſeer of

State-Affairs; and can judge as well of them before he underſtands the Reaſons, as afterwards. He is excellent at preventing Inconveniencies, and finding out Remedies, when 'tis too late; for like Propheſies, they are never heard of till it is to no Purpoſe. He is a great Reformer, always contriving of Expedients, and will preſs them with as much Earneſtneſs, as if himſelf and every Man he meets had Power to impoſe them on the Nation. He is always giving Aim to State Affairs, and believes by ſcrewing of his Body he can make them ſhoot which Way he pleaſes. He enquires into every Man's Hiſtory, and makes his own Commentaries upon it, as he pleaſes to fancy it. He wonderfully affects to ſeem full of Employments, and borrows Men's Buſineſs only to put on and appear in; and then returns it back again, only a little worſe. He frequents all public Places, and like a Pillar in the *old Exchange* is hung with all Men's Buſineſs both public and private; and his own is only to expoſe them. He dreads nothing ſo much as to be thought at Leiſure, though he is never otherways, for though he be always doing, he never does any Thing.

A

LITIGIOUS MAN

GOES to Law, as Men do to Bawdy-Houſes, to ſpend his Money, and ſatisfy his Concupiſcence of Wrangling. He is a conſtant Cuſtomer to the old reverend Gentlewoman *Law*, and believes her to be very honeſt, though ſhe picks his Pockets, and puts a thouſand Tricks and Gulleries upon him. He has a ſtrange Kindneſs for *an Action of the Caſe*, but a moſt paſſionate Loyalty for the *King's Writ*. A well drawn Bill and Anſwer will draw him all the World over, and a Breviate as far as the Line. He enters the Liſts at *Weſtminſter*, like an old Tilter, runs his Courſe in Law, and breaks an Oath or two inſtead of a Lance; and if he can but unhorſe the Defendant, and get the Sentence of the Judges on his Side, he marches off in Triumph. He

prefers a Cry of Lawyers at the Bar before any Pack of the beſt mouthed Dogs in all the North. He has commonly once a Term a Tryal of Skill with ſome other Profeſſor of the noble Science of Contention at the ſeveral Weapons of *Bill and Anſwer*, *Forgery*, *Perjury*, *Subornation*, *Champarty*, *Affidavit*, *Common Barretry*, *Maintenance*, &c. and, though he come off with the worſt, he does not greatly care, ſo he can but have another Bout for it. He fights with Bags of Money, as they did heretofore with Sand-Bags, and he that has the heavieſt has the Advantage, and knocks down the other right or wrong; and he ſuffers the Penalties of the Law for having no more Money to ſhow in the Caſe. He is a Client by his Order, and Votary of the long Robe; and though he were ſure the *Devil* invented it to hide his cloven Feet, he has the greater Reverence for it; for as evil Manners produce good Laws, the worſe the Inventor was, the better the Thing may be. He keeps as many Knights of the Poſt to ſwear for him, as the King does poor Knights at *Windſor* to pray for him. When he is Defendant and like to be worſted in a Suit, he puts in a Croſs

Bill, and becomes Plaintiff; for the Plainant is eldeſt Hand, and has not only that Advantage, but is underſtood to be the better Friend to the Court, and is conſidered for it accordingly.

A

PEDANT

IS a dwarf Scholar, that never outgrows the Mode and Faſhion of the School, where he ſhould have been taught. He wears his little Learning, unmade-up, puts it on, before it was half finiſhed, without preſſing or ſmoothing. He ſtudies and uſes Words with the greateſt Reſpect poſſible, merely for their own Sakes, like an honeſt Man, without any Regard of Intereſt, as they are uſeful and ſerviceable to Things, and among thoſe he is kindeſt to Strangers (like a civil Gentleman) that are far from their own Country and moſt unknown. He collects old Sayings and Ends of Verſes, as Antiquaries do old Coins, and is as glad to produce them upon all Occaſions. He has Sentences ready lying by him for *all* Purpoſes, though to *no one*, and talks of Authors as familiarly as his Fellow-Collegiates. He will

challenge Acquaintance with thoſe, he never ſaw before, and pretend to intimate Knowledge of thoſe, he has only heard of. He is well ſtored with Terms of Art, but does not know how to uſe them, like a Country-Fellow, that carries his Gloves in his Hands, not his Hands in his Gloves. He handles Arts and Sciences like thoſe, that can play a little upon an Inſtrument, but do not know, whether it be in Tune or not. He converſes by the Book; and does not talk, but quote. If he can but ſcrew in ſomething, that an ancient Writer ſaid, he believes it to be much better than if he had ſomething of himſelf to the Purpoſe. His Brain is not able to concoct what it takes in, and therefore brings things up as they were ſwallowed, that is, crude and undigeſted, in whole Sentences, not aſſimilated Senſe, which he rather affects; for his Want of Judgment, like Want of Health, renders his Appetite prepoſterous. He pumps for affected and farfet Expreſſions, and they always prove as far from the Purpoſe. He admires Canting above Senſe. He is worſe than one, that is utterly ignorant, as a Cock that ſees a little, fights worſe than one, that is ſtark-blind. He ſpeaks in a different Dialect from other Men,

and much affects forced Expreſſions, forgetting that *hard Words*, as well as *evil ones*, *corrupt good Manners*. He can do nothing, like a Conjurer, out of the Circle of his Arts, nor in it without canting and . . . . If he profeſſes Phyſic, he gives his Patients ſound hard Words for their Money, as cheap as he can afford; for they coſt him Money and Study too, before he came by them, and he has Reaſon to make as much of them as he can.

A

HUNTER

IS an auxiliary Hound, that aſſiſts one Nation of Beaſts to ſubdue and over-run another. He makes mortal War with the Fox for committing Acts of Hoſtility againſt his Poultry. He is very ſolicitous to have his Dogs well deſcended of worſhipful Families, and underſtands their Pedigree as learnedly as if he were a Herald; and is as careful to match them according to their Rank and Qualities, as High-Germans are of their own Progenies. He is both Cook and Phyſician to his Hounds, underſtands the Conſtitutions of their Bodies, and what to adminiſter in any Infirmity or Diſeaſe, acute or chronic, that can befal them. Nor is he leſs ſkilful in Phyſiognomy, and from the Aſpects of their Faces, Shape of their Snouts, falling of their Ears and Lips, and Make of their Barrels will give a ſhrewd Gueſs

at their Inclinations, Parts, and Abilities, and what Parents they are lineally deſcended from; and by the Tones of their Voices and Statures of their Perſons eaſily diſcover, what Country they are Natives of. He believes no Muſic in the World is comparable to a Chorus of their Voices, and that when they are well matched they will hunt their Parts as true at firſt Scent, as the beſt Singers of Catches, that ever opened in a Tavern, that they underſtand the Scale as well as the beſt Scholar, that ever learned to compoſe by the Mathematics; and that when he winds his Horn to them, 'tis the very ſame Thing with a Cornet in a Quire; that they will run down the Hare with a Fuge, and a double D-ſol-re-Dog hunt a thorough-baſe to them all the while; that when they are at a loſs they do but reſt, and then they know by turns who are to continue a Dialogue between two or three of them, of which he is commonly one himſelf. He takes very great Pains in his Way, but calls it Game and Sport, becauſe it is to no Purpoſe; and he is willing to make as much of it as he can; and not be thought to beſtow ſo much Labour and Pains about nothing. Let the Hare take which Way ſhe will, ſhe ſeldom fails to lead him at long-

running to the Alehouſe, where he meets with an Aftergame of Delight, in making up a Narrative, how every Dog behaved himſelf; which is never done without long Diſpute, every Man inclining to favour his Friend as far as he can; and if there be any Thing remarkable, to his Thinking, in it, he preſerves it to pleaſe himſelf; and, as he believes, all People elſe with, during his natural Life, and after leaves it to his Heirs Male entailed upon the Family, with his Bugle-Horn and Seal-Ring.

A

HUMORIST

IS a peculiar Fantaſtic, that has a wonderful natural Affection to ſome particular Kind of Folly, to which he applies himſelf, and in Time becomes eminent. 'Tis commonly ſome out-lying Whimſie of *Bedlam*, that being tame and unhurtful is ſuffered to go at Liberty. The more ſerious he is, the more ridiculous he becomes, and at the ſame Time pleaſes himſelf in Earneſt, and others in Jeſt. He knows no mean; for that is inconſiſtent with all Humour, which is never found but in ſome Extreme or other. Whatſoever he takes to, he is very full of, and believes every Man elſe to be ſo too; as if his own Taſte were the ſame in every Man's Palate. If he be a *Virtuoſo*, he applies himſelf with ſo much Earneſtneſs to what he undertakes, that he puts his Reaſon out of Joint, and ſtrains his Judgment: And there is hardly any Thing in the World ſo ſlight or

ſerious, that ſome one or other has not ſquandered away his Brains, and Time, and Fortune upon, to no other Purpoſe, but to be ridiculous. He is exempted from a dark Room and a Doctor, becauſe there is no Danger in his Frenzy; otherwiſe he has as good a Title to freſh Straw as another. Humour is but a Crookedneſs of the Mind, a diſproportioned Swelling of the Brain, that draws the Nouriſhment from the other Parts, to ſtuff an ugly and deformed Crup-Shoulder. If it have the Luck to meet with many of its own Temper, inſtead of being ridiculous, it becomes a Church, and from Jeſt grows to Earneſt.

A LEADER OF A FACTION

SETS the Pſalm, and all his Party ſing after him. He is like a Figure in Arithmetic, the more Ciphers he ſtands before, the more his Value amounts to. He is a great Haranguer, talks himſelf into Authority, and, like a Parrot, climbs with his Beak. He appears brave in the Head of his Party, but braver in his own; for Vain-Glory leads him, as he does them, and both many Times out of the King's Highway, over Hedges and Ditches, to find out Bye-ways and ſhorter Cuts, which generally prove the furtheſt about, but never the neareſt Home again. He is ſo paſſionate a Lover of the Liberty of the People, that his

Fondneſs turns to Jealouſy — He interprets every Trifle in the worſt Senſe to the Prejudice of her Honeſty, and is ſo full of Caprices and Scruples, that, if he had his Will, he would have her ſhut up, and never ſuffered to go abroad again, if not made away, for her Incontinence. All his Politics are ſpeculative, and for the moſt part impracticable, full of curious Niceties, that tend only to prevent future imaginary Inconveniencies with greater real and preſent. He is very ſuperſtitious of having the Formalities and Punctilios of Law held ſacred, that, while they are performing, thoſe, that would deſtroy the very Being of it, may have Time to do their Buſineſs, or eſcape. He bends all his Forces againſt thoſe that are above him, and like a freeborn *Engliſh* Maſtiff, plays always at the Head. He gathers his Party as *Fanatics* do a Church, and admits all his Admirers how weak and ſlight ſoever; for he believes it is Argument of Wiſdom enough in them to admire, or, as he has it, to underſtand him. When he has led his Faction into any Inconvenience, they all run into his Mouth, as young Snakes do into the old ones, and he defends them with his Oratory as well as he

is able; for all his Confidence depends upon his Tongue more than his Brain or Heart, and if that fail the others ſurrender immediately; for though *David* ſays *it is a two-edged Sword*, a wooden Dagger is a better Weapon to fight with. His Judgment is like a nice Ballance, that will turn with the twentieth Part of a Grain, but a little uſing renders it falſe, and it is not ſo good for uſe as one, that will not ſtir without a greater Weight.

A

DEBAUCHED MAN

SAVES the Devil a Labour, and leads himſelf into Temptation, being loath to loſe his good Favour in giving him any Trouble, where he can do the Buſineſs himſelf without his Aſſiſtance, which he very prudently reſerves for Matters of greater Concernment. He governs himſelf in an arbitrary Way, and is abſolute, without being confined to any Thing but his own Will and Pleaſure, which he makes his Law. His Life is all Recreation, and his Diverſions nothing but turning from one Vice, that he is weary of, to entertain himſelf with another that is freſh. He lives above the State of his Body as well as his Fortune, and runs out of his Health and Money, as if he had made a Match and betted on the Race, or bid the Devil take the Hindmoſt. He is an amphibious Animal, that

lives in two Elements wet and dry; and never comes out of the firſt, but, like a Sea-Calf, to ſleep on the Shore. His Language is very ſuitable to his Converſation, and he talks as looſely as he lives. Ribaldry and Profanation are his Doctrine and Uſe; and what he profeſſes publicly he practiſes very carefully in his Life and Converſation, not like thoſe Clergymen, that to ſave the Souls of other Men condemn themſelves out of their own Mouths. His whole Life is nothing but a perpetual Lordſhip of Miſrule, and a conſtant Ramble Day and Night as long as it laſts, which is not according to the Courſe of Nature, but its own Courſe; for he cuts off the latter End of it, like a pruned Vine, that it may bear the more Wine, although it be the ſhorter. As for that which is left, he is as laviſh of it as he is of every Thing elſe; for he ſleeps all Day, and ſits up all Night, that he may not ſee how it paſſes, until, like one that travels in a Litter and ſleeps, he is at his Journey's End before he aware; for he is ſpirited away by his Vices, and clapped under Hatches, where he never knows whither he is going, until he is at the End of his Voyage.

THE SEDITIOUS MAN

IS a civil Mutineer, and as all Mutinies for the moſt Part are for Pay, if it were not for that he would never trouble himſelf with it. His Buſineſs is to kindle and blow up Diſcontents againſt the Government, that, when they are inflamed, he may have the fairer Opportunity to rob and plunder, while thoſe, that are concerned, are employed in quenching it. He endeavours to raiſe Tumults, and, if he can, civil War, a Remedy which no Man, that means well to his Country, can endure to think on, though the Diſeaſe were never ſo deſperate. He is a State-Mountebank, whoſe Buſineſs is to perſuade the People that they are not well in Health, that he may get their Money to make them worſe. If he be a Preacher, he has the Advantage of all others of his Tribe; for he has a Way to vent Sedition by Wholeſale; and as the fouleſt Purpoſes have

moſt need of the faireſt Pretences; ſo when Sedition is maſked under the Veil of Piety, Religion, Conſcience, and holy Duty, it propagates wonderfully among the Rabble, and he vents more in an Hour from the Pulpit, than others by News and Politics can do in a Week. Next him Writers and Libellers are moſt pernicious; for though the Contagion they diſperſe ſpreads ſlower and with leſs Force than preaching, yet it laſts longer, and in Time extends to more, and with leſs Danger to the Author, who is not eaſily diſcovered, if he uſe any Care to conceal himſelf. And therefore as we ſee ſtinging Flies vex and provoke Cattle moſt immediately before Storms: ſo Multitudes of thoſe Kinds of Vermin do always appear to ſtir up the People, before the Beginning of all troubleſome Times; and nobody knows who they are, or from whence they came, but only that they were printed the preſent Year, that they may not loſe the Advantage of being known to be new. Some do it only out of Humour and Envy, or deſire to ſee thoſe that are above them pulled down, and others raiſed in their Places; as if they held it a Kind of Freedom to change their Governours, though they continue in the ſame Condition themſelves

ſtill, only they are a little better pleaſed with it, in obſerving the Dangers Greatneſs is expoſed to. He delights in nothing ſo much as civil Commotions, and like a Porpoiſe always plays before a Storm. Paper and Tinder are both made of the ſame material Rags; but he converts them both into the ſame again, and makes his Paper Tinder.

A N

AFFECTED MAN

CARRIES himſelf like his Diſh (as the Proverb ſays) very uprightly, without ſpilling one Drop of his Humour. He is an Orator and Rhetorician, that delights in Flowers and Ornaments of his own deviſing to pleaſe himſelf, and others that laugh at him. He is of a leaden dull Temper, that ſtands ſtiff, as it is bent, to all crooked Lines, but never to the Right. When he thinks to appear moſt graceful, he adorns himſelf moſt ill favouredly, like an *Indian* that wears Jewels in his Lips and Noſtrils. His Words and Geſtures are all as ſtiff as Buckram, and he talks as if his Lips were turned up as well as his Beard. All his Motions are regular as if he went by Clock-work, and he goes very true to the Nick as he is ſet. He has certain favourite Words and Expreſſions, which he makes very much of, as he has Reaſon to do, for they ſerve him upon

all Occaſions, and are never out of the Way when he has uſe of them, as they have Leiſure enough to do; for nobody elſe has any Occaſion for them but himſelf. All his Affectations are forced and ſtolen from others, and though they become ſome particular Perſons where they grow naturally, as a Flower does on its Stalk, he thinks they will do ſo by him, when they are pulled and dead. He puts Words and Language out of its ordinary Pace, and breaks it to his own Fancy, which makes it go ſo uneaſy in a Shuffle, which it has not been uſed to. He delivers himſelf in a forced Way like one that ſings with a feigned Voice beyond his natural Compaſs. He loves the Sound of Words better than the Senſe, and will rather venture to incur Nonſenſe than leave out a Word, that he has a Kindneſs for. If he be a Stateſman, the ſlighter and meaner his Employments are, the bigger he looks, as an Ounce of Tin ſwells and looks bigger than an Ounce of Gold; and his Affectations of Gravity are the moſt deſperate of all, as the Aphoriſm ſays—Madneſs of Study and Conſideration are harder to be cured than thoſe of lighter and more fantaſtic Humour.

A

MEDICINE-TAKER

HAS a ſickly Mind, and believes the Infirmity is in his Body; like one, that draws the wrong Tooth, and fancies his Pain in the wrong Place. The leſs he underſtands the Reaſon of Phyſic, the ſtronger Faith he has in it, as it commonly fares in all other Affairs of the World. His Diſeaſe is only in his Judgment, which makes him believe a Doctor can fetch it out of his Stomach, or his Belly; and fright thoſe Worms out of his Guts, that are bred in his Brain. He believes a Doctor is a Kind of Conjurer, that can do ſtrange Things, and he is as willing to have him think ſo; for by that means he does not only get his Money, but finds himſelf in ſome Poſſibility, by complying with that Fancy, to do him good for it, which he could never expect to do any other Way; for like thoſe that have been cured by

drinking their own Water, his own Imagination is a better Medicine than any the Doctor knows how to preſcribe, even as the Weapon-Salve cures a Wound by being applied to that which made it. He is no ſooner well, but any Story or Lye of a new famous Doctor, or ſtrange Cure puts him into a Relapſe, and he falls ſick of a Medicine inſtead of a Diſeaſe, and catches Phyſic, like him that fell into a Looſeneſs at the Sight of a Purge. He never knows when he is well, nor ſick, but is always tampering with his Health till he has ſpoiled it, like a fooliſh Muſician, that breaks his Strings with ſtriving to put them in Tune; for *Nature*, which is *Phyſic*, underſtands better how to do her own Work than thoſe that take it from her at ſecond-hand. *Hippocrates* ſays—*Ars longa, Vita brevis*, and it is the trueſt of all his Aphoriſms,

For he that's giv'n much to the long Art,
Does not prolong his Life, but cut it ſhort.

THE

RUDE MAN

IS an *Oſtro-Goth*, or northern *Hun*, that whereſoever he comes, invades and all the World does overrun, without Diſtinction of Age, Sex, or Quality. He has no Regard to any Thing but his own Humour, and that he expects ſhould paſs every where without aſking Leave, or being aſked wherefore, as if he had a Safe-conduct for his Rudeneſs. He rolls up himſelf, like a Hedgehog, in his Prickles, and is as untractable to all that come near him. He is an ill-deſigned Piece, built after the ruſtic Order; and all his Parts look too big for their Height. He is ſo ill contrived, that that which ſhould be the Top in all regular Structures, i. e. Confidence, is his Foundation. He has neither Doctrine nor Diſcipline in him, like a fanatic Church, but

is guided by the very ſame Spirit, that dipped the Herd of Swine in the Sea. He was not bred but reared, not brought up to Hand, but ſuffered to run wild, and take after his Kind, as other People of the Paſture do. He takes that Freedom in all Places, as if he were not at Liberty, but had broken looſe, and expected to be tied up again. He does not eat but feed, and when he drinks goes to Water. The old *Romans* beat the barbarous Part of the World into Civility; but if he had lived in thoſe Times he had been invincible to all Attempts of that Nature, and harder to be ſubdued and governed than a Province. He eats his Bread, according to the Curſe, with the Sweat of his Brows, and takes as much Pains at a Meal as if he earn'd it; puffs and blows like a Horſe that eats Provender, and crams his Throat like a ſcrewed Gun with a Bullet bigger than the Bore. His Tongue runs perpetually over every Thing that comes in its Way, without Regard of what, where, or to whom; and nothing but a greater Rudeneſs than his own can ſtand before it; and he uſes it to as ſloven-ly Purpoſes as a Dog does, that licks his Sores

and the Dirt off his Feet. He is the beſt Inſtance of the Truth of *Pythagoras*'s Doctrine, for his Soul paſt through all Sorts of brute Beaſts before it came to him, and ſtill retains ſomething of the Nature of every one.

THE

MISER

IS like the Sea, that is ſaid to be richer than the Land, but is not able to make any Uſe of it at all, and only keeps it from thoſe that know how to enjoy it if they had it. The Devil underſtood his Buſineſs very well, when he made Choice of *Judas*'s Avarice to betray *Chriſt*; for no other Vice would have undertaken it; and it is to be feared, that his Vicars now on Earth, by the Tenderneſs they have to the Bag, do not uſe him much better than his Steward did then. He gathers Wealth to no Purpoſe but to ſatisfy his Avarice, that has no End; and afflicts himſelf to poſſeſs that, which he is of all Men the moſt incapable of ever obtaining. His Treaſure is in his Hands in the ſame Condition as if it were buried under Ground, and

watched by an evil Spirit. His Deſires are like the bottomleſs Pit which he is deſtined to; for the one is as ſoon filled as the other. He ſhuts up his Money in cloſe Cuſtody; and that, which has Power to open all Locks, is not able to ſet itſelf at Liberty. If he ever lets it out, it is upon good Bail and Mainprize, to render itſelf Priſoner again, whenſoever it ſhall be ſummoned. He loves Wealth as an Eunuch does Women, whom he has no Poſſibility of enjoying, or one that is bewitched with an Impotency, or taken with the Falling-Sickneſs. His greedy Appetite to Riches is but a Kind of Dog-Hunger, that never digeſts what it devours; but ſtill the greedier and more eager it crams itſelf becomes more meager. He finds that Ink and Parchment preſerves Money better than an iron Cheſt and Parſimony, like the Memories of Men that lye dead and buried when they are committed to Braſs and Marble, but revive and flouriſh when they are truſted to authentic Writings, and encreaſe by being uſed. If he had lived among the *Jews* in the Wilderneſs, he would have been one of their chief *Reformers*, and have worſhipped any Thing that is caſt in Gold, though a ſillier Creature than a Calf, *St. John* in the Revela-

'tions deſcribes the new *Jeruſalem* to be built all of Gold and Silver and precious Stones; for the Saint commonly take ſo much Delight in thoſe Creatures, that nothing elſe could prevail with them ever to come thither: and as thoſe Times are called the golden Age, in which there was no Gold at all in uſe; ſo Men are reputed godly and rich, that make no Uſe at all of their Religion or Wealth. All that he has gotten together with perpetual Pains and Induſtry is not Wealth, but a Collection, which he intends to keep by him more for his own Diverſion than any other Uſe; and he that made Ducks and Drakes with his Money enjoyed it every Way as much. He makes no Conſcience of any Thing but parting with his Money, which is no better than a Separation of Soul and Body to him, and he believes it to be as bad as ſelf-Murther if he ſhould do it willfully; for the Price of the Weapon, with which a Man is killed, is always eſteemed a very conſiderable Circumſtance, and next to *not having the Fear of God before his Eyes.* He loves the Bowels of the Earth broiled on the Coals above any other Cookery in the World. He is a Slave condemned to the Mines. He

laughs at the golden Mean as ridiculous, and believes there is no ſuch Thing in the World; for how can there be a Mean of that, of which no Man ever had enough? He loves the World ſo well, that he would willingly loſe himſelf to ſave any Thing by it. His Riches are like a Dunghil, that renders the Ground unprofitable that it lies upon, and is good for nothing, until it be ſpread and ſcattered abroad.

A

R A B B L E

IS a Congregation, or Aſſembly of the States-General ſent from their ſeveral and reſpective Shops, Stalls, and Garrets. They are full of Controverſy, and every one of a ſeveral Judgment concerning the Buſineſs under preſent Conſideration, whether it be Mountebank, Show, Hanging, or Ballad-Singer. They meet, like *Democritus*'s Atoms *in vacuo*, and by a fortuitous Juſtling together produce the greateſt and moſt ſavage Beaſt in the whole World: For, tho' the Members of it may have ſomething of human Nature, while they are aſunder, when they are put together, they have none at all; as a Multitude of ſeveral Sounds make one great Noiſe unlike all the reſt, in which no one Particular is diſtinguiſhed. They are a great Dunghill, where all

Sorts of dirty and naſty Humours meet, ſtink, and ferment; for all the Parts are in a perpetual Tumult. 'Tis no wonder, they make ſtrange Churches, for they take naturally to any Impoſture, and have a great Antipathy to Truth and Order, as being contrary to their original Confuſion. They are a Herd of Swine poſſeſt with a dry Devil, that run after Hanging, inſtead of Drowning. Once a Month they go on Pilgrimage to the Gallows, to viſit the Sepulchres of their Anceſtors, as the *Turks* do once a Week. When they come there they ſing Pſalms, quarrel, and return full of Satisfaction and Narrative. When they break looſe they are like a public Ruin, in which the higheſt Parts lye undermoſt, and make the nobleſt Fabrics heaps of Rubbiſh. They are like the Sea, that's ſtirred into a Tumult with every Blaſt of Wind, that blows upon it, till it become a watry *Appenine*, and heap Mountain Billows upon one another, as once the Giants did in the War with Heaven. A Crowd is their proper Element, in which they make their Way with their Shoulders, as Pigs creep through Hedges. Nothing in the World delights them ſo much as the Ruin of great

Perſons, or any Calamity, in which they have no Share, though they get nothing by it. They love nothing but themſelves in the Likeneſs of one another, and, like Sheep, run all that Way, the firſt goes, eſpecially if it be againſt their Governors, whom they have a natural Diſaffection to.

A

SHOPKEEPER

LIVES by the Labour of his own Tongue and other Men's Hands; and gains more by his flat downright Lying, than the Artificer does by all his Induſtry, Pains and Ingenuity: for his Tongue is a Kind of Taylor's Gooſe or hot Preſs, with which he ſets the laſt Gloſs upon his coarſe decayed Wares. His chief Qualification conſiſts in a confident Outfacing of Truth, and perſuading his Cuſtomers to believe him rather than their own Senſes, which they have little Reaſon to do; for he, that will uſe falſe Lights, falſe Weights, and falſe Meaſures, will never ſtick at falſe Words: and as the more he ſtretches his Stuffs in the Meaſure the ſcantier it always proves; ſo the more he commends it the worſe it afterwards appears upon Trial. The greateſt Hazard he runs is Truſting, which yet he knows how to inſure; for as when he takes a Thief

he makes him pay for all and more than he has loſt by other Thieves: ſo when he truſts, it is at ſuch a Rate, that he that pays him pays for all thoſe that do not. He walks in his Shop with a Yard always in his Hand inſtead of a Staff, that it may wear ſhorter and ſave his Conſcience harmleſs, if he ſhould have Occaſion to ſwear it was never cut ſince he had it. His Cuſtom of Lying, and the Profit he receives by it produces a Kind of natural Inclination in him to all Sorts of Impoſtors, and therefore he is as eaſily cheated out of his Way, as he cheats others in it, takes naturally to all *Fanatic* Whimſies in Religion, and is as eaſily miſled by a ſeditious Teacher, as a Child is by a *Jamaica* Spirit; as for Truth he gains nothing by it, and therefore will have nothing to do with it. He never troubles his Head with Speculations but only in Divinity and Politics, in which his Ignorance is ſo prevailing, that he believes himſelf a great deal abler than his Governors. He ſets a value on his Commodities, not according to their true Worth, but the Ignorance of the Buyers; and always ſells cheapeſt to thoſe whom he finds to underſtand moſt of his Trade; but he that leaves it to him is ſure to be cheated; for he that lives by Lying

will never be ſcrupulous in taking Money for his Reputation. He calls his profeſſion a *Myſtery*, which being rightly interpreted by his Practice ſignifies only this—That as all *Turks* are Tradeſmen, even ſo all Tradeſmen are *Turks*. His falſe Lights are a Kind of *Deceptio viſus*, with which he caſts a Miſt, like a Conjurer, before the Eyes of his Cuſtomers, that they may take no Notice of the Imperfections and Infirmities of his ſpotted and ſtained Stuffs, until it is too late. The more Truſt Men repoſe in him, the more he is ſure to cheat them, as Taylors all ways make the Cloaths of thoſe ſcantieſt, who allow them the largeſt Meaſure—Thoſe of the ſame Trade commonly ſet up together in a Street, as Rooks build together in a Tuft of Trees. Country Gentlemen always deſign the leaſt hopeful of their Children to Trades, and out of that Stock the City is ſupplied with that ſottiſh Ignorance, which we ſee it perpetually abound with.

A

QUAKER

IS a Scoundrel Saint, of an Order without Founder, Vow, or Rule; for he will not ſwear, nor be tyed to any Thing, but his own Humour. He is the Link-Boy of the Sectaries, and talks much of his Light, but puts it under a Buſhel, for nobody can ſee it but himſelf. His Religion is but the cold Fit of an Ague, and his Zeal of a contrary Temper to that of all others, yet produces the ſame Effects; as cold Iron in *Greenland*, they ſay, burns as well as hot; which makes him delight, like a Salamander, to live in the Fire of Perſecution. He works out his Salvation, not with *Fear*, but *Confidence and Trembling*. His Profeſſion is but a Kind of Winter-Religion; and the Original of it as uncertain as the hatching of Woodcocks, for no Man can tell from whence it came. He Vapours much of the Light within him, but no ſuch Thing appears, unleſs he means as he

is light-headed. He believes he takes up the Croſs in being croſs to all Mankind. He delights in Perſecution, as ſome old extravagant Fornicators find a Lechery in being whipt; and has no Ambition but to go to Heaven in what he calls a fiery Chariot, that is, a Woodmonger's Faggot Cart. You may perceive he has a Crack in his Skull by the flat Twang of his Noſe, and the great Care he takes to keep his Hat on, leſt his ſickly Brains, if he have any, ſhould take Cold at it. He believes his Doctrine to be heavenly, becauſe it agrees perfectly with the *Motus Trepidationis*. All his Hopes are in the *Turks* overrunning of Chriſtendom, becauſe he has heard they count Fools and Madmen Saints, and doubts not to paſs muſter with them for great Abilities that Way. This makes him believe he can convert the *Turk*, tho' he could do no good on the *Pope*, or the *Preſbyterian*. Nothing comes ſo near his quaking Liturgy, as the Papiſtical Poſſeſſions of the *Devil*, with which it conforms in Diſcipline exact. His Church, or rather Chapel, is built upon a flat Sand, without ſuperior or inferior in it, and not upon a Rock, which is never found without great Inequalities. Next Demoniacs he moſt reſembles the Reprobate, who

are ſaid to be condemned to Weeping and Gnaſhing of Teeth. There was a Botcher of their Church, that renounced his Trade and turned Preacher, becauſe he held it ſuperſtitious to ſit *croſs-legged.* His Devotion is but a Kind of ſpiritual Palſy, that proceeds from a Diſtemper in the Brain, where the Nerves are rooted. They abhor the Church of *England,* but conform exactly with thoſe primitive Fathers of their Church, that heretofore gave Anſwers at the *Devil*'s Oracles, in which they obſerved the very ſame Ceremony of quaking and and gaping now practiſed by our modern Enthuſiaſts at their Exorciſms, rather than Exerciſes of Devotion. He ſucks in the Air like a Pair of Bellows, and blows his inward Light with it, till he dung Fire, as Cattle do in *Lincolnſhire.* The general Ignorance of their whole Party make it appear, that whatſoever their Zeal may be, it is not *according to Knowledge.*

A SWEARER

IS one, that ſells the *Devil* the beſt Penny-worth that he meets with any where; and like the *Indians*, that part with Gold for Glaſs-Beads, he damns his Soul for the ſlighteſt Trifles imaginable. He betroths himſelf oftner to the Devil in one Day, than *Mecœnas* did in a Week to his Wife, that he was married a thouſand times to. His Diſcourſe is inlaid with Oaths, as the Gallows is with Nails, to fortify it againſt the Aſſaults of thoſe, whoſe Friends have made it their Death-bed. He takes a preposterous Courſe to be believed, and perſuade you to credit what he ſays, by ſaying that, which at the beſt he does not mean; for all the Excuſe he has for his voluntary damning of himſelf is, that he means nothing by it. He is as much miſtaken in what he does intend

really; for that which he takes for the Ornament of his Language renders it the moſt odious and abominable. His Cuſtom of Swearing takes away the Senſe of his Saying. His Oaths are but a diſſolute Formality of Speech, and the worſt Kind of Affectation. He is a *Knight-Baronet of the Poſt*, or Gentleman Blaſphemer, that ſwears for his Pleaſure only, a *Lay-affidavit Man, in Voto* only, and not *in Orders*. He learned to ſwear, as Magpies do to ſpeak, by hearing others. He talks nothing but *Bell, Book*, and *Candle*, and delivers himſelf over to *Satan* oftner than a *Preſbyterian* Claſſis would do. He plays with the Devil for ſport only, and ſtakes his Soul to nothing. He overcharges his Oaths till they break, and hurt himſelf only. He diſcharges them as faſt as a Gun, that will ſhoot nine times with one loading. He is the Devil's Votary, and fails not to commend himſelf into his Tuition upon all Occaſions. He outſwears an Exorciſt, and outlies the Legend. His Oaths are of a wider Bore and louder Report than thoſe of an ordinary Perjurer, but yet they do not half the Execution. Sometimes he reſolves to leave it,

but not too ſuddenly, leſt it ſhould prove unwholeſome, and injurious to his Health, but by Degrees as he took it up. Swearing ſhould appear to be the greateſt of Sins; for tho' the Scripture ſays, *God ſees no Sin in his Children*, it does not ſay he hears none.

THE

LUXURIOUS

PLACES all Enjoyment in ſpending, as a covetous Man does in getting, and both are treated at a Witch's Feaſt, where nothing feeds but only the Imagination: and like two Madmen, that believe themſelves to be the ſame Prince, laugh at one another. He values his Pleaſures as they do honour, by the Difficulty and Dearneſs of the Purchaſe, not the Worth of the Thing; and the more he pays the better he believes he ought to be pleaſed, as Women are fondeſt of thoſe Children, which they have groaned moſt for. His Tongue is like a great Practiſer's in Law; for as the one will not ſtir, ſo the other will not taſte without a great Fee. He never reckons what a Thing coſts by what it is worth, but what it is worth by what it coſts. All his Senſes are like corrupt Judges, that will underſtand nothing, until they are

thoroughly informed and ſatisfied with a convincing Bribe. He reliſhes no Meat but by the Rate; and a high Price is like Sauce to it, that gives it a high Taſte, and renders it ſavoury to his Palate. He believes there is nothing dear, nor ought to be ſo, that does not coſt much, and that the deareſt bought is always the cheapeſt. He taſtes all Wines by the Smallneſs of the Bottles, and the Greatneſs of the Price; and when he is over-reckoned takes it as an extraordinary Value ſet upon him, as *Dutchmen* always reckon by the Dignity of the Perſon, not the Charge of the Entertainment he receives, put his Quality and Titles into the Bill of Fare, and make him pay for feeding upon his own Honour and Right-Worſhip, which he brought along with him. He debauches his Gluttony with an unnatural Appetite to Things never intended for Food, like prepoſterous Venery, or the unnatural Mixtures of Beaſts of ſeveral Kinds. He is as curious of his Pleaſures as an Antiquary of his Rarities, and cares for none but ſuch as are very choice and difficult to be gotten, diſdains any Thing that is common, unleſs it be his Women, which he eſteems a common Good, and therefore the more communicative the better.

All his Vices are like, Children that have been nicely bred, a great Charge to him, and it coſts him dear to maintain them like themſelves, according to their Birth and Breeding; but he, like a tender Parent, had rather ſuffer Want himſelf than they ſhould: for he conſiders, a Man's Vices are his own Fleſh and Blood, and though they are but By-blows he is bound to provide for them, out of natural Affection, as well as if they were lawfully begotten.

A N

UNGRATEFUL MAN

IS like Duſt in the Highway, that flies in the Face of thoſe that raiſe it. He that is ungrateful is all Things that are amiſs—He is like the *Devil*, that ſeeks the Deſtruction of thoſe moſt of all, that do him the beſt Service; or an unhealthful Sinner, that receives Pleaſure, and returns nothing but Pox and Diſeaſes. He receives *Obligations* from all that he can, but they preſently *become void and of none Effect*; for good Offices fare with him like Death, from which there is no Return. His Ill-nature is like an ill Stomach, that turns its Nouriſhment into bad Humours. He ſhould be a Man of very great Civilities; for he receives all that he can, but never parts with any. He is like a barren Soil, plant what you will on him, it will never grow; nor any Thing but Thorns and Thiſtles, that came in with the

Curſe. His Mother died in Childbed of him; for he is deſcended of the Generation of Vipers, in which the Dam always eats off the Sire's Head, and the young ones their Way through *her* Belly. He is like a Horſe in a Paſture, that eats up the Graſs, and dungs it in Requital. He puts the Benefits he receives from others and his own Faults together in that End of the Sack, which he carries behind his Back. His ill-Nature, like a contagious Diſeaſe, infects others that are of themſelves good, who obſerving his Ingratitude become leſs inclined to do good, than otherwiſe they would be: And as the ſweeteſt Wine, if ill preſerved, becomes the ſoureſt Vinegar; ſo the greateſt Endearments with him turn to the bittereſt Injuries. He has an admirable Art of Forgetfulneſs, and no ſooner receives a Kindneſs, but he owns it by Preſcription, and claims *from Time out of Mind.* All his Acknowledgments appear before his Ends are ſerved, but never after, and, like *Occaſion*, grow very thick before, but bare behind. He is like a River, that runs away from the Spring that feeds it, and undermines the Banks that ſupport it; or like Vice and Sin, that deſtroy thoſe that are moſt addicted to it; or the Hang-

man, that breaks the Necks of thoſe whom he gets his Living by, and whips thoſe that find him Employment, and brands his Maſters that ſet him on Work. He pleads the *Act of Oblivion* for all the good Deeds that are done him, and *pardons* himſelf for the evil Returns he makes. He never looks backward (like a right Stateſman) and Things that are paſt are all one with him, as if they had never been: And as Witches, they ſay, hurt thoſe only from whom they can get ſomething and have a Hank upon; he no ſooner receives a Benefit, but he converts it to the Injury of that Perſon, who conferred it on him—It fares with Perſons as with Families, that think better of themſelves, the further they are off their firſt Raiſers.

A

KNIGHT

OF THE

POST

IS a Retailer of Oaths, a Depoſition-Monger, an Evidence-Maker that lives by the Labour of his Conſcience. He takes Money to kiſs the Goſpel, as *Judas* did *Chriſt*, when he betrayed him. As *a good Conſcience is a continual Feaſt*; ſo an ill one is with him his daily Food. He plys at a Court of Juſtice, as Porters do at a Market; and his Buſineſs is to bear Witneſs, as they do Burthens, for any Man that will pay them for it. He will ſwear his Ears through an Inch-Board, and wears them merely by Favour of the Court; for being *Amicus curiæ*, they are willing to let him keep the Pillory out of Poſſeſſion, though he has forfeited his Right never ſo often: For when he is once outed of

his Ears, he is paſt his Labour, and can do the Commonwealth of Practiſers no more Service. He is a falſe Weight in the Ballance of Juſtice; and as a Lawyer's Tongue is the Tongue of the Ballance, that inclines either Way, according as the Weight of the Bribe inclines it, ſo does his. He lays one Hand on the Book, and the other is in the Plaintiff's or Defendant's Pocket. He feeds upon his Conſcience, as a Monkey eats his Tail. He kiſſes the Book to ſhow he renounces, and takes his leave of it——Many a parting Kiſs has he given the Goſpel. He pollutes it with his Lips oftner than a Hypocrite. He is a ſworn Officer of every Court, and a great Practiſer; is admitted within the Bar, and makes good what the reſt of the Council ſay. The Attorney and Sollicitor fee and inſtruct him in the Caſe; and he ventures as far for his Client, as any Man, to be laid by the Ears: He ſpeaks more to the Point than any other, yet gives falſe Ground to his Brethren of the Jury, that they ſeldom come near the Jack. His Oaths are ſo brittle, that not one in twenty of them will hold the Taking, but fly as ſoon as they are out. He is worſe than an ill Conſcience; for that bears true Witneſs, but his is always falſe; and

though his own Conſcience be ſaid to be a thouſand Witneſſes, he will out-ſwear and out-face them all. He believes it no Sin to bear falſe Witneſs for his Neighbour, that pays him for it, becauſe it is not forbidden, but only to bear falſe Witneſs againſt his Neighbour.

A N

UNDESERVING FAVOURITE

IS a Piece of baſe Metal with the King's Stamp upon it, a Fog raiſed by the Sun, to obſcure his own Brightneſs. He came to Preferment by unworthy Offices, like one that riſes with his Bum forwards, which the Rabble hold to be fortunate. He got up to Preferment on the wrong Side, and ſits as untoward in it. He is raiſed rather above himſelf than others; or as baſe Metals are by the Teſt of Lead, while Gold and Silver continue ſtill unmoved. He is raiſed and ſwells, like a Pimple, to be an Eye-ſore, and deform the Place he holds. He is born like a Cloud on the Air of the Prince's

By ſeveral Strokes in this Character the Reader muſt be led to think it perſonal; and as it was wrote, as I have before obſerved, about the Year 1667, at which time Lord *Shafteſbury*, who in 1661, had been made a Lord, was, as *Antony Wood* informs us, advanced to be one of the Commiſſioners of the Treaſury, and looked upon as a Perſon in great Favour with the King and Court, it will be naturally applied to him. It is the more probable, as *Butler* has in his *Burning of the Rump*, *Hud* P. 3. C. 2. *declared his Sentiments* of this Gentleman with no leſs Severity, in that Character of the

Favour, and keeps his Light from the reſt of his People. He riſes, like the light End of a Ballance, for Want of Weight; or as Duſt and Feathers do for being light. He gets into the Prince's Favour by wounding it. He is a true *Perſon* of Honour; for he does but act it at the beſt, a Lord made only to juſtify all the Lords of Maypoles, Morrice-Dances, and Miſrule, a Thing that does not live, but lye in State, before he's dead, ſuch as the Heralds dight at Funerals. His Prince gives him Honour out of his own Stock, and Eſtate out of his Revenue, and leſſens himſelf in both.

He is like Fern, that vile unuſeful Weed,
That ſprings equivocally, without Seed.

He was not made for Honour, nor it for him, which makes it ſit ſo unfavouredly upon him. The Forepart of himſelf, and the hinder Part of his Coach publiſh his Diſtinction; as *French* Lords, that have *haute Juſtice*, that is, may

independent Stateſman which begins,

'Mong theſe there was a Politician,
With more Heads than a Beaſt in Viſon, &c.

As French Lords, &c.] The diſtinguiſhing their Qualities by the Pillars of their Gallowſes may probably allude to a Croſs in Coats of Arms, which, from its Reſemblance to the Letter T or a double Gibbet, is called *Crux patibulata*, or *la Croix Potencée*.

hang and draw, diſtinguiſh their Qualities by the Pillars of their Gallowſes. He got his Honour eaſily, by Chance, without the hard laborious Way of Merit, which makes him ſo prodigally laviſh of it. He brings down the Price of Honour, as the Value of any Thing falls in mean Hands. He looks upon all Men in the State of Knighthood and plain Gentility as moſt deplorable; and wonders how he could endure himſelf, when he was but of that Rank. The greateſt Part of his Honour conſiſts in his well-ſounding Title, which he therefore makes Choice of, tho' he has none to the Place, but only a Patent to go by the Name of it. This appears at the End of his Coach in the Shape of a Coronet, which his Footmen ſet their Bums againſt, to the great Diſparagement of the wooden Repreſentative. The People take him for a general Grievance, a Kind of public Preſſure, or Innovation, and would willingly give a Subſidy to be redreſſed of him. He is a ſtrict Obſerver of Men's Addreſſes to him, and takes a mathematical Account, whether

Which among the Ancients, Gellius *ſays, ſignified Injury.*] *Gellius* places the word *Honos* among his *vocabula ancipitia*; and the Paſſage referred to is this.—"Sed *Honorem* quoque mediam Vocem

they ſtoop and bow in juſt Proportion to the Weight of his Greatneſs, and allow full Meaſure to their Legs and Cringes accordingly. He never uſes Courtſhip, but in his own Defence, that others may uſe the ſame to him, and, like a true Chriſtian, does as he would be done unto. He is intimate with no Man but his Pimp and his Surgeon, with whom he keeps no State, but communicates all the States of his Body. He is raiſed like the Market, or a Tax, to the Grievance and Curſe of the People. He that knew the Inventory of him would wonder what ſlight Ingredients go to the making up of a great Perſon; howſoever he is turned up Trump, and ſo commands better Cards than himſelf, while the Game laſts. He has much of Honour according to the original Senſe of it, which among the Ancients (*Gellius* ſays) ſignified *Injury*. His Proſperity was greater than his Brain could bear, and he is drunk with it; and if he ſhould take a Nap as long as *Epimenides* or the ſeven Sleepers, he would never be ſober

" fuiſſe, et ita appellatum, ut etiam *malus Honos* diceretur, et ſig-
" nificaret *Injuriam*." *Noct. Att.* Lib. 12. C. 9.

again. He took his Degree, and went forth Lord by *mandamus*, without performing Exerciſes of Merit. His Honour's but an Immunity from Worth, and his Nobility a Diſpenſation for doing Things ignoble. He expects that Men's Hats ſhould fly off before him like a Storm, and not preſume to ſtand in the Way of his Proſpect, which is always over their Heads. All the Advantage he has is but to go before, or ſit before, in which his nether Parts take place of his upper, that continue ſtill, in Compariſon, but *Commoners*. He is like an open Summer-Houſe, that has no Furniture but bare Seats. All he has to ſhow for his Honour is his Patent, which will not be in Seaſon until the third or fourth Generation, if it laſts ſo long. His very *Creation* ſuppoſes him nothing before; and as Taylors roſe by the Fall of *Adam*, and came in, like Thorns and Thiſtles, with the Curſe, ſo did he by the Frailty of his Maſter. His very Face is his Gentleman-Uſher, that walks before him in State, and cries, *give Way*. He is as ſtiff, as if he had been dipt in petrifying Water, and turned into his own Statue. He is always taking the Name of his

Honour in vain, and will rather damn it like a Knighthood of the Poſt, than want Occaſion to pawn it for every idle Trifle, perhaps for more than it is worth, or any Man will give to redeem it; and in this he deals uprightly, tho' perhaps in nothing elſe.

A

CUCKOLD

IS his Wife's Baſtard Iſſue, begotten upon her Body by her Gallant. He is like a Pack-ſaddle, and his Wife carries him to carry ſomebody elſe upon. He is a Creature, that *Adam* never gave Name to, for there was none of his Kind in Paradiſe. He is no natural Production, but made by his Wife's Mechanics—A Stock, that another grafts upon, and leaves him to maintain the Fruit. His own Branches his Horns are as myſtical as the Whore of *Babylon*'s Palfreys, not to be ſeen but in a Viſion, and his Wife rides him as that great Lady does her Gelding. There are two Orders of them, the Wittol, that's a Volunteer, and the Cuckold, that's impreſt. They talk of Aſſes in *India*, that have Horns on their Rumps; and for certain his grow out of his Wives Haunches. He is but an Undertaker in his

Spouſe, and his Partners go Shares with him. Her Faults are written in his Forehead, and he wears her Phylactery. His Horns, like thoſe in a Country Gentleman's Hall, ſerve his Wife to hang Cloaths upon, with which ſhe covers all her Faults, which he is fain to father, as well as her Children. He is a Man of great Hoſpitality; for he does not only keep open Houſe, but open Wife for all Comers. He went about to encloſe the Common, but his Neighbours threw it up again. He is but one Ingredient of a Huſband, and there goes as many to the making of him up, as there do Taylors to a Man. If he be notorious he is like a Belweather, and has a Larum tied to his Horns, which every body knows him by. If he be a Wittol or contented Cuckold, he is like a Gentleman, that wears a Horn for his Pleaſure; but he, that makes it his Calling, is a Sowgelder, that blows a Horn to get Money. But if he be jealous, his Head is troubled with a forked Diſtinction *diſcrimine facta Bicorni*, like *Pythagoras* his Letter, and he knows not which to take to, his Wife's Virtue, or Vice; and, whatſoever ſhe proves, he remains a ſpeculative Cuckold, well ſtudied in the Theory of Horns,

but in vain, for *Naturam expellat furca licet, uſque recurret.* He fears his Park lies too convenient for Deer-ſtealers, and his Thoughts walk the Round perpetually with a dark Lanthorn to ſurprize them, but neither meets with them, nor Satisfaction. The Poets ſay, the Gate of Sleep is made of Horn, and certainly his is ſo; for he dreams of nothing elſe ſleeping or waking. Thus he apprehends himſelf, upon Suſpicion, for a Cuckold, is caſt by his own Confeſſion; and, as he that believed he had piſt a Mouſe, becauſe he found one drowned in his Chamber-Pot, he interprets every Thing in favour of his Horns, until he becomes really a Cuckold in his Heart.

A

MALICIOUS MAN

HAS a ſtrange natural Inclination to all ill Intents and Purpoſes. He bears nothing ſo reſolutely as Ill-will, which he takes naturally to, as ſome do to Gaming, and will rather hate for nothing than ſit out. He believes the *Devil* is not ſo bad as he ſhould be, and therefore endeavours to make him worſe by drawing him into his own Party offenſive and defenſive; and if he would but be ruled by him does not doubt but to make him underſtand his Buſineſs much better than he does. He lays nothing to Heart but Malice, which is ſo far from doing him hurt, that it is the only Cordial that preſerves him. Let him uſe a Man never ſo civilly to his Face, he is ſure to hate him behind his Back. He has no Memory for any good that is done him; but Evil, whether it be done him or not, never leaves him, as

Things of the ſame Kind always keep together: Love and Hatred, though contrary Paſſions, meet in him as a third, and unite; for he loves nothing but to hate, and hates nothing but to love. All the Truths in the World are not able to produce ſo much Hatred, as he is able to ſupply. He is a common Enemy to the World; for being born to the Hatred of it, Nature that provides for every Thing ſhe brings forth, has furniſhed him with a Competence ſuitable to his Occaſions; for all Men together cannot hate him ſo much, as he does them one by one. He loſes no Occaſion of Offence, but very thriftily lays it up, and endeavours to improve it to the beſt Advantage. He makes Iſſues in his Skin, to vent his ill Humours, and is ſenſible of no Pleaſure ſo much as the Itching of his Sores. He hates Death for nothing ſo much, as becauſe he fears it will take him away, before he has paid all the Ill-will he owes, and deprive him of all thoſe precious Feuds, he has been ſcraping together all his Life-time. He is troubled to think what a Diſparagement it will be to him to die before thoſe, that will be glad to hear he is gone; and deſires very charitably, they might come to an Agreement like good Friends, and go Hand in Hand out of the

World together. He loves his Neighbour as well as he does himſelf, and is willing to endure any Miſery, ſo they may but take Part with him, and undergo any Miſchief rather than they ſhould want it. He is ready to ſpend his Blood, and lay down his Life for theirs, that would not do half ſo much for him; and rather than fail would give the *Devil* ſuck, and his Soul into the Bargain, if he would but make him his Plenipotentiary, to determine all Differences between himſelf and others. He contracts Enmities, as others do Friendſhips, out of Likeneſſes, Sympathies, and Inſtincts; and when he lights upon one of his own Temper, as Contraries produce the ſame Effects, they perform all the Offices of Friendſhip, have the ſame Thoughts, Affections, and Deſires of one another's Deſtruction, and pleaſe themſelves as heartily, and perhaps as ſecurely, in hating one another, as others do in loving. He ſeeks out Enemies to avoid falling out with himſelf; for his Temper is like that of a flouriſhing Kingdom, if it have not a foreign Enemy it will fall into a civil War, and turn its Arms upon it ſelf, and ſo does but hate in his own Defence. His Malice is all Sorts of Gain to him; for as Men take Pleaſure in

purſuing, entrapping, and deſtroying all Sorts of Beaſts and Fowl, and call it Sports, ſo would he do Men, and if he had equal Power would never be at a Loſs, nor give over his Game without his Prey, and in this he does nothing but Juſtice; for as Men take Delight to deſtroy Beaſts, he being a Beaſt does but do as he is done by in endeavouring to deſtroy Men. The Philoſopher ſaid—*Man to Man is a God and a Wolf*; but he being incapable of the firſt does his Endeavour to make as much of the laſt as he can, and ſhews himſelf as excellent in his Kind, as it is in his Power to do.

A SQUIRE OF DAMES

DEALS with his Miſtreſs as the Devil does with a Witch, is content to be her Servant for a Time, that ſhe may be his Slave for ever. He is Eſquire to a Knight-Errant, Donzel to the Damzels, and Gentleman Uſher daily waiter on the Ladies, that rubs out his Time in making Legs and Love to them. He is a Gameſter, that throws at all Ladies that are ſet him, but is always out, and never wins but when he throws at the Candleſtick, that is for nothing; a general Lover, that addreſſes unto all but never gains any, as Univerſals produce nothing. He never appears ſo gallant a Man as when he is in the Head of a Body of Ladies,

and leads them up with admirable Skill and Conduct. He is an *Eunuch-Baſhaw*, that has Charge of the Women, and governs all their public Affairs, becauſe he is not able to do them any conſiderable private Services. One of his prime Qualifications is to convey their Perſons in and out of Coaches, as tenderly as a Cook ſets his Cuſtards in an Oven and draws them out again, without the leaſt Diſcompoſure or Offence to their inward or outward Woman, that is, their Perſons and Dreſſes. The greateſt Care he uſes in his Converſation with Ladies is, to order his Peruque methodically, and keep off his Hat with equal Reſpect both to *it*, and their Ladyſhips, that neither may have Cauſe to take any juſt Offence, but continue him in their good Graces. When he ſquires a Lady, he takes her by the Handle of her Perſon the Elbow, and ſteers it with all poſſible Caution, leſt his own Foot ſhould, upon a Tack, for want of due Circumſpection, unhappily fall foul on the long Train ſhe carries at her Stern. This makes him walk upon his Toes, and tread as lightly as if he were leading her a Dance. He never tries any Experiment ſolitary with her, but always in Conſort, and then he acts the Woman's Part, and ſhe the Man's, talks

loud and laughs, while he ſits demurely ſilent, and ſimpers or bows, and cries *anon Madam, excellently good!* &c. &c. He is a Kind of Hermaphrodite; for his Body is of one Sex, and his Mind of another, which makes him take no Delight in the Converſation or Actions of Men, becauſe they do ſo by his, but apply himſelf to Women, to whom the Sympathy and Likeneſs of his own Temper and Wit naturally inclines him, where he finds an agreeable Reception for want of a better; for they, like our *Indian* Planters, value their Wealth by the Number of their Slaves. All his Buſineſs in the Morning is to dreſs himſelf, and in the Afternoon to ſhew his Workmanſhip to the Ladies; who after ſerious Conſideration approve or diſallow of his Judgment and Abilities accordingly, and he as freely delivers his Opinion of theirs. The Glaſs is the only Author he ſtudies, by which his Actions and Geſtures are all put on like his Cloaths, and by that he practiſes how to deliver what he has prepared to ſay to the Dames, after he has laid a Train to bring it in.

A KNAVE

IS like a Tooth-drawer, that maintains his own Teeth in conſtant eating by pulling out thoſe of other Men. He is an ill moral Philoſopher, of villainous Principles, and as bad Practice. His Tenets are to hold what he can get, right or wrong. His Tongue and his Heart are always at Variance, and fall out, like Rogues in the Street, to pick ſomebody's Pocket. They never agree but, like *Herod* and *Pilate*, to do Miſchief. His Conſcience never ſtands in his Light, when the *Devil* holds a Candle to him; for he has ſtretched it ſo thin, that it is tranſparent. He is an Engineer of Treachery, Fraud, and Perfidiouſneſs, and knows how to manage Matters of great Weight with very little Force, by the Advantage of his trepanning Screws. He is very ſkilful in all the Mechanics of Cheat, the mathematical Magic of Impoſture; and will outdo the Ex-

pectation of the moſt Credulous, to their own Admiration and Undoing. He is an excellent Founder, and will melt down a leaden Fool, and caſt him into what Form he pleaſes. He is like a Pike in a Pond, that lives by Rapine, and will ſometimes venture on one of his own Kind, and devour a Knave as big as himſelf—He will ſwallow a Fool a great deal bigger than himſelf; and if he can but get his Head within his Jaws, will carry the reſt of him hanging out at his Mouth, until by Degrees he has digeſted him all. He has a hundred Tricks, to ſlip his Neck out of the Pillory, without leaving his Ears behind. As for the Gallows, he never ventures to ſhow his Tricks upon the high-Rope, for fear of breaking his Neck. He ſeldom commits any Villany, but in a legal Way, and makes the Law bear him out in that, for which it hangs others. He always robs under the Vizard of Law, and picks Pockets with Tricks in Equity. By his Means the Law makes more Knaves than it hangs, and, like the *Inns-of-Court* protects Offenders againſt itſelf. He gets within the Law, and diſarms it. His hardeſt Labour is to wriggle himſelf into Truſt, which if he can but compaſs, his Buſineſs is done; for Fraud and

Treachery follow as eaſily, as a Thread does a Needle. He grows rich by the Ruin of his Neighbours, like Graſs in the Streets in a great Sickneſs. He ſhelters himſelf under the Covert of the Law, like a Thief in a Hemp-Plot, and makes that ſecure him, which was intended for his Deſtruction.

A N

A N A B A P T I S T

IS a Water-Saint, that, like a Crocodile, ſees clearly in the Water, but dully on Land. He does not only live in two Elements, like a Gooſe, but two Worlds at once, this, and one of the next. He is contrary to a Fiſher of Men; for, inſtead of pulling them out of the Water, he dips them in it. He keeps Souls in Minority, and will not admit them to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, till they come to Age, fit to be truſted with their own Belief. He defies Magiſtracy and Miniſtry as the Horns of *Antichriſt*; but would fain get them both into his own Hands. His Babes of Grace are all *Pagan*, and he breeds them up as they do young Trees in a Nurſery, lets them grow up, and then tranſplants them into the new Soil of his own Church. He lets them run wild, as they do young Colts on a Common, until

th'are old enough to be taken up and backed, and then he breaks and paces them with his own *Church-walkings*. He is a Landerer of Souls, and tries them, as Men do Witches, by Water. He dips them all under Water, but their Hands, which he holds them up by—thoſe do ſtill continue *Pagan*; and that's the Reaſon, why they make no Conſcience of their Works, when they can get Power in their Hands, but act the moſt barbarous Inhumanities in the World. His dipping makes him more obſtinate and ſtiff in his Opinions, like a Piece of hot Iron, that grows hard by being quenched in cold Water. He does not like the uſe of Water in his Baptiſm, as it falls from Heaven in Drops, but as it runs out of the Bowels of the Earth, or ſtands putrefying in a dirty Pond. He chuſes the coldeſt Time in the Year to be dipped in, to ſhew the Heat of his Zeal, and this renders him the more obſtinate. Law and Government are great Grievances to him, and he believes Men may live very well without them, if they would be ruled by him; and then he would have nothing of Authority but his own Revelations. He is a *Saint-Errant*; for he calls his Religion *Walking*, which he oppoſes to the Pope's *Sitting* as the more

orthodox and infallible. His Church is a Kind of *round Table* without upper End, or lower End; for they obſerve no Order, nor admit of Degrees. It is like the Serpent *Amphiſbæna*, that has a Head at either End of it: for ſuch is their ſpiritual Envy and Ambition, that they can endure no ſuperior, but high and low are tied together, like long and ſhort Sticks in a Faggot.

He defies the World in his own Defence, becauſe it ſlighted him firſt, and is rather a Renegado to *it*, than a Convert to the *other*. He renounced it, becauſe it was not for his Turn, and gave it over becauſe he knew not how to enjoy it. His Ambition, like a Weed, grows higheſt on the loweſt Grounds; and he fancies himſelf above the World by deſpiſing what he would, but could not aſpire to. His Charity extends no further than his own Dioceſe, and is nothing elſe but Self-Love, and natural Affection to his own Opinions in other Men. He cries down Learning, as he does the World, becauſe it is not within his Reach, and gives unjuſt Judgment upon that, which he underſtands nothing of. He leaves the Road of the

Church, and croſſes over Bye-ways, as Thieves do, when they have committed a Robbery. All the ſpiritual Knowledge, he brags ſo much of, is but his at the ſecond Hand, and borrowed from Tranſlations; and, if thoſe err, his Spirit (tho' infallible as the *Pope*'s) muſt do ſo too. The prodigious Height of Confidence, he has arrived to, is not poſſible to be attained without an equally impregnable Ignorance. His Church is under the watry Government of the Moon, when ſhe was in *Aquarius*. He places himſelf on a Pinnacle of the Temple, to ſee if the *Devil* dare cap Texts with him. He had a Mind to diſpoſe of his Religion, how he pleaſed, and ſo *ſuffered a Recovery*, to cut it off from his right Heirs, and ſettle it to ſuch Uſes, as he pleaſed. He broaches falſe Doctrines out of his Tub. He ſees Viſions when he is faſt aſleep, and dreams Dreams when he is broad awake. They ſtick to one another, like Loaves of Bread in the Oven of Perſecution. He canoniſes himſelf a Saint in his own Life-time, as *Domitian* made himſelf a God; and enters his Name in the Rubric of his Church by Virtue of a Pick-lock, which he has invented, and believes will ſerve his Turn, as well as St. *Peter*'s Keys. He

finds out Sloughs and Ditches, that are apteſt for launching of an Anabaptiſt; for he does not chriſten, but launch his Veſſel. He believes, becauſe Obedience is better than Sacrifice, the leſs of it will ſerve. He uſes Scripture in the ſame Manner as falſe Witneſſes do, who never lay their Hands on it, but to give Teſtimony againſt the Truth.

A

VINTNER

HANGS out his Buſh to ſhew he has not good Wine; for that, the Proverb ſays, needs it not. If Wine were as neceſſary as Bread, he would ſtand in the Pillory for ſelling falſe Meaſure, as well as Bakers do for falſe Weight; but ſince it is at every Man's Choice to come to his Houſe or not, thoſe that do, are guilty of half the Injuries he does them, and he believes the reſt to be none at all, becauſe no Injury can be done to him, that is willing to take it. He had rather ſell bad Wine, than good that ſtands him in no more, for it makes Men ſooner drunk, and then they are the eaſier over-reckoned. By the Knaveries he acts above-board, which every Man ſees, one may eaſily take a Meaſure of thoſe he does under Ground in his Cellar; for he that will pick a Man's Pocket to his Face, will not ſtick to uſe him worſe in private when he knows no-

thing of it. When he has poiſoned his Wines he raiſes his Price, and to make amends for that abates his Meaſure, for he thinks it a greater Sin to commit Murder for ſmall Gains, than a valuable Conſideration. He does not only ſpoil and deſtroy his Wines, but an ancient reverend Proverb, with brewing and racking, that ſays, *In vino veritas*, for there is no Truth in his, but all falſe and ſophiſticated; for he can counterfeit Wine as cunningly as *Apelles* did Grapes, and cheat Men with it, as *he* did Birds. He brings every Bottle of Wine he draws to the *Bar*, to confeſs it to be a Cheat, and afterwards puts himſelf upon the Mercy of the Company. He is an *Anti-chriſtian* Cheat; for Chriſt turned Water into Wine, and he turns Wine into Water. He ſcores all his Reckonings upon two Tables made like thoſe of the ten Commandments, that he may be put in Mind to break them as oft as poſſibly he can; eſpecially that of ſtealing and bearing falſe Witneſs againſt his Neighbour, when he draws him bad Wine and ſwears it is good, and that he can take more for the Pipe than the Wine will yield him by the Bottle, a Trick that a *Jeſuit* taught him to cheat his

own Conſcience with. When he is found to over-reckon notoriouſly, he has one common Evaſion for all, and that is, to ſay it was a Miſtake, by which he means, that he thought they had not been ſober enough to diſcover it; for if it had paſt, there had been no Error at all in the Caſe.

AN

HYPOCRITE

IS a Saint that goes by Clockwork, a Machine made by the *Devil*'s Geometry, which he winds and nicks to go as he pleaſes. He is the *Devil*'s Finger-Watch, that never goes true, but too faſt, or too ſlow, as he ſets him. His Religion goes with Wires, and he ſerves the *Devil* for an Idol to ſeduce the Simple to worſhip and believe in him. He puts down the true Saint with his Copper-Lace Devotion, as Ladies, that uſe Art, paint fairer than the Life. He is a great Buſtler in Reformation, which is always moſt proper to his Talent, eſpecially if it be tumultuous; for Pockets are no where ſo eaſily and ſafely picked as in juſtling Crouds: And as Change and Alterations are moſt agreeable to thoſe, who are tied to nothing, he appears more zealous and violent for the *Cauſe*; than ſuch as are retarded by Con-

ſcience or Conſideration. His Religion is a Mummery, and his *Goſpel-walkings* nothing but dancing a Maſquerade. He never wears his own Perſon, but aſſumes a Shape, as his Maſter the *Devil* does, when he appears. He wears counterfeit Hands (as the *Italian* Pick-pocket did) which are faſtened to his Breaſt, as if he held them up to Heaven, while his natural Fingers are in his Neighbour's Pocket. The whole Scope of all his Actions appears to be directed, like an Archer's Arrow, at Heaven, while the Clout he aims at ſticks in the Earth. The *Devil* baits his Hook with him, when he fiſhes in troubled Waters. He turns up his Eyes to Heaven like Bird's that have no upper Lid. He is a Weathercock upon the Steeple of the Church, that turns with every Wind, that blows from any Point of the Compaſs. He ſets his Words and Actions like a Printer's Letters, and he that will underſtand him muſt read him backwards. He is much more to be ſuſpected than one that is no Profeſſor; as a Stone of any Colour is eaſier counterfeited, than a Diamond that is of none. The Inſide of him tends quite croſs to the Outſide, like a Spring that runs upward within the Earth, and down without. He is an

Operator for the Soul, and corrects other Men's Sins with greater of his own, as the *Jews* were puniſhed for their Idolatry by greater Idolaters than themſelves. He is a ſpiritual Highway-man, that robs on the Road to Heaven—His Profeſſions and his Actions agree like a ſweet Voice and a ſtinking Breath.

A N

OPINIATER

IS his own Confident, that maintains more Opinions than he is able to ſupport. They are all Baſtards commonly and unlawfully begotten; but being his own, he had rather, out of natural Affection, take any Pains, or beg, than they ſhould want a Subſiſtence. The Eagerneſs and Violence he uſes to defend them argues they are weak, for if they were true, they would not need it. How falſe ſoever they are to him he is true to them; and as all extraordinary Affections of Love or Friendſhip are uſually upon the meaneſt Accounts, he is reſolved never to forſake them, how ridiculous ſoever they render themſelves and him to the World. He is a Kind of a Knight-Errant, that is bound by his Order to defend the weak

and diſtreſſed, and deliver enchanted Paradoxes, that are bewitched, and held by Magicians and Conjurers in inviſible Caſtles. He affects to have his Opinions as unlike other Men's as he can, no Matter whether better or worſe, like thoſe that wear fantaſtic Cloaths of their own deviſing. No Force of Argument can prevail upon him; for, like a Madman, the Strength of two Men in their Wits is not able to hold him down. His Obſtinacy grows out of his Ignorance; for Probability has ſo many Ways, that whoſoever underſtands them will not be confident of any one. He holds his Opinions as Men do their Lands, and, though his Tenure be litigious, he will ſpend all he has to maintain it. He does not ſo much as know what Opinion means, which always ſuppoſing Uncertainty, is not capable of Confidence. The more implicit his Obſtinacy is, the more ſtubborn it renders him; for implicit Faith is always more pertinacious than that, which can give an Account of it ſelf; and as Cowards, that are well backed, will appear boldeſt, he that believes as the Church believes is more violent, though he knows not what it is, than he that can give a Reaſon for his

Faith—And as Men in the dark endeavour to tread firmer than when they are in the Light, the Darkneſs of his Underſtanding makes him careful to ſtand faſt whereſoever he happens, though it be out of his Way.

A

CHOLERIC MAN

IS one that ſtands for Madman, and has as many Voices as another—If he miſs he has very hard Dealing; for if he can but come to a fair polling of his Fits againſt his Intervals, he is ſure to carry it. No doubt it would be a ſingular Advantage to him; for as his preſent Condition ſtands, he has more full Moons in a Week than a Lunatic has in a Year. His Paſſion is like Tinder, ſoon ſet on Fire, and as ſoon out again. The ſmalleſt Occaſion imaginable puts him in his Fit, and then he has no Reſpect of Perſons, ſtrikes up the Heels of Stools and Chairs, tears Cards Limb-meal without Regard of Age, Sex, or Quality, and breaks the Bones of Dice, and makes them a dreadful Example to deter others from daring to take Part againſt him. He is guilty but

of Miſpriſion of Madneſs, and, if the worſt come to the worſt, can but forfeit Eſtate, and ſuffer perpetual Liberty to ſay what he pleaſes. 'Tis true he is but a Candidate of *Bedlam*, and is not yet admitted Fellow, but has the Licenſe of the College to practiſe, and in Time will not fail to come in according to his Seniority. He has his Grace for Madman, and has done his Exerciſes, and nothing but his good Manners can put him by his Degree. He is, like a foul Chimney, eaſily ſet on Fire, and then he vapours and flaſhes, as if he would burn the Houſe, but is preſently put out with a greater Huff, and the mere Noiſe of a Piſtol reduces him to a quiet and peaceable Temper. His Temper is, like that of a Meteor, an imperfect Mixture, that ſparkles and flaſhes until it has ſpent it ſelf. All his Parts are iraſcible, and his Gall is too big for his Liver. His Spleen makes others laugh at him, and as ſoon as his Anger is over with others he begins to be angry with himſelf and ſorry. He is ſick of a prepoſterous Ague, and has his hot Fit always before his cold. The more violent his Paſſion is the ſooner it is out, like a running Knot, that ſtrains hardeſt, but is eaſieſt looſed. He

is never very paſſionate but for Trifles, and is always moſt temperate where he has leaſt Cauſe, like a Nettle, that ſtings worſt when it is touched with ſoft and gentle Fingers, but when it is bruiſed with rugged hardned Hands returns no Harm at all.

A

LOVER

IS a Kind of *Goth* and *Vandal*, that leaves his native Self to ſettle in another, or a Planter that forſakes his Country, where he was born, to labour and dig in *Virginia*. His Heart is catched in a Net with a Pair of bright ſhining Eyes, as Larks are with Pieces of a looking-Glaſs. He makes heavy Complaints againſt it for deſerting of him, and deſires to have another in Exchange for it, which is a very unreaſonable Requeſt; for if it betrayed its boſom Friend, what will it do to a Stranger, that ſhould give it Truſt and Entertainment? He binds himſelf, and cries out he is robbed of his Heart, and charges the Innocent with it, only to get a good Compoſition, or another for it, againſt all Conſcience and Honeſty. He talks much of his

Flame, and pretends to be burnt by his Miſtreſs's Eyes, for which he requires Satisfaction from her, like one that ſets his Houſe on Fire to get a Brief for charitable Contributions. He makes his Miſtreſs all of Stars, and when ſhe is unkind, rails at them, as if they did ill Offices between them, and being of her Kin ſet her againſt him. He falls in Love as Men fall ſick when their Bodies are inclined to it, and imputes that to his Miſtreſſes Charms, which is really in his own Temper; for when that is altered, the other vaniſhes of it ſelf, and therefore one ſaid not amiſs,

———The Lilly and the Roſe
Not in her Cheeks, but in thy Temper grows.

When his Deſires are grown up, they ſwarm, and fly out to ſeek a new Habitation, and whereſoever they light they fix like Bees, among which ſome late Philoſophers have obſerved that it is a Female that leads all the reſt. Love is but a Clap of the Mind, a Kind of running of the Fancy, that breaks out, if it be not ſtopped in Time, into Botches of heroic Rime; for all Lovers are Poets for the Time

being, and make their Ladies a Kind of mo-ſaic Work of ſeveral coloured Stones joined together by a ſtrong Fancy; but very ſtiff and unnatural; and though they ſteal Stars from Heaven, as *Prometheus* did Fire, to animate them, all will not make them alive, nor alives-liking.

A TRANSLATER.

DYES an Author, like an old Stuff, into a new Colour, but can never give it the Beauty and Luſtre of the firſt Tincture; as Silks that are twice died loſe their Gloſſes, and never receive a fair Colour. He is a ſmall Factor, that imports Books of the Growth of one Language into another, but it ſeldom turns to Accompt; for the Commodity is periſhable, and the finer it is the worſe it endures Tranſportation; as the moſt delicate of *Indian* Fruits are by no Art to be brought over. Nevertheleſs he ſeldom fails of his Purpoſe, which is to pleaſe himſelf, and give the World notice that he underſtands one Language more than it was aware of; and that done he makes a ſaving Return. He is a *Truch-Man*, that interprets between learned Writers and gentle Readers, and uſes both how he pleaſes; for he commonly

miſtakes the one, and miſinforms the
If he does not perfectly underſtand t
Meaning of his Author as well as he did himſelf, he is but a Copier, and therefore never comes near the Maſtery of the Original; and his Labours are like Diſhes of Meat twice dreſt, that become inſipid, and loſe the pleaſant Taſte they had at firſt. He differs from an Author as a Fidler does from a Muſician, that plays other Men's Compoſitions, but is not able to make any of his own. All his Studies tend to the Ruin of the Intereſts of Linguiſts; for by making thoſe Books common, that were underſtood but by few in the Original, he endeavours to make the Rabble as wiſe as himſelf without taking Pains, and prevents others from ſtudying Languages, to underſtand that which they may know as well without them. The Ancients, who never writ any Thing but what they ſtole and borrowed from others (and who was the firſt Inventor nobody knows) never uſed this Way; but what they found for their Purpoſes in other Authors they diſguiſed, ſo that it paſt for their own: but to take whole Books and render them, as our Tranſlators
hey always forbore, out of more or leſs
nuſty is a Queſtion; for they ſhewed more

in making what they liked their own, and leſs in not acknowledging from whence they had it. And though the *Romans* by the Laws of War laid claim to all Things, both ſacred and profane; of thoſe Nations whom they conquered; yet they never extended that Privilege to their Wit, but made that their own by another Title of the ſame Kind, and over-came their Wit with Wit.

A REBEL

IS a voluntary Bandit, a civil Renegado, that renounces his Obedience to his Prince, to raiſe himſelf upon the public Ruin. He is of great Antiquity, perhaps before the Creation, at leaſt a *Præadamite*; for *Lucifer* was the firſt of his Family, and from him he derives himſelf in an indirect Line. He finds Fault with the Government, that he may get it the eaſier into his own Hands, as Men uſe to undervalue what they have a Deſire to purchaſe. He is a Botcher of Politics, and a State-Tinker, that makes Flaws in the Government, only to mend them again. He goes for a public-ſpirited Man, and his Pretences are for the public Good, that is, for the Good of his own public Spirit. He pretends to be a great Lover of his Country, as if it had [illegible] him Love-powder, but it is merely out

of natural Affection to himſelf. He has a great Itch to be handling of Authority, though he cut his Fingers with it; and is reſolved to raiſe himſelf, though it be but upon the Gallows. He is all for Peace and Truth, but not without Lying and Fighting. He plays a Game with the Hangman for the Cloaths on his Back, and when he throws out, he ſtrips him to the Skin. He dies in hempen Sheets, and his Body is hanged, like his Anceſtor *Mahomet's*, in the Air. He might have lived longer, if the Deſtinies had not ſpun his Thread of Life too ſtrong. He is ſure never to come to an untimely End; for by the Courſe of Law his Glaſs was out long before. He calls Rebellion and Treaſon laying out of himſelf for the Public; but being found to be falſe unlawful Coin, he was ſeized upon, and cut in Pieces, and hanged for falſifying himſelf. His eſpouſing of Quarrels proves as fatal to his Country, as the *Pariſian* Wedding did to *France*. He is like a Bell, that was made of Purpoſe to be hanged. He is a diſeaſed Part of the Body politic, to which all the bad Humours gather. He picks Straws out of the Government like a Madman, and ſtartles at them when he has done. He endeavours to raiſe himſelf, like a Boy's Kite, by

being pulled againſt the Wind. After all Endeavours and Deſigns he is at length promoted to the Gallows, which is performed with a Cavalcade ſuitable to his Dignity; and after much Ceremony he is inſtalled by the Hangman, with the general Applauſe of all Men, and dies ſinging like a Swan.

A

CITY-WIT

DEALS in a foreign Commodity, that is not of the Growth of the Place, and which his Neighbours have ſo little Judgment in, that he may put it off, how bad ſoever, at what Rate he pleaſes. His Wit is like a Piece of Buckram made of old Stuff new gum'd, and ſtiffened with Formality and Affectation, and rubbed into a forced Gloſs; and he ſhews it to the beſt Advantage, as far as Impudence and Lying, the Virtues of his Education, can enable him. He can do nothing, if he has not ſomebody of leſs Confidence to play it upon, as a Boy does his Ball againſt a Wall, and as long as the dull Creature will endure it never lets it fall: But when he ſtrikes too hard his Wit is returned upon him again, and has its Quarters beaten

up with Cuffs and Knocks over the F which is commonly the Concluſion of Horſe or rather Aſs-play. His Jeſts are ſo ſlight and apt to break, that like a Tilter's Lance, his Antagoniſt ſcarce feels them, and if he did not laugh at them himſelf, nobody would imagine by any Thing elſe what they were meant for; for he does it to make others laugh too, as thoſe that gape ſet all that ſee them a gaping—But his Way is too rugged to provoke Laughter by any other Means; for he, that tickles a Man to make him laugh, muſt touch him gently and ſoftly, not rub him hard. His Wit has never been obſerved to be of the right Breed, but always inclining to the Mungrel, whether his evil Education, the bad Cuſtoms of the Place, or a Kind of ſecret Fate be the Cauſe of it; for many others, that have had as great Diſadvantages, have nevertheleſs arrived at ſtrange Perfections: But as his Behaviour, which he learns inſenſibly from thoſe he converſes with, does plainly diſtinguiſh him from Men of freer Educations; ſo his Underſtanding receives that Alloy from the Reaſon and Judgment of thoſe he has to do withal, that it can never be-

come conſiderable. For though many excellent Perſons have been born and lived in the City, there are very few ſuch that have been bred there, though they come from all Parts and Families of the Nation; for Wit is not the Practice of the Place, and a *London* Student is like an *Univerſity* Merchant.

A

SUPERSTITIOUS MAN

IS more zealous in his falſe miſtaken Piety than others are in the Truth; for he that is in an Error has further to go than one that is in the right Way, and therefore is concerned to beſtir himſelf, and make the more Speed. The Practice of his Religion is, like the Schoolmen's Speculations, full of Niceties and Tricks, that take up his whole Time, and do him more Hurt than Good. His Devotions are Labours, not *Exerciſes*, and he breaks the Sabbath in taking too much Pains to keep it. He makes a Conſcience of ſo many Trifles and Niceties, that he has not leiſure to conſider Things, that are ſerious, and of real Weight. His Religion is too full of Fears and Jealouſies to be true and faithful, and too ſolicitous and unquiet to continue in the Right, if it were ſo. And as thoſe, that are Bunglers and unſkilful in any Art, take more Pains to do nothing, be-

cauſe they are in a wrong Way, than thoſe that are ready and expert, to do the excelleneſt Things: ſo the Errors and Miſtakes of his Religion engage him in perpetual Troubles and Anxieties, without any Poſſibility of Improvement, until he unlearn all, and begin again upon a new Account. He talks much of the Juſtice and Merits of his Cauſe, and yet gets ſo many Advocates, that it is plain he does not believe himſelf; but having pleaded *not Guilty* he is concerned to defend himſelf as well as he can; while thoſe that confeſs, and put themſelves upon the Mercy of the Court have no more to do. His Religion is too full of Curioſities to be ſound and uſeful, and is fitter for a Hypocrite than a Saint; for Curioſities are only for Show, and of no Uſe at all. His Conſcience reſides more in his Stomach than his Heart, and howſoever he keeps the Commandments, he never fails to keep a very pious Diet, and will rather ſtarve than eat erroneouſly, or taſte any Thing that is not perfectly orthodox and apoſtolical; and if Living and Eating are inſeparable he is in the Right; and lives becauſe he eats according to the truly ancient primitive Catholic Faith in the pureſt Times.

A

D R O L E

PLAYS his Part of Wit readily at firſt Sight, and ſometimes better than with Advice. He is excellent at Voluntary and Prelude; but has no Skill in Compoſition. He will run Diviſions upon any Ground very dextrouſly; but now and then miſtakes a *Flat* for a *Sharp*. He has a great deal of Wit, but it is not at his own diſpoſing, nor can he command it when he pleaſes, unleſs it be in the Humour. His Fancy is counterchanged between Jeſt and Earneſt; and the *Earneſt* lies always in the *Jeſt*, and the *Jeſt* in the *Earneſt*. He treats of all Matters and Perſons by Way of Exercitation, without Reſpect of Things, Time, Place, or Occaſion; and aſſumes the

Liberty of a freeborn *Engliſhman*, as if he were called to the long Robe with long Ears. He impoſes a hard Taſk upon himſelf as well as thoſe he converſes with, and more than either can bear without a convenient Stock of Confidence. His whole Life is nothing but a Merry-Making, and his Buſineſs the ſame with a Fidler's, to play to all Companies where he comes, and take what they pleaſe to give him either of Applauſe, or Diſlike; for he can do little without ſome Applauders, who by ſhewing him Ground make him outdo his own Expectation many Times, and theirs too; for they, that laugh on his Side and cry him up give Credit to his Confidence, and ſometimes contribute more than half the Wit by making it better than he meant. He is impregnable to all Aſſaults but that of a greater Impudence, which being Stick-free puts him like a rough Fencer out of his Play, and after paſſes upon him at Pleaſure; for when he is once routed, he never rallies again. He takes a View of a Man as a ſkilful Commander does of a Town he would beſiege, to diſcover the weakeſt Places, where he may make his Approaches

with the leaſt Danger and moſt Advant: and when he finds himſelf miſtaken draws off his Forces with admirable Caution and Conſideration; for his Buſineſs being only Wit, he thinks there is very little of that ſhown in expoſing himſelf to any Inconvenience.

A N

E M P I R I C

IS a Medicine-Monger, Probationer of Receipts, and Doctor Epidemic. He is perpetually putting his Medicines upon their Tryal, and very often finds them guilty of Manſlaughter; but ſtill they have ſome Trick or other to come off, and avoid burning by the Hand of the Hangman. He prints his Trials of Skill, and challenges *Death* at ſo many ſeveral Weapons; and though he is ſure to be foiled at every one, he cares not; for if he can but get Money he is ſure to get off: For it is but poſting up Diſeaſes for Poltroons in all the public Places of the Town, and daring them to meet him again, and his Credit ſtands as fair with the Rabble, as ever it did. He makes nothing of the Pox

and running of the Reins, but will undertake to cure them and tye one Hand behind him, with ſo much Eaſe and Freedom, that his Patients may ſurfeit and be drunk as oft as they pleaſe, and follow their Buſineſs, that is, Whores and him, without any Inconvenience to their Health or Occaſions, and recover with ſo much Secreſy, that they ſhall never know how it comes about. He profeſſes *no Cure no Money*, as well he may; for if *Nature* does the Work he is paid for it, if not, he neither wins nor loſes; and like a cunning Rook lays his Bet ſo artfully, that, let the Chance be what it will, he either wins or ſaves. He cheats the Rich for their Money, and the Poor for Charity, and if either ſucceed, both are pleaſed, and he paſſes for a very juſt and conſcientious Man; for, as thoſe that pay nothing ought at leaſt to ſpeak well of their Entertainment, their Teſtimony makes Way for thoſe, that are able to pay for both. He finds he has no Reputation among thoſe that know him, and fears he is never like to have, and therefore poſts up his Bills, to ſee if he can thrive better among thoſe that know nothing of him. He keeps his

Poſt continually, and will undertake to maintain it againſt all the Plagues of *Ægypt*. He ſets up his Trade upon a Pillar, or the Corner of a Street——Theſe are his Warehouſes, where all he has is to be ſeen, and a great deal more; for he that looks further finds nothing at all.

THE

OBSTINATE MAN

DOES not hold Opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once poſſeſt with an Error, 'tis, like the Devil, not to be caſt out but with great Difficulty. Whatſoever he lays hold on, like a drowning Man, he never loſes, though it do but help to ſink him the ſooner. His Ignorance is abrupt and inacceſſible, impregnable both by Art and Nature, and will hold out to the laſt, though it has nothing but Rubbiſh to defend. It is as dark as Pitch, and ſticks as faſt to any Thing it lays hold on. His Scull is ſo thick, that it is proof againſt any Reaſon, and never cracks but on the wrong Side, juſt oppoſite to that againſt which the Impreſſion is made, which Surgeons ſay does happen very frequent-

ly. The ſlighter and more inconſiſtent his Opinions are the faſter he holds them, otherwiſe they would fall aſunder of themſelves: for Opinions that are falſe ought to be held with more Strictneſs and Aſſurance than thoſe that are true, otherwiſe they will be apt to betray their Owners before they are aware. If he takes to Religion, he has Faith enough to ſave a hundred wiſer Men than himſelf, if it were right; but it is too much to be good; and though he deny Supererogation, and utterly diſclaim any Overplus of Merits, yet he allows ſuperabundant Belief, and if the *Violence* of Faith will *carry the Kingdom of Heaven*, he ſtands fair for it. He delights moſt of all to differ in Things indifferent, no Matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in Proportion to his weak Judgment, and he will rather ſuffer Self-Martyrdom than part with the leaſt Scruple of his Freehold; for it is impoſſible to dye his dark Ignorance into a lighter Colour. He is reſolved to underſtand no Man's Reaſon but his own, becauſe he finds no Man can underſtand his but himſelf. His Wits are like a Sack, which, the *French* Proverb

ſays, is tied faſter before it is full, than it is; and his Opinions are like Plants grow upon Rocks, that ſtick faſt though they have no Rooting. His Underſtanding is hardened like *Pharoah*'s Heart, and is Proof againſt all Sorts of *Judgments* whatſoever.

A

ZEALOT

IS a hot-headed Brother, that has his Underſtanding blocked up on both Sides, like a Fore-Horſe's Eyes, that he ſees only ſtreight forwards, and never looks about him; which makes him run on according as he is driven with his own Caprich. He ſtarts and ſtops (as a Horſe does) at a Poſt, only becauſe he does not know what it is; and thinks to run away from the Spur, while he carries it with him. He is very violent, as all Things that tend downward naturally are; for it is impoſſible to improve or raiſe him above his own Level. He runs ſwiftly before any Wind, like a Ship that has neither Freight nor Ballaſt, and is as apt to overſet. When his Zeal takes Fire it cracks and flies about like a Squib, until the idle Stuff is ſpent, and then it goes out of it ſelf. He is always troubled with ſmall Scruples, which his Con-

ſcience catches like the Itch, and the rubl
of theſe is both his Pleaſure and his P..
But for Things of greater Moment he is unconcerned; as Cattle in the Summer Time are more peſtered with Flies, that vex their Sores, than Creatures more conſiderable; and Duſt and Motes are apter to ſtick in blear Eyes than things of greater Weight. His Charity begins and ends at Home, for it never goes further, nor ſtirs abroad. *David* was *eaten up with the Zeal of God's Houſe*; but his Zeal quite contrary eats up God's Houſe; and as the Words ſeem to intimate, that *David* fed and maintained the Prieſts; ſo he makes the Prieſts feed and maintain him—And hence his Zeal is never ſo vehement, as when it concurs with his Intereſt; for as he ſtiles himſelf a Profeſſor, it fares with him as with Men of other Profeſſions, to live by his Calling, and get as much as he can by it. He is very ſevere to other Men's Sins, that his own may paſs unſuſpected, as thoſe, that were engaged in the Conſpiracy againſt *Nero*, were moſt cruel to their own Confederates, or as one ſays,

Compounds for Sins he is inclin'd to
By damning thoſe he has no Mind to.

THE

OVER-DOER

ALWAYS throws beyond the Jack, and is gone a Mile. He is no more able to contain himſelf than a Bowl is when he is commanded to rub with the greateſt Power and Vehemence imaginable, and nothing lights in his Way. He is a Conjurer, that cannot keep within the Compaſs of his Circle, though he were ſure the Devil would fetch him away for the leaſt Tranſgreſſion. He always overſtocks his Ground, and ſtarves inſtead of feeding, deſtroys whatſoever he has an extraordinary Care for, and like an Ape hugs the Whelp he loves moſt to Death. All his Deſigns are greater than the Life, and he laughs to think how *Nature* has miſtaken her Match, and given him ſo much Odds, that he can eaſily outrun her. He allows of no Merit but that which is ſuperabundant. All his Actions are ſuperfæta-

tions, that either become Monſters or Twins, that is, too much, or the ſame again: for he is but a Supernumerary, and does nothing but for Want of a better. He is a civil *Catholic*, that holds nothing more ſtedfaſtly than Supererogation in all that he undertakes; for he undertakes nothing but what he overdoes. He is inſatiable in all his Actions, and, like a covetous Perſon, never knows when he has done enough, until he has ſpoiled all by doing too much. He is his own Antagoniſt, and is never ſatisfied until he has outdone himſelf, as well as that which he propoſed; for he loves to be better than his Word (though it always falls out worſe) and deceive the World the wrong Way. He believes the Mean to be but a mean Thing, and therefore always runs into Extremities, as the more excellent, great, and tranſcendent. He delights to exceed in all his Attempts; for he finds that a Gooſe, that has three Legs, is more remarkable than a hundred, that have but two apiece, and has a greater Number of Followers; and that all Monſters are more viſited and applied to than other Creatures that Nature has made perfect in their Kind. He believes he can never beſtow too much Pains upon any Thing; for his

Induſtry is his own, and coſts him nothing; and if it miſcarry, he loſes nothing, for he has as much as it was worth. He is like a fooliſh Muſician, that ſets his Inſtrument ſo high, that he breaks his Strings for Want of underſtanding the right Pitch of it; or an Archer, that breaks his Bow with over-bending; and all he does is forced, like one that ſings above the Reach of his Voice.

A

JEALOUS MAN

IS very unſettled in his Mind and full of Doubts, whether he ſhould take his Wife *for better*, or *for worſe*. He knows not what to make of himſelf, but fears his Wife does, and that ſhe made him and his Heir at a Heat: His Horns grow inward, and are very uneaſy and painful to his Brain. He breaks his Sleep in watching Opportunities to catch himſelf Cuckold in the Manner. He fancies himſelf regenerate in the Body of his Wife, and deſires nothing more, than with *Cardan* and *Guſman* to know all the Particulars and Circumſtances of his own Begetting. He beats his Brains perpetually to try the Hardneſs of his Head, and find out how the Callus improves from Time to Time. He breeds Horns, as Children do Teeth, with much Pain and Unquietneſs; and (as ſome Huſbands are ſaid to be)

is ſick at the Stomach and pukes when his Wife breeds. Her Pleaſures become his Pains, and, by an odd Kind of Sympathy, the Bobs ſhe receives below break out on his Forehead, like a Tobacco-Pipe, that being knocked at one End breaks at the other. He ſeeks after his Honour and Satisfaction with the ſame Succeſs as thoſe do, that are robbed, who may, perhaps, find the Thief, but ſeldom or never get their Goods again. He throws Croſs and Pile to prove himſelf a Cuckold or not, and as the World is always apt to ſide with the worſt Senſe, let his Chance prove what it will, he plays *at Croſs you looſe, and Pile I win.* The Remedies he takes to cure his Jealouſy are worſe than the Diſeaſe; for if his Suſpicion be true it is paſt Cure; if falſe, he gives his Wife juſt Cauſe to make it true; for it is not the Part of a virtuous Woman to ſuffer her Huſband knowingly to continue in an Error.

A N

INSOLENT MAN

DOES Miſchief, like a Perſon of Quality, merely for his Sport, and affronts a Man voluntarily of his own free Inclination, without any Merit of his, or Advantage of his own, or Expectation of Return, merely to pleaſe himſelf. The meaner his Condition is, the more barbarous his Inſolence appears; for Vices in the Rabble are like Weeds, that grow rankeſt on a Dunghill. He has no Way to advance his own Pride, or Worth as he takes it, but by treading with Contempt and Scorn upon others. If he is in Authority, he does it not by the Virtue, but Vice of his Place; and the more odious his Carriage is the more he ſuppoſes it becomes him and his Authority. It is more notorious in baſe Perſons than others, and moſt in Slaves, as Dogs, that uſe to be tied up, are fiercer when they are let looſe.

He raiſes himſelf as high as his Pride and Vainglory will bear him, that he may light the heavier upon thoſe that are under him; for he never meddles with others, unleſs he is ſure of the Advantage, and knows how to come off. He treats Men more rudely than the Hangman, and wants his Civility to aſk them Pardon for the ill Accommodation they are like to have from him. He uſes Men the beſt Way that he underſtands, and the worſt that they do; for when he thinks to appear braveſt they eſteem him the verieſt Wretch in the World. He is a ſmall petty Tyrant, and in that is ſo much the worſe; for the meaneſt Tyrannies are always the moſt inſufferable, as the thinner the Air is, the more it pierces. He is a diſſenting Brother to Humanity, and as zealouſly barbarous in civil Affairs, as others are made by their Churches. His Compoſition is nothing but Pride and Choler, and he is hot in the fourth Degree, which is the next Door but one, on the left Hand as you go, to Poiſon. The only Way to deal with him is to deſpiſe him; for no wiſe Man will be mad, if he can help it, becauſe he is bitten by a mad-Dog.

THE

RASH MAN

HAS a Fever in his Brain, and therefore is rightly ſaid to be hot-headed. His Reaſon and his Actions run down Hill, born headlong by his unſtaid Will. He has not Patience to conſider, and, perhaps, it would not be the better for him if he had; for he is ſo poſſeſt with the firſt Apprehenſion of any Thing, that whatſoever comes after loſes the Race, and is prejudged. All his Actions, like Sins, lead him perpetually to Repentance, and from thence to the Place from whence they came, to make more Work for Repentance; for though he be corrected never ſo often he is never amended, nor will his Haſte give him time to call to mind where it made him ſtumble before; for he is always

upon full Speed, and the Quickneſs of his Motions takes away and dazzles the Eyes of his Underſtanding. All his Deſigns are like Diſeaſes, with which he is taken ſuddenly before he is aware, and whatſoever he does is extempore, without Premeditation; for he believes a ſudden Life to be the beſt of all, as ſome do a ſudden Death. He purſues Things, as Men do an Enemy upon a Retreat, until he is drawn into an Ambuſh for Want of Heed and Circumſpection. He falls upon Things as they lie in his Way, as if he ſtumbled at them, or his Foot ſlipped and caſt him upon them; for he is commonly foiled and comes off with Bruiſes. He engages in Buſineſs, as Men do in Duels, the ſooner the better, that, if any Evil come of it, they may not be found to have ſlept upon it, or conſulted with an effeminate Pillow in Point of Honour and Courage. He ſtrikes when he is hot himſelf, not when the Iron is ſo, which he deſigns to work upon. His Tongue has no retentive Faculty, but is always running like a Fool's Drivel. He cannot keep it within Compaſs, but it will be al-

ways upon the Ramble, and playing of Tricks upon a Frolic, fancying of Paſſes upon Religion, State, and the Perſons of thoſe, that are in preſent Authority, no Matter how, to whom, or where; for his Diſcretion is always out of the Way, when he has Occaſion to make Uſe of it.

A

P I M P

IS a Soliciter of Love, a Whore's Broker, Procurator of the moſt ſerene Commonwealth of Sinners, and Agent for the Fleſh and the Devil. He is a Bawd's *Legate a latere*— His Function chiefly conſiſts in maintaining conſtant Correſpondence and Intelligence, not only domeſtic, that is, with all Houſes profeſt, but alſo foreign, that is, with all *Lay-Siſters*, and ſuch as are *in voto* only. He diſguiſes himſelf in as many Habits as a *Romiſh* Prieſt, from a Perſon of Honour to the Perſon of a Footman; but moſt commonly (as thoſe others do) in that of a Gentleman; for among ſuch his Buſineſs chiefly lies. He is the Bawd's Loader, that brings Corn to her Mill: But he never thrives conſiderably in his Vocation

without the Aſſiſtance of ſome acceſſary Profeſſion, as Medicine, Aſtrology, ſilenced Miniſtry, &c. which are wonderful Helps both for Diſguiſe and Acceſs. But if he want theſe Advantages, and be but a mere Pimp of Fortune, he endeavours to appear, as if he did it for his Pleaſure, out of a generous Freedom to communicate his own Diverſions with a Friend, and talks much of one Gentleman for another: nevertheleſs he ſuffers many diſhonourable Indignities from the Ladies he relates to, who very well knowing his Calling to be but miniſterial and ſubordinate to their own, fail not upon all Occaſions to inſult moſt tyrannically over him. Between theſe and the Juſtice he lives under an arbitrary Government, much ſubject to Tribulation and Oppreſſion, unleſs he happen to be in Commiſſion himſelf (as it ſometimes happens) and then he ſuppreſſes all others, and engroſſes the whole Trade into his own Hands. Nothing renders him ſo accompliſhed as curing of Claps; for then the one Operation aſſiſting the other he is ſure never to be out of Employment. His Profeſſion is of great Antiquity and Renown, and has been honoured by Emperors and great

Philoſophers, that have been free of his Company: for *Caligula* kept a Bawdy-Houſe himſelf, and *Otho* and *Seneca* were Pimps to *Nero*. He is a Squire by his Place; for if Matrimony be honourable, Fornication is at leaſt worſhipful. He is a perpetual Brideman, and by his Privilege may wear Garters in his Hat. He is a Settler of Jointures, and the Devil's Parſon, that joins Man and Woman together in the unholy State of Incontinence. His Life is a perpetual Wedding, and he is curſt as often as a Matchmaker. He is a great Friend to Mountebanks; for where his Work ends the others commonly begins, and they gain more by him than the Plague, and he brings them in more Cuſtom than their Bills. He is the Whores Jackal, that hunts out Treats for them all Day, and at Night has his Share in a Tavern-Supper, or a Treat at the *ſetting Dog and Partridge*, a a very ſignificant Sign, like the Brokers *Bird in Hand*. He is the *Sylvan* to the Dryades of *Lewkner's Lane*, and Hamadryades of *little Sodom*. He faſtens his Plough to the Tail, as the *Iriſh* do, and when one is rendered unſerviceable he gets another. He is the Fore-

man of a Bawd's Shop. He is Remembrancer of Opportunity, and a Doorkeeper in the Houſe of the Devil. He is a Conjunction copulative, that joins different Caſes, Genders, and Perſons,

——————A Pimp
Is but a Whore's Familiar, or her Imp.

THE

AFFECTED or FORMAL

IS a Piece of Clockwork, that moves only as it is wound up and ſet, and not like a voluntary Agent. He is a mathematical Body, nothing but *punctum*, *linea* & *ſuperficies*, and perfectly abſtract from Matter. He walks as ſtifly and uprightly as a Dog that is taught to go on his hinder Legs, and carries his Hands as the other does his Fore-feet. He is very ceremonious and full of Reſpect to himſelf, for no Man uſes thoſe Formalities, that does not expect the ſame from others. All his Actions and Words are ſet down in ſo exact a Method, that an indifferent Accomptant may caſt him up to a Half-penny Farthing. He does every Thing by Rule, as if it were in a Courſe of *Leſſius*'s Diet, and did not eat, but take a Doſe of Meat and Drink, and not walk, but proceed, not go, but march. He draws

up himſelf with admirable Conduct in a very regular and well-ordered Body. All his Buſineſs and Affairs are Junctures and Tranſactions; and when he ſpeaks with a Man he gives him Audience. He does not carry, but marſhal himſelf; and no one Member of his Body politic takes Place of another without due Right of Precedence. He does all Things by Rules of Proportion, and never gives himſelf the Freedom to manage his Gloves or his Watch in an irregular and arbitrary Way; but is always ready to render an Account of his Demeanour to the moſt ſtrict and ſevere Diſquiſition. He ſets his Face as if it were caſt in Plaiſter, and never admits of any Commotion in his Countenance, nor ſo much as the Innovation of a Smile without ſerious and mature Deliberation; but preſerves his Looks in a judicial Way, according as they have always been eſtabliſhed.

A

FLATTERER

IS a Dog, that fawns when he bites. He hangs Bells in a Man's Ears, as a Carman does by his Horſe, while he lays a heavy Load upon his Back. His Inſinuations are like ſtrong Wines, that pleaſe a Man's Palate till it has got within him, and then deprives him of his Reaſon, and overthrows him. His Buſineſs is to render a Man a ſtranger to himſelf, and get between him and Home, and then he carries him, whither he pleaſes. He is a Spirit, that inveighs away a Man from himſelf, undertakes great Matters for him, and after ſells him for a Slave. He makes Diviſion, not only between a Man and his Friends, but between a Man and himſelf, raiſes a Faction within him, and after takes

Part with the ſtrongeſt Side, and ruins both. He ſteals him away from himſelf (as the Fairies are ſaid to do Children in the Cradle) and after changes him for a Fool. He whiſtles to him, as a Carter does to his Horſe, while he whips out his Eyes, and makes him draw what he pleaſes. He finds out his Humour and feeds it, till it will come to Hand; and then he leads him whither he pleaſes. He tickles him, as they do Trouts, until he lays hold on him, and then devours and feeds upon him. He tickles his Ears with a Straw, and while he is pleaſed with ſcratching it, picks his Pocket, as the Cut-purſe ſerved *Bartl. Cokes.* He embraces him and hugs him in his Arms, and lifts him above Ground, as Wreſtlers do, to throw him down again, and fall upon him. He poſſeſſes him with his own Praiſes like an evil Spirit, that makes him ſwell, and appear ſtronger than he was, talk what he does not underſtand, and do Things that he knows nothing of, when he comes to himſelf. He *gives* good Words, as Doctors are ſaid to *give* Phyſick, when they are paid for it, and Lawyer's Advice, when they are fee'd beforehand. He is a poiſoned Perfume, that

infects the Brain, and murthers thoſe it pleaſes. He undermines a Man, and blows him up with his own Praiſes, to throw him down. He commends a Man out of Deſign, that he may be preſented with him, and have him for his Pains, according to the Mode.

A

PRODIGAL

IS a Pocket with a Hole in the Bottom. His Purſe has got a Dyſentery, and loſt its Retentive Faculty. He delights, like a fat overgrown Man, to ſee himſelf fall away, and grow leſs. He does not ſpend his Money, but void it, and, like thoſe that have the Stone, is in Pain till he is rid of it. He is very looſe and incontinent of his Coin, and lets it fly, like *Jupiter*, in a Shower. He is very hoſpitable, and keeps open Pockets for all Comers. All his Silver turns to Mercury, and runs through him as if he had taken it for the *miſerere*, or fluxed himſelf. The Hiſtory of his Life begins with keeping of Whores, and ends with keeping of Hogs, and as he fed high at firſt, ſo he does at laſt; for Acorns are very high

He duſts his Eſtate, &c.] Duſting a Stand of Ale is a Set of jolly Topers agreeing to purchaſe a Barrel of Ale, and each one being

Food. He ſwallows Land and Houſes like an Earthquake, eats a whole dining-Room at a Meal, and devours his Kitchen at a Breakfaſt. He wears the Furniture of his Houſe on his Back, and a whole feathered-Bed in his Hat, drinks down his Plate, and eats his Diſhes up. He is not cloathed, but hung. He'll fancy Dancers Cattle, and preſent his Lady with Meſſuage and Tenement. He ſets his Horſes at *Inn and Inn*, and throws himſelf out of his Coach at *come the Caſter*. He ſhould be a good Huſband, for he has made more of his Eſtate in one Year, than his Anceſtors did in twenty. He *duſts* his Eſtate, as they do a Stand of Ale in the North. His Money in his Pocket (like hunted Veniſon) will not keep; if it be not ſpent preſently it grows ſtale, and is thrown away. He poſſeſſes his Eſtate as the Devil did the Herd of Swine, and is running it into the Sea as faſt as he can. He has ſhot it with a *Zampatan*, and it will preſently fall all to Duſt. He has brought his Acres into a Conſumption, and they are ſtrangely fallen away, nothing but Skin and Bones left of a whole Manor. He

provided with a Cup, to turn the Cock, and continue ſucceſſively drinking till all is run out. This is a Cuſtom in ſome Parts of *Lancaſhire*.

will ſhortly have all his Eſtate in his Hands; for, like *Bias*, he may carry it about him. He lays up nothing but Debts and Diſeaſes, and at length himſelf in a Priſon. When he has ſpent all upon his Pleaſures, and has nothing left for Suſtenance, he eſpouſes an Hoſteſs Dowager, and reſolves to lick himſelf whole again out of Ale, and make it pay him back all the Charges it has put him to.

A

PETTIFOGGER

IS an under-Coat to the Long-robe, a Kind of a coarſe Jacket, or dirty daggled Skirt and Tail of the long-Robe. His Buſineſs is, like a Spaniel's, to hunt and ſpring Contention for the long-winded Buzzards to fly at. He is a faſt Friend to all Courts of Juſtice, but a mortal Foe to *Juſtice* herſelf; as ſome Catholics have a great Reverence for the *Church*, but hate the *Court* of *Rome*. He is a Kind of Law-Hector, that lives by making Quarrels between Man and Man, and proſecuting or compounding them to his own Advantage. He is a conſtant Frequenter of country Fairs and Markets, where he keeps the Clowns in Awe with his Tricks in Law, and they fear him like a Conjurer or a cunning Man. He is no Gentleman, but a Varlet of the Long-robe, a Purveyor of Suits and Differences, moſt of which

he converts to his own Benefit, and the reſt to the Uſe of thoſe he belongs to. He is a Law-ſeminary, that ſows Tares amongſt Friends to entangle them in Contention with one another, and ſuck the Nouriſhment from both. He is like a Ferret in a Coney-Borough, that drives the poor ſilly Animals into the Purſe-Net of the Law, to have their Skins ſtripped off, and be preyed upon. He has a Cloud of Witneſſes always in a Readineſs to obſcure Truth, and ſwear Things into any Shape he has Occaſion for, as Men fancy they ſee Armies fighting in the Air. He propagates the Law as Jeſuits do the Goſpel, and with much the ſame Integrity and Uprightneſs: for his Buſineſs is to debauch and pervert the Law, and make it act quite contrary to its own Conſcience and Underſtanding, and like an Hypocrite ſay one Thing and do another. When he is engaged on one Side he has his Choice of both, and can take either as he finds it ſerve beſt to his own Advantage. His ableſt Performances are to help a Cauſe out at a Pinch for Want of Evidence; this he atchieves by Virtue of his Intimacy and Correſpondence with *Knights of the Poſt*, *common Bayl* and *Affidavit-Men*. He is a tame Beaſt of Prey, an Animal that lives

both by Land and Water; for when he walks afoot through the Dirt, he is paid for Boat and Coach-hire by his Clients, as if he never went without a Train to attend him. He inſtructs the Council to inſtruct him; and very juſtly gives them the one half of the Clients Fees for their Advice, and keeps the other himſelf for his own.

A

BANKRUPT

IS made by breaking, as a Bird is hatched by breaking the Shell, for he gains more by giving over his Trade, than ever he did by dealing in it. He drives a Trade, as *Oliver Cromwel* did a Coach, till it broke in Pieces. He is very tender and careful in preſerving his Credit, and keeps it as methodically as a Race-nag is dieted, that in the End he may run away with it: for he obſerves a punctual Curioſity in performing his Word, until he has improved his Credit as far as it can go; and then he has catched the Fiſh, and throws away the Net; as a Butcher, when he has fed his Beaſt as fat as it can grow, cuts the Throat

of it. When he has brought his Deſign to Perfection, and diſpoſed of all his Materials, he lays his Train, like a Powder Traytor, and gets out of the Way, while he blows up all thoſe that truſted him. After the Blow is given there is no Manner of Intelligence to be had of him for ſome Months, until the Rage and Fury is ſomewhat digeſted, and all Hopes vaniſhed of ever recovering any Thing of Body, or Goods, for Revenge, or Reſtitution; and then Propoſitions of Treaty and Accommodation appear, like the Sign of the *Hand and Pen* out of the Clouds, with Conditions more unreaſonable than Thieves are wont to demand for Reſtitution of ſtolen Goods. He ſhoots like a Fowler at a whole Flock of Geeſe at once, and ſtalks with his Horſe to come as near as poſſibly he can without being perceived by any one, or giving the leaſt Suſpicion of his Deſign, until it is too late to prevent it; and then he flies from them, as they ſhould have done before from him. His Way is ſo commonly uſed in the City, that he robs in a Road, like a Highwayman, and yet they will never arrive at Wit enough to avoid it; for it is done

upon Surpriſe; and as Thieves are commonly better mounted than thoſe they rob, he very eaſily makes his Eſcape, and flies beyond Perſuit of Huon-cries, and there is no Poſſibility of overtaking him.

THE

INCONSTANT

HAS a vagabond Soul, without any ſettled Place of Abode, like the *wandering Jew*. His Head is unfixed, out of Order, and utterly unſerviceable upon any Occaſion. He is very apt to be taken with any Thing, but nothing can hold him; for he preſently breaks looſe, and gives it the Slip. His Head is troubled with a Palſy, which renders it perpetually wavering and incapable of Reſt. His Head is like an hour-Glaſs, that Part that is uppermoſt always runs out until it is turned, and then runs out again. His Opinions are too violent to laſt; for, like other Things of the ſame Kind in Nature, they quickly ſpend themſelves, and fall to no-

thing. All his Opinions are like *Wefts* and *Strays*, that are apt to ſtraggle from their Owner, and belong to the *Lord of the Mancur*, where they are taken up. His Soul has no retentive Faculty, but ſuffers every Thing to run from him, as faſt as he receives it. His whole Life is like a prepoſterous Ague, in which he has his hot Fit always before his cold one, and is never in a conſtant Temper. His Principles and Reſolves are but a Kind of Moveables, which he will not endure to be faſtened to any Freehold, but left looſe to be conveyed away at Pleaſure, as Occaſion ſhall pleaſe to diſpoſe of him. His Soul dwells, like a *Tartar*, in a Hoord, without any ſettled Habitation, but is always removing and diſlodging from Place to Place. He changes his Head oftner than a Deer, and when his Imaginations are ſtiff and at their full Growth, he caſts them off to breed new ones, only to caſt off again the next Seaſon. All his Purpoſes are built on Air, the Chamelions Diet, and have the ſame Operation to make him change Colour with every Object he comes near. He pulls off his Judgment, as commonly as his Hat, to every one he meets with.

His Word and his Deed are all one; for when he has given his Word he has *done*, and never goes further. His Judgment being unſound has the ſame Operation upon him, that a Diſeaſe has upon a ſick Man, that makes him find ſome Eaſe in turning from Side to Side, and ſtill the laſt is the moſt uneaſy.

A

HORSE-COURSER

IS one that has read Horſes, and underſtands all the Virtues and Vices of the whole Species by being converſant with them, and how to make his beſt Advantage of both. He makes his firſt Applications to a Horſe, as ſome Lovers do to a Miſtreſs, with ſpecial Regard to her Eyes and Legs, and paſſes over other Parts with leſs ſevere and curious Scrutiny. He underſtands all Diſeaſes incident to the Body of a Horſe, and what to abate in the Price for every one, according as it is capable either of Cure, or Diſguiſe. He has more Ways to hide Defects in Horſe-fleſh, than Women have Decays in Faces, among which Oaths and Lies are the moſt general; for when they are applied warm they ſerve, like an univerſal Medicine, to cure all Infir-

mities alike; for he that affirms or denies any Thing confidently is ſure to gain ſome Belief, though from an equal Obſtinacy; as two Stones of equal Hardneſs rubbed together will tear ſomething from one another; and falſe Wares will not be put off, but by falſe Means, as all Things are maintained and nouriſhed by that which is agreeable to their own Nature. All his other Operations are nothing to that of Quacking, with which he will put off Diſeaſes as faſt as a Mountebank does Cures. He underſtands the Chronology of a Horſe's Mouth moſt critically, and will find out the Year of his Nativity by it, as certainly as if he had been at the Mare's Labour that bore him. All his Arts will not ſerve to counterfeit a Horſe's Paces; but he has a lere Trick, that ſerves inſtead of it, and that is, to cry down all thoſe Paces which he wants, and magnify thoſe he has. When he is lame of one Foot he has a very fine Expedient, by pricking the other over-againſt it, to make him go right again. He is a ſtrict Obſerver of Saints Days, only for the Fairs that are kept on them, and knows which is the beſt Patron for buying, and

which for ſelling: For Religion having been always a Traffic, the Saints have in all Ages been eſteemed the moſt fit and proper to have the Charge of all Fairs, where all Sorts of Trades are moſt uſed; and always where a Saint has a Fair he has a Church too, as *St. Peter's* in *Weſtminſter*, *St. Bartholomew* in *Smithfield*, *&c.*

A

GLUTTON

EATS his Children, as the Poets ſay *Saturn* did, and carries his Felicity and all his Concernments in his Paunch. If he had lived when all the Members of the Body rebelled againſt the Stomach, there had been no Poſſibility of Accommodation. His Entrails are like the *Sarcophagus*, that devours dead Bodies in a ſmall Space, or the *Indian Zampatan*, that conſumes Fleſh in a Moment. He is a great Diſh made on Purpoſe to carry Meat. He eats out his own Head and his Horſes too—He knows no Grace, but Grace before Meat, nor Mortification but in faſting. If the Body be the Tabernacle of the Soul, his lives in a Sutler's Hut. He celebrates *Maſs*, or rather *Meſs*, to the Idol in his Belly, and, like a *Papiſt*, eats his Adoration. A third Courſe is the third Heaven to him, and he is raviſhed into it. A Feaſt is a good Conſcience to him;

and he is troubled in Mind, when he miſſes of it. His Teeth are very induſtrious in their calling; and his Chops like a *Bridewell* perpetually hatcheling. He depraves his Appetite with Haut-Gouſts, as old Fornicators do their Lechery, into Fulſomneſs and Stinks. He licks himſelf into the Shape of a Bear, as thoſe Beaſts are ſaid to do their Whelps. He new forms himſelf in his own Belly, and becomes another Thing than *God* and *Nature* meant him. His Belly takes Place of the Reſt of his Members, and walks before in State. He eats out that which eats all Things elſe, Time; and is very curious to have all Things in Seaſon at his Meals, but his Hours, which are commonly at Midnight, and ſo late, that he prays too late for his daily Bread, unleſs he mean his natural daily Bread. He is admirably learned in the Doctrines of Meats and Sauces, and deſerves the Chair in *Juris-Prudentia*, that is in *the Skill of Pottages*. At length he eats his Life out of Houſe and Home, and becomes a Treat for Worms, ſells his Cloaths to feed his Gluttony, and eats himſelf naked, as the firſt of his Family, *Adam*, did.—

A

RIBALD

IS the Devil's Hypocrite, that endeavours to make himſelf appear worſe than he is. His evil Words and bad Manners ſtrive which ſhall moſt corrupt one another, and it is hard to ſay which has the Advantage. He vents his Lechery at the Mouth, as ſome Fiſhes are ſaid to engender. He is an unclean Beaſt that chews the Cud; for after he has ſatisfied his Luſt, he brings it up again into his Mouth to a ſecond Enjoyment, and plays an After-game of Letchery with his Tongue much worſe than that which the *Cunnilingi* uſed among the old *Romans*. He ſtrips Nature ſtark-naked, and clothes her in the moſt fantaſtic and ridiculous Faſhion a wild Imagination can invent. He is worſe and more naſty than a Dog; for in his broad Deſcriptions of others obſcene Actions he does but lick up the Vomit of ano-

ther Man's Surfeits. He tells Tales out of a vaulting School. A leud baudy Tale does more Hurt, and gives a worſe Example than the Thing of which it was told; for the Act extends but to few, and if it be concealed goes no further; but the Report of it is unlimited, and may be conveyed to all People, and all Times to come. He expoſes that with his Tongue, which Nature gave Women Modeſty, and brute Beaſts Tails to cover. He miſtakes Ribaldry for Wit, though nothing is more unlike, and believes himſelf to be the finer Man the filthier he talks; as if he were above Civility, as *Fanatics* are above Ordinances, and held nothing more ſhameful than to be aſhamed of any Thing. He talks nothing but *Aretine*'s Pictures, as plain as the *Scotch* Dialect, which is eſteemed to be the moſt copious and elegant of the Kind. He improves and huſbands his Sins to the beſt Advantage, and makes one Vice find Employment for another; for what he acts looſely in private, he talks as looſely of in public, and finds as much Pleaſure in the one as the other. He endeavours to make himſelf Satisfaction for the Pangs his Claps and Botches put him to with

vapouring and bragging how he came by them. He endeavours to purchaſe himſelf a Reputation by pretending to that which the beſt Men abominate, and the worſt value not, like one that clips and waſhes falſe Coin, and ventures his Neck for that which will yield him nothing.

THOUGHTS

UPON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

FAITH is ſo far from being above Reaſon, and Knowledge, that it is below Ignorance, which it depends upon: for no Man can believe and not be ignorant; but he may be ignorant and not believe—Whenſoever Reaſon and Demonſtration appear, Faith and Ignorance vaniſh together.

They that diſpute Matters of Faith into nice Particulars and curious Circumſtances, do as unwiſely as a Geographer, that would undertake to draw a true Map of *Terra Incognita*, by mere Imagination. For though there is ſuch a Part of the Earth; and that not without Mountains and Vallies, and Plains, and

Rivers; yet to attempt the Deſcription of theſe, and aſſign their Situations and Tracts, without a View of the Place, is more than ridiculous.

He that thinks to pleaſe God by forcing his Underſtanding in Diſquiſitions of him beyond the Limits, which he has been pleaſed to preſcribe, beſide the Loſs of his Labour, does but endeavour to intrude where he is denied Acceſs, and prepoſterouſly attempts to ſerve God by diſobeying him.

It is a dangerous Thing to be too inquiſitive, and to ſearch too narrowly into a *true* Religion: for fifty thouſand *Bethſhemites* were deſtroyed for looking into the *Ark of the Covenant*; and ten Times as many have been ruined for looking too curiouſly into that Book, in which that Story is recorded.

They that believe God does not foreſee Accidents, becauſe nothing can be known that is not, and Accidents have no being until they are in Act, are very much miſtaken: for *Accident* is but a Term invented to relieve Ignorance

of Cauſes, as Phyſicians uſe to call the ſtrange Operations of Plants and Minerals *occult Qualities*; not that they are without their Cauſes, but that their Cauſes are unknown. And, indeed, there is not any Thing in Nature, or Event, that has not a Pedigree of Cauſes, which, tho' obſcure to us, cannot be ſo to God, who is the firſt Cauſe of all Things.

Men inflict and ſuffer Perſecution for Religion with equal Zeal, and tho' both pretend to Conſcience, both oftentimes are equally miſtaken.

Almoſt all the Miracles in the *Jewiſh* Hiſtory, from their Deliverance from their firſt Slavery by the Plagues of *Egypt*, to their ſecond Captivity in *Babylon*, were performed by the Deſtruction, Ruin, and Calamity of Mankind—But all thoſe, that our Saviour wrought to confirm his Doctrine, quite contrary, by raiſing the Dead to Life, curing of deſperate Diſeaſes, making the Blind ſee, caſting out of Devils, and feeding of hungry Multitudes, &c. but never doing Harm to any Thing; all ſuitable to thoſe excellent Leſſons of Peace, Love, Charity, and Concord, to which the

whole Purpoſe of all that he did or ſaid perpetually tended—Whoſoever, therefore, does endeavour to draw Rules or Examples for the Practice of Chriſtianity from the extraordinary Proceedings of the *Jews*, muſt of Neceſſity make a ſtrange Confuſion and adulterate Mixture of the Chriſtian Religion, by depraving and alloying it with that, which is ſo directly averſe and contrary to its own Nature. And as this unnatural Mixture of two different Religions was the firſt Cauſe of Diſſenſion among the Apoſtles themſelves, and afterwards determined and reſolved againſt by them all: ſo there is no Doctrine of Rebellion, that was ever vented among Chriſtians, that was not revived and raiſed from this Kind of falſe and forced Conſtruction.

The Enmities of religious People would never riſe to ſuch a Height, were it not for their Miſtake, that God is better ſerved with their Opinions than their Practices; Opinions being very inconſiderable further than they have Influence upon Actions.

All Reformations of Religion ſeldom extend further than the mere Opinions of Men. The Amendment of their Lives and Converſations are equally unregarded by all Churches, how much ſoever they differ in Doctrine and Diſcipline. And though all the Reformation our Saviour preached to the World was only Repentance and Amendment of Life, without taking any Notice at all of Mens Opinions and Judgments; yet all the Chriſtian Churches take the contrary Courſe, and believe Religion more concerned in one erroneous Opinion, than all the moſt inhuman and impious Actions in the World.

Charity is the chiefeſt of all chriſtian Virtues, without which all the reſt ſignify nothing: for *Faith* and *Hope* can only bring us on our Way to the Confines of this World; but *Charity* is not only our Convoy to Heaven, but engaged to ſtay with us there for ever—And yet there is not any Sort of religious People in the World, that will not renounce and diſclaim this neceſſary Cauſe of Salvation for mere Trifles of the ſlighteſt Moment imaginable; nay, will not prepoſterouſly endeavour to ſecure their

eternal Happineſs by deſtroying that, without which it is never to be obtained. From hence are all their ſpiritual Quarrels derived, and ſuch punctilios of Opinion, that though more nice and peeviſh than thoſe of Love and Honour in Romances, are yet maintained with ſuch Animoſities, as if Heaven were to be purchaſed no Way but that, which is the moſt certain, and infallible of all others to loſe it.

They that profeſs Religion, and believe it conſiſts in frequenting of Sermons, do as if they ſhould ſay, they have a great Deſire to ſerve God, but would fain be perſuaded to it.

The Religion of the *Pagans* had its Foundation upon natural Philoſophy, as the *Chriſtian* may ſeem to have upon moral: for all thoſe Gods, which the Ancients worſhipped as Perſons, did but repreſent the ſeveral Operations of Nature upon ſeveral Kinds of Matter; which being wrought by an inviſible and unintelligible Power, the wiſeſt Men of thoſe Times could invent no Way ſo fit and proper to reduce them, with Reſpect and Reverence, to the

vulgar Capacity, as by expreſſing them by the Figures of Men and Women (like the *Egyptian* Hieroglyphics, or as Poets and Painters do Virtues and Vices) and by aſcribing Divinity to them introduce a Veneration in the Minds of the common People, (who are apt to contemn any Thing they can underſtand, and admire nothing but what is above their Capacity) which they would never have received upon any other Account; and therefore with great Piety and Devotion adored thoſe Notions repreſented by Statues and Images, which they would never have regarded, if they had underſtood—If they had underſtood the natural Reaſon of Thunder, they would never have ſacrificed to *Jupiter*, to divert it from themſelves. Their Capacities are naturally too dull to apprehend any Thing, that is ever ſo little removed from outward Senſe, though it be derived from it; but are wonderfully acute at unridling of Myſteries, and ſuch Things as have no Relation at all to it.

The Papiſts ſay they believe as the Church believes, and the Proteſtants laugh at them for it, but do the very ſame Thing themſelves; all the Difference is, the firſt believes by Wholeſale, and the laſt by Retail—The Papiſts believe

ſomething, but they know not what; the Proteſtant believes this or that, but he knows not what it is——The Papiſt believes what he cannot underſtand without Examination; the Proteſtant will examine, though he cannot underſtand, before he will believe; ſo that though they differ in Words, they agree in the ſame Thing.

The Chriſtian Religion in the primitive Times was bred up under the greateſt Tyranny in the World, and was propagated by being oppreſt and proſecuted; but in after Times, when it was delivered from that Slavery, it inclined to be tyrannical it ſelf: for when the Popes had reduced their cruelleſt Enemies the *Roman* Emperors, they aſſumed a greater and more extravagant Power, than the others ever pretended to; as if Religion having ſerved out an Apprenticeſhip to Tyranny, as ſoon as it was out of its Time, had ſet up for itſelf.

All the Buſineſs of the World is but Diverſion, and all the Happineſs in it, that Mankind is capable of, any Thing that will keep it from reflecting upon the Miſery, Vanity, and Nonſenſe of it; and whoever can by any

Trick keep himſelf from thinking of it, is as wiſe and happy as the beſt Man in it.

The more ſilly and ridiculous Things are in themſelves, the more ſacred and ſolemn Pretences they require to ſet them off.

There are more Fools than Knaves in the World, elſe the Knaves would not have enough to live upon.

Moſt Men owe their Misfortunes rather to their Want of Diſhoneſty than Wit.

The greateſt Drunkards are the worſt Judges of Wine; the moſt inſatiable Letchers the moſt ignorant Critics in Women; and the greedieſt Appetites, of the beſt Cookery of Meats—— For thoſe, that uſe Exceſs in any Thing, never underſtand the Truth of it, which always lies in the Mean.

Courts of Juſtice are like Court-Cards, which nobody wins by, but another loſes, according as they are dealt; and commonly there is as much Chance in the one as the other, and

no leſs ſhuffling—One Ace beats them all as O. C. did.

A Client is fain to hire a Lawyer to keep him from the Injury of other Lawyers; as Chriſtians, that travel in *Turkey*, are forced to hire Janizaries to protect them from the Inſolencies of other *Turks*.

It is a wonderful ſilly Diſtinction that Divines make between getting of Children for Procreation only, and out of natural Concupiſcence, which was only provided by Nature as a neceſſary Means to produce the other; as if it were a Sin to eat for Hunger, but not for the Support of Life.

This Age will ſerve to make a very pretty Farce for the next, if it have any Wit at all to make Uſe of it.

Great Perſons of our Times do like *Abſalom*, when he rebelled againſt his Father, commit Iniquity upon the Tops of Houſes, that all People may ſee and take Notice of it.

The preſent Government does by the late Rebels like the Kingdom of Heaven, that is better pleaſed with the Converſion of one Sinner, than ninety nine righteous Perſons, that need no Repentance.

Public Actions are like Watches, that have fine Caſes of Gold or Silver, with a Window of Chriſtal to ſee the Pretences; but the Movement is of baſer Metal, and the Original of all, the Spring, a crooked Piece of Steel—So in the Affairs of State, the ſolemn Profeſſions of *Religion*, *Juſtice*, and *Liberty* are but Pretences to conceal *Ambition*, *Rapine*, and *uſeful Cheat*.

Dull-witted Perſons are commonly the fitteſt Inſtruments for Wiſemen to employ, if they have but Senſe enough to obſerve Directions; the Speculation of ſuch Men into the Reaſon of Affairs being unſafe, and their Knowledge of why, or to what End they act, as unneceſſary as it is for a Saw to know what it cuts.

The chiefeſt Art of Government is to convert the Ignorance, Folly and Madneſs of Mankind, as much as may be to their own Good,

which can never be done by telling them Truth and Reaſon, or uſing any direct Means; but by little Tricks and Devices (as they cure Madmen) that work upon their Hopes and Fears, to which their Ignorance naturally inclines them.

There is no Difference between a Government that is managed by Law, and one that is maintained by Force, but that the one oppreſſes in a gentle, and the other in a rugged Way.

Princes, that have the Command of other Men, have leſs Freedom themſelves than the meaneſt of their Subjects, and are tied to greater Reſervations and Forbearances than the Reſt of Mankind: for juſt ſo much Reſpect as they ſhew to the public Opinion of the World, will the World have of them, and no more.

If the Power of our Houſe of Commons were in any one ſingle Perſon it would eaſily devour all the reſt, and convert them into itſelf, as it did when it was but in few Hands; for the Power of the Purſe has naturally a greater

Command than any other—But nothing keeps it within its Bounds ſo much as being divided among ſo many Perſons of equal Shares, who, like all Crowds, do but hinder one another in all Things that they undertake. For an Army of all Commanders would be in a worſe Condition than one that has none at all; and though *Solomon* ſays, in many Counſellors there is Strength, it is but like that of a Beaſt, that knows not how to make Uſe of it.

There is nothing in Nature more arbitrary than a Parliament, and yet there is nothing elſe, that is able to preſerve the Nation from being governed by an arbitrary Power, and confine Authority within a limited Compaſs; as a Prop can make a falling Houſe ſtand firm, though it cannot ſtand of itſelf, and a Bow make an Arrow fly, though it cannot fly itſelf.

The Preferment of Fools and undeſerving Perſons is not ſo much an Honour to them, as Infamy and Diſhonour to thoſe that raiſe them; for when a Prince confers Honour on thoſe, that do not deſerve it, he throws it away out of his own Stock, and leaves himſelf ſo much

the leſs, as he parts with to thoſe that want Merit to pretend to it; and by that ill Huſbandry in time leaves himſelf none at all, to pay thoſe to whom it is due.

Princes and Governours have great Reaſon to avoid and depreſs Men of penetrating and ſmart Wits, eſpecially if they have Integrity and Honeſty—For the Imprudence and Extravagance of their Actions are not fit to be expoſed to the View and Cenſure of ſuch Men; to whom they cannot but appear in their moſt deformed and ſottiſh Characters.

The Juſtice that is ſaid to eſtabliſh the Throne of a Prince, conſiſts no leſs in the Juſtneſs of his Title, than the juſt Adminiſtration of his Government: for an unjuſt Title cannot be ſupported but by unjuſt Means —— And for Want of this all our late Uſurpations miſcarried.

Princes ought to give their Subjects as much of the Shadow of Liberty as they can for their Lives; but as little of the Reality of it, if they regard the Safety of themſelves, or their People.

The Ambition of ſome Men, and the Wants of others, are the ordinary Cauſes of all civil Wars.

Governments, like natural Bodies, have their Times of Growing, Perfection, and Declining; and according to their Conſtitutions ſome hold out longer, and ſome decay ſooner than others, but all in their Beginnings and Infancies are ſubject to ſo many Infirmities and Imperfections, that what *Solomon* ſaid of a Monarchy, *Wo to that Kingdom whoſe Prince is a Child*, may be more juſtly ſaid of a new Republic; and we may with as much Reaſon ſay, *Wo be to that People, that live under a young Government:* for as both muſt of Neceſſity be under Tutors, Protectors, and Keepers of Liberties, until they can give the World an Account, that they are able to govern of themſelves (which a Prince does in fewer Years than a Republic can in Ages) the People always ſuffer under ſo many Lords and Maſters; and though a Foundation of Liberty be laid, the Fruition of it is for After-Ages, like the planting of Trees, whoſe Shade and Fruit is only to be enjoyed by Poſterity—For what Protection can a Nation have from a Government that muſt itſelf be protect-

ed? That muſt maintain Guards and Armies at their own Charge to keep themſelves in Obedience, that is in Slavery, until in Proceſs of Time by ſlow Degrees, that which was rugged at firſt becomes gentle and eaſy—For as that, which was Tyranny at firſt, does in time become Liberty: ſo there is no Liberty, but in the Beginning was Tyranny. All unripe Fruit is harſh, and they, that live in new-built-Houſes, are apt to catch Diſeaſes and Infirmities. Nor is it poſſible to ſettle any Government by a Model, that ſhall hold, as Men contrive Ships and Buildings: for Governments are made, like natural Productions, by Degrees, according as their Materials are brought in by Time, and thoſe Parts of it, that are unagreeable to their Nature, caſt off.

He that keeps a watchful and vigilant Eye upon that Man's Intereſt whom he is to treat withal; and obſerves it as the Compaſs that all Men generally ſteer by, ſhall hardly be deceived with fair Pretences.

Principles of Juſtice and Right have chiefly Relation to the general Good of Mankind, and

therefore have ſo weak an Influence upon Particulars, that they give Place to the meaneſt and moſt unworthy of private Intereſts.

The Deſerts of good Men do not produce ſo bad Effects being unrewarded, as the Crimes of evil Men unpuniſhed—For good Men are but diſcouraged, but the bad become more perverſe and wicked.

It is ſafer for a Prince to tolerate all Sorts of Debauchery than ſeditious Meetings at Conventicles—As thoſe, that have the Stone, the Gout, or Conſumption are not ſhut up, becauſe their Diſeaſes are only hurtful to themſelves; but thoſe, that have any contagious Maladies that are apt to ſpread and infect Multitudes, are with all Care to be ſhut up, and kept from converſing with others, whom their Diſtempers may endanger, and in Time propagate among the People.

The worſt Governments are the beſt, when they light in good Hands; and the beſt the worſt, when they fall into bad ones.

The worſt Governments are always the moſt chargeable, and coſt the People deareſt; as all Men in Courts of Judicature, pay more for the Wrongs that are done them, than the right.

Princes that have loſt their Credit and Reputation are like Merchants inevitably deſtined to Ruin: for all Men immediately call in their Loyalty and Reſpect from the firſt, as they do their Money from the latter.

The Vices of Tyrants run in a Circle, and produce one another, begin with Luxury and Prodigality, which cannot be ſupplied but by Rapine. Rapine produces Hate in the People, and that Hate Fear in the Prince; Fear Cruelty, Cruelty Deſpair, and Deſpair Deſtruction.

A Tyrant is a Monſter or Prodigy born to the Deſtruction of the beſt Men; as among the Ancients, when a Cow calved a Monſter, great Numbers of Cattle, that were fair and perfect in their Kind, were preſently ſacrificed, to expiate and avert the ominous Portent.

All Governments are in their Managements ſo equal, that no one has the Advantage of another, unleſs in Speculation; and in that there is no Convenience that any particular Model can pretend to, but is as liable to as great Inconveniencies ſome other Way; inſomuch that the worſt of all Governments in Speculation, that is, Tyranny, is found to be the beſt in the Hands of excellent Princes, who receive no Advantage from the Greatneſs of their Power, but only a larger Latitude to do Good to their Subjects, which the beſt conſtituted Forms, that is, the moſt limited, do but deprive them of, and tye them up from doing Good, as well as Hurt.

Princes have great Reaſon to be allowed Flatterers to adore them to their Faces, becauſe they are more expoſed to the Infamy and Detraction of the World, than the meaneſt of their Subjects; otherways they would be dealt with very unequally, to be bound to all the Infamy, true or falſe, that can be laid upon them, and not to be allowed an equal Freedom of Praiſe to qualify it; for though he may be abuſed at any Man's Pleaſure, he cannot be flattered without his own.

Oaths and Obligations in the Affairs of the World are like Ribbands and Knots in dreſſing, that ſeem to tie ſomething, but do not at all —— For nothing but Intereſt does really oblige.

As ſoon as a Man has taken an Oath againſt his Conſcience, and done his Endeavour to damn himſelf, he is capable of any Truſt or Employment in the Government; ſo excellent a Quality is Perjury to render the moſt perfidious of Men moſt fit and proper for public Charges of the greateſt Conſequence; and ſuch as have ever ſo little Reſtraint laid upon them by Conſcience, or Religion, or natural Integrity, are declared inſufficient and unable to hold any Office or public Truſt in the Nation—And this is the modern Way of *Teſt*, as they call it, to take Meaſure of Men's Abilities and Faith by their Alacrity in ſwearing; and is, indeed, the moſt compendious Way to exclude all thoſe that have any Conſcience, and to take in ſuch as have none at all.

The Wit of the Schoolmen, like the Righteouſneſs of the Scribes and Phariſees, conſiſted

much in the ſtraining of Gnats and ſwallowing of Camels——For they that are curious in Subtleties, and ignorant in things of ſolid Knowledge, are but penny-wiſe and pound-fooliſh.

He that has leſs Learning than his Capacity is able to manage, ſhall have more Uſe of it, than he that has more than he can maſter. For no Man can have an active and ready Command of that which is too heavy for him.

The Underſtanding of Man hath a Sphere of Activity, beyond which if it be forced it becomes unactive, as it does vigorous by being confined. Unleſs a Vine be pruned, it will bear no Fruit; and he that related to the Senate *de coercendis Imperii terminis* was no unwiſe Stateſman. Opinion of Knowledge has ever been one of the chiefeſt Cauſes of Ignorance; for moſt Men know leſs than they might, by attempting to know more than they can.

The Reaſon why Fools and Knaves thrive better in the World than wiſer and honeſter Men is, becauſe they are nearer to the general Temper of Mankind, which is nothing but a

Mixture of Cheat and Folly, which thoſe that underſtand and mean better cannot comply with, but entertain themſelves with another Kind of Fool's Paradiſe of what ſhould be, not what is; while thoſe that know no better, take naturally to it, and get the Start of others.

The Obſervations of ſome Men are like the ſifting of Bakers, that retain the Bran, and let the Flour paſs through.

It is both the wiſeſt and and ſafeſt Way in the World to keep at a convenient Diſtance with all Men—For when Men converſe too cloſely, they commonly, like thoſe that meet in Crouds, offend one another.

He that has many Languages to expreſs his Thoughts, but no Thoughts worth expreſſing, is like one that can write all Hands, but never the better Senſe; or can caſt up any Sum of Money, but has none.

The End of all Knowledge is to underſtand what is fit to be done; for to know what has

been, and what is, and what may be, does but tend to that.

Doing and ſaying, and giving Advice and taking Advice, and underſtanding and acting are all ſeveral Things, and ſo averſe to one another, that they ſeldom or never meet in the ſame Perſon—For as Phyſicians and Lawyers, that live by giving others Advice, do ſeldom make uſe of it on their own Occaſions; ſo Men of greateſt Underſtanding and Knowledge do as ſeldom make that Uſe of it for their own Advantages, as they do for the Benefit of others, which being a hard Condition impoſed upon them by Nature, deſerves rather to be pitied, than blamed. For Nature, that in her diſtributive Juſtice endeavours to deal as equally as poſſibly ſhe can with all Men, and never beſtows any Convenience without Allowance, would break her own Rules, if ſhe ſhould confer all her Favours upon any one Perſon, and not make him abate for it ſome other Way.

All Wit and contemplative Wiſdom in the World muſt of Neceſſity appear lazy and idle; for as it is performed by Cogitation and Think-

ing, and that cannot be done without a ſedentary Quietneſs, together with a preſent and agreeable Temper of Mind, which no Man has always ready at command, it cannot be avoided but much Time muſt of Neceſſity be ſpent to no Purpoſe, or very little, which might be ſaved if Men were always in a fit Humour to perform, what they deſign and propoſe to themſelves. For the more curious and ſubtle Men's Capacities are, the further they are from being at their own diſpoſing.

A great deal of Learning is like a great Houſe, very chargeable to be kept in Repair; and if it be too big for the owner's Uſe and Occaſions, in a ſmall Time it falls to Decay, only by being not inhabited, that is, diſcontinued—For no Man is the wiſer for his Books, until he is above them; and when he is ſo, the utter Neglect of them will in a few Years bring him below them again; and as he was at firſt raiſed by them, ſo is he ruined.

In Univerſities Men are valued only upon the Account of their Ingenuity and Parts, which is ſeldom found to be obſerved any where elſe——For in Courts they are eſteemed

only for their Intereſts; and in great Cities only for their Wealth; and in the common Standard of the World, for what they aſſume and appear, not what they are.

That which the wiſe Man prayed for of God in *Eccleſiaſtes*—*to give him neither Riches nor Poverty*—is as much to be deſired in Converſation and Buſineſs, to have nothing to do with Men that are very rich or poor; for the one Sort are commonly inſolent and proud, and the other mean and contemptible; and thoſe that are between both are commonly the moſt agreeable.

Ignorance is never ſo abominable, as when it pretends to Wiſdom and Learning; for among bad Things, thoſe that ſeem to be the beſt are always the worſt, as a probable Lye is more dangerous and apt to deceive, than that which is apparently falſe—So Monkeys and Baboones, that are between Man and Beaſt, are worſe and more deformed than thoſe Creatures that are all Beaſt.

All forced Conſtructions of difficult and learned Nonſenſe are like planing of Knots in

Wood, which when they are rough-hewn appear deformed and croſs-grained every Way; but when they are ſmoothed and poliſhed repreſent the Shapes of Faces and other Figures, which to a ſtrong Imagination may ſeem to have been meant and intended, when they fell out ſo by Chance, and are rendered what they appear by a ſuperficial Gloſs.

Speculations with wiſe and knowing Men go for little, until they are approved by Practice and Experiment: for commonly they uſe us as Glaſſes, and deliver that right in Appearance, that proves left in Tryal.

There are as many Sorts of Fools as there are of Dogs, from the largeſt of Maſtives and *Iriſh* Greyhounds, to the ſmalleſt of Curs and *Iſland* Shocks, and all equally Fools, as the reſt are Dogs.

He that would write obſcure to the People needs write nothing but plain Reaſon and Senſe, than which nothing can be more myſterious to them: for to thoſe, to whom myſterious Things are plain, plain Things muſt be myſterious.

They that have but a little Wit are commonly like thoſe that cry Things in the Streets, who if they have but a Groats-worth of rotten or ſtinking Stuff, every Body that comes nigh ſhall be ſure to hear of it; while thoſe that drive a rich noble Trade, make no Noiſe of it.

Hard Students and great Artiſts are commonly moſt ignorant in thoſe Things that border upon their Arts and Profeſſions; as Prieſts and Lawyers of Morality, practical Men of Speculation, and the ſpeculative of Practice.

He that applies himſelf to underſtand Things that are not to be known, uſes his Wit and Induſtry like the Edge of a Tool, that is cut upon a Thing that is too hard for it—Beſides his Loſs of Labour he does but render it more blunt and dull than it was before.

Men take ſo much Delight in lying, that *Truth* is ſometimes forced to diſguiſe herſelf in the Habit of *Falſhood* to get Entertainment, as in Fables and Apologues frequently uſed by the Ancients; and in this ſhe is not at all

unjuſt, for Falſhood does very commonly uſurp her Perſon.

Public Eſtimation commonly neglects ſubſtantial Things, and cries up the ſlight and frivolous, like the Wind that paſſes over ſolid Bodies, and bears up Duſt and Feathers.

Dr. *Sps*'. Dedication of his Book to *Cl.* is not unlike what *Marco Paolo* relates of the *Tartars*, that they never eat nor drink, but they ſpill ſome of it on the Ground as an Offering to the Devil.

The Writings of the Ancients are like their Coins——Thoſe that have any laſting or natural Senſe, and Wit in them, are like Medals of Gold or Silver, and bear a Value among all Men in all Times; and thoſe that have little or none are like thoſe of Braſs, that have only a Value among a few, that eſteem them merely for their Antiquity.

The ridiculous Wits of our Times have that indulgent Ignorance to themſelves, that they never impute any Thing that is fixed upon them (how apparently true ſoever) to their

own Faults, but aſcribe it wholly to the Envy or Malice of others, as *Fanatics* do their juſt Puniſhments, and call them Perſecutions for Righteouſneſs inflicted by the Wicked.

There is a perpetual civil War in the Commonwealth of Learning, which has no leſs fair Pretences on all Sides, than politic Quarrels—For as thoſe commonly pretend *Religion*, *Law*, and *Liberty*; ſo do theſe *Truth*, *Reaſon*, and *the Oppoſition of Error*; when really it is nothing but the Advantage of their own little Intereſt, and the Contradiction of one another——For, like Bowlers, if one lye nearer the Jack (Truth) than another can expect to lay himſelf, his next Buſineſs is to knock him away.

There is a Kind of Phyſiognomy in the Titles of Books, no leſs than in the Faces of Men, by which a ſkilful Obſerver will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.

Men of the quickeſt Apprehenſions and apteſt Geniuſes to any Thing they undertake, do not always prove the greateſt Maſters in it: for there is more Patience and Phlegm re-

quired in thoſe that attain to any Degree of Perfection, than is commonly found in the Temper of active and ready Wits, that ſoon tire, and will not hold out; as the ſwifteſt Race-Horſe will not perform a long Journey ſo well as a ſturdy dull Jade——Hence it is, that *Virgil*, who wanted much of that natural Eaſineſs of Wit that *Ovid* had, did nevertheleſs with hard Labour and long Study arrive at a higher Perfection, than the other with all his Dexterity of Wit, but leſs Induſtry, could attain to——The ſame we may obſerve of *Johnſon* and *Shakeſpear:* for he that is able to think long and judge well will be ſure to find out better Things, than another Man can hit upon ſuddenly, though of more quick and ready Parts; which is commonly but Chance, and the other Art and Judgment.

Moſt Men of Learning have the ſame Judgment and Opinion of *Latin* and *Greek* Authors, as they had when they were Children, and were taught to read them at School to underſtand the Languages they wrote in, and not the Truth of their Reaſon and Senſe, of which they were then incapable; and becauſe they found them excellently uſeful for the learning of

Words, believe they are ſo for all Things elſe.

Bull and Miſtake is not the worſt Sort of Nonſenſe; for that may proceed from Incogitancy or Diverſion by ſomething elſe: But Metaphyſical, or that Nonſenſe, that is derived from Study and Conſideration, is the more deſperate; as *Hippocrates* ſays——Sad and ſtudious Madneſs is more incurable than that which is frolic and careleſs.

The *Spaniſh* Poets are excellent Deſigners of Comedy, but very ill Writers, as it falls out commonly in painting.

Our modern Authors write Plays as they feed Hogs in *Weſtphalia*; where but one eats Peaſe

As they feel Hogs in Weſtphalia.] Mr. *Pope* introduces the ſame humourous Alluſion, upon an Occaſion ſomething ſimilar to this; in the 2d part of his ſatirical Dialogue entitled *One thouſand, ſeven hundred and thirty eight.*

Let courtly Wits to Wits afford Supply,
As Hog to Hog in Huts of Weſtphaly;
If one through Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty Soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a Mys almyſt as it can in;

or Acorns, and all the reſt feed upon his and one another's Excrements — So the *Spaniard* firſt invents and deſigns Plays; The *French* borrow from them, and the *Engliſh* from the *French*.

It is much eaſier to write Plays in Verſe than Proſe; as it is harder to imitate Nature than any Deviation from her; and Proſe requires a more proper and natural Senſe and Expreſſion than Verſe; that has ſomething in the Stamp and Coin, to anſwer for the Alloy and want of intrinſic Value.

There are two Ways of Quibbling, the one with Words, and the other with Senſe, like the *Figuræ Dictionis* and *Figuræ Sententiæ* in Rhetoric. The firſt is done by ſhewing Tricks with

The bleſſed Benefit, not there confeſs'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From Tail to Mouth they feed, and they carouſe:
The laſt, full fairly gives it to the Houſe.

It muſt be owned, that it is no uncommon Thing for two Wits to hit upon the ſame Thought; but yet there is ſomething ſo whimſical and out of the common Road in this, and, one may add, ſo much of *Butler*'s Manner and Humour in it, that it ſeems highly probable, either that *Pope* had ſeen theſe Manuſcripts, or had taken a Hint from ſome Converſation with Biſhop *Atterbury*, who, as I have obſerved before, had been favoured by Mr. *Longueville* with the Inſpection of them.

Words of the ſame Sound, but different Senſes; and the other by expreſſing of Senſe by Contradiction and Riddle — Of this Mr. *Waller* was the firſt moſt copious Author, and has ſo infected our modern Writers of Heroics with it, that they can hardly write any other Way; and if at any Time they endeavour to do it, like Horſes, that are put out of their Pace, they preſently fall naturally into it again— *Trotto d' Aſino dura poco.*

Dr. *Donne*'s Writings are like Voluntary or Prelude, in which a Man is not tied to any particular Deſign of Air, but may change his Key or Mood at Pleaſure; ſo his Compoſitions ſeem to have been written without any particular Scope.

Mr. *Montagne* the Eſſayiſt ſeems, when he wrote, to have been either a little warmed with Wine, or naturally hot-headed.

They are very weak Critics, who ſuppoſe a Poet, that writes a Play, ought (like one that rides with a Halter about his Neck) to bring all his Deſign and Contrivance within ſo

many Hours, or elſe be hanged for it—As if things of greater Importance, and much more to the Purpoſe, were to be omitted for a mere Curioſity, which none but the Capricious take Notice of.

Thoſe that profeſs the inſtrumental Arts, as Grammar, Rhetoric, and Logic, are like Organ-makers, that underſtand all the inward Fabric of the Bellows, Pipes, &c. and can tell when any Thing is out of Order, and how to mend it, and yet cannot tell how to play ſo well, as one that knows nothing but the Keys.

A Man may be deceived and cheated with Truth, if he want Judgment, no leſs than with Falſhood; as he may ſtumble and fall in the right Way for want of Care, as well as in the wrong.

Since the Knowledge of Good and Evil are inſeparable, it hath pleaſed Almighty God, that Man ſhould know leſs how to do himſelf good than he might, leſt he ſhould know more how to do others Hurt, than is fit for him.

Fools are always wrangling and diſputing, and the leſs Reaſon they have, the more earneſt they are in Controverſy; as Beggars are always quarrelling about dividing an Alms; and the paltrieſt Trades, will higgle more for a Penny, than the richeſt will do for a Pound.

A credulous Perſon is like a Pitcher born by the Ears, empty of itſelf, but apt to hold whatſoever is put into it.

Although very few Men in the World are content with their own Fortunes and Eſtates, but would gladly change on any Terms for the leaſt Advantage, yet no Man was ever unſatisfied with his own Underſtanding (eſpecially if it were defective) but always believed himſelf to be as well provided that Way, as any of his Neighbours——For Ignorance is one of thoſe Infirmities, that are inſenſible; and though it be ever ſo deſperately ſick feels no Pain, nor Want of Health at all.

Clergymen expoſe the Kingdom of Heaven to ſale, that with the Money they may purchaſe as much as they can in this World; and therefore they extol and magnify the one, as

all Chapmen do a Commodity they deſire to part with, and cry down the other, as all Buyers are wont to do that which they have the greateſt Longing to purchaſe, only to bring down the Price, and gain the better Bargain by it—And yet in the general the World goes on ſtill as it uſed to do; and Men will never utterly give over the other World for this, nor this for the other.

There is nothing in the World, that breeds Atheiſm like Hypocriſy; and the Licentiouſneſs of the preſent Age owes its original to nothing ſo much, as the counterfeit Piety of the laſt—And it is well for the World, that there is nothing to be gotten by Atheiſm; for if there were, thoſe who profeſs God only to affront him for Gain, would with greater Reaſon and leſs Impudence utterly diſown him, if there were nothing to be loſt in the Exchange.

An Hypocrite hides his Vices, as a Dog does his Meat when his Belly is full, until he has a freſh Appetite, and then he knows where to treat himſelf again.

The *Godly* will not admit, that Grace and Morality ſhould be the ſame, although there is nothing more true; for then their Want of both would plainly appear; Grace in their Senſe being nothing but a Diſpenſation for the Defect of moral Virtue, and granted only to thoſe, who are God Almighty's eſpecial Favourites; as Titles of Honour are but Tickets and Exemptions, to diſpenſe with Men for want of real Honour, or Mandates to enable them to take their Degrees without doing their Exerciſes.

The *Fanatics* have changed the Method that Chriſt obſerved in calling his Apoſtles, and take a clean contrary Courſe; for thoſe, that he called, left their Trades to follow him, as St. *Peter* did the mending of his Nets; but theſe Men call themſelves to follow their Trades and him too; and as St. *Matthew* left his receiving of Money to turn Apoſtle, they turn Apoſtles, only that they may get in to receive Money.

Religion never made any Man in the World juſt and honeſt, who had not ſome Foundation for it in his Nature before; for all the

Operation it can have upon others is but artificial, and all their Converſations prevail no further upon their natural Corruptions, than to enable them to perform the ſame unjuſt and wicked Actions under other Forms and Diſpenſations, which their Inclinations led them to before, and not ſeldom render them more barbarous and inhuman than they were before, when Zeal and Conſcience light in their Way to ſerve for Pretences.

Our Saviour was not ſo ſevere to any Sort of People among the *Jews* as the Scribes and Phariſees, who were but Sectaries and Fanatics of that Religion, whom he perpetually brands with the Name of Hypocrites, condemns as the worſt of Mankind, and prefers Publicans and Sinners (which were thoſe Kind of People our modern Phariſees call *the Wicked*) every where before them, with whom he vouchſafed to converſe; but we never hear, that he would have any Thing to do with the Zealots of thoſe Times.

The firſt Quarrel and Murther, that ever was committed in the World was upon a fanatic

Emulation in Religion, when *Cain* killed the fourth Part of all Mankind his Brother *Abel*, merely out of Zeal for ſeeing the Truth of his Brother's religious Worſhip preferred before his own, though God himſelf were Judge—And ever ſince that Time much about the ſame Proportion of all Mankind has conſtantly been deſtroyed by the reſt upon the very ſame Account.

The late *thorough Reformation*, though pretended and deſigned to force the proteſtant Religion further off from Popery than it was before eſtabliſhed, did propagate it more than thrice ſo many Years had done before; and by endeavouring to deſtroy the Church of *England* recruited that of *Rome*, more than all their Seminaries and Powder-plots could have done if they had taken Effect; beſide the vaſt Number of Sectaries and Fanatics, which the zealous Reformers engendered by equivocal Generation, to devour and prey upon themſelves; and in the End were but reduced to their Conventicles, and in a worſe Condition than they were before——And if there had been Prieſts and Jeſuits among them, as ſome believed, they could not poſſibly have done the

Pope better Service, or Religion in general more Miſchief than they did.

Monaſteries are but a Kind of civil *Bedlams*, where thoſe that would be otherwiſe troubleſome to the World, are perſuaded to ſhut up themſelves.

When the Devil tempted Chriſt, he ſet him on the higheſt Pinacle of the Temple——Great Church-Preferments are great Temptations.

The Church of Rome teaches the People Religion, as Men teach Singing-birds —— ſhut them up, and keep them dark.

Princes and States do by Religion, as the King of *France* does by his Salt, who makes every Man, that is his Subject, take a Quantity of it, whether he uſe it or not.

The Curioſities of Ceremony in the Church of *Rome* are like the painted Glaſs in Church-Windows deſigned to keep out Light, not to let it in.

The *Empire* and the *Church* out of it have obſerved the ſelf-ſame Method and Order in their Increaſe, Height, and Decay——For as the *Empire* was raiſed upon the Virtue and Courage of many excellent Perſons produced by ſeveral Ages, and when it came into the Hands of a ſingle Perſon did immediately degenerate into all the Lewdneſs, Vice and Tyranny imaginable: So the *Church*, that was founded upon the Piety, Devotion, and Martyrdom of the primitive Chriſtians, when it came to be ſettled under the ſole Authority of the Popes, did preſently fall from its firſt Integrity, and grew ſo highly debauched from what it was in the Beginning, that as the one Extremity had already in a Manner deſtroyed the *Empire*; ſo the other has very near equally done *Church*, and in time is like to be the final Ruin of it.

The Popes heretofore uſed to ſend *Chriſtian* Princes to plant Religion with the Sword among *Pagans*, while they with Tricks and Artifices planted the *Pagan* at Home.

Equivocation is worſe than plain Lying in Matters of Religion——For a Lyer intends

only to cheat another Man; but he that equivocates does at once design to deceive God, and his own Conscience, and another Man too.

Men commonly never regard their Souls, till they have spoiled their Bodies, like our *Richard* the Third, who when he had killed the Brother, fell in Love with the Sister.

The *Judaical* and Levitical Law was delivered by God to *Moses* the civil Magistrate, and by him to *Aaron* the Priest.

There are two Sorts of People that profess Religion, the Hypocrites, and those that mean well——The Hypocrites are not only the greater Number, but the more subtle and crafty, that profess Religion as a Trade, and therefore omit no Occasion to make the fairest Shews and pretend to the greatest Zeal——The Well-meaning are commonly so easy and simple, that they always suffer themselves to be governed by the Hypocrites, who with wrested and mis-applied Texts of Scripture and Pulpit-Sophistry can easily make them believe any Wickedness, how inhuman soever, to be a Christian Duty.

Certainly Almighty God will not be ſo unmerciful (ſince his Mercy is above all Works) to Mankind, as to expoſe the eternal Being of Souls to the Paſſion, Intereſt, and Ignorance of thoſe, that make themſelves his Meſſengers, and do their own Work in his Name.

When *Abſalom* had reſolved to rebel againſt the King his Father, he had no Way ſo proper to put his Deſign in Execution, as that of pretending to pay a Vow, which he had made to the Lord.

All Innovations in Church and State are like new-built Houſes, unwholeſome to live in, until they are made healthful and agreeable by Time.

The Practice of the Church of *Rome*, and that of the *Reformation* in dealing with Sinners is like that of a Charletan and a learned Phyſician in curing of Claps; for as the one will not undertake a Cure, unleſs the Patient will enter into a Courſe and obſerve Rules, which the other will diſpenſe with, and give him Leave to go abroad and follow his Oc-

caſions, that is, ſuch as gave him the Diſeaſe: ſo the reformed Churches will not promiſe Forgiveneſs of Sins without Repentance and Amendment of Life, which the Church of *Rome* freely diſpenſes withal, and upon mere Confeſſion and Penance performed gives them pardon, and Freedom to do the ſame Things over again.

Rebellion is ſaid to be like the Sin of Witchcraft; becauſe both are promoted and managed with nothing elſe but Lies, and Cheats, and Impoſtures——For civil Arms can neither be raiſed, nor maintained by honeſt Means.

The more falſe any Religion is, the more induſtrious the Prieſts of it are to keep the People from prying into the Myſteries of it; and by that Artifice render them the more zealous, and confident in their Ignorance.

Men ought to do in Religion as they do in War——When a Man of Honour is overpowered, and muſt of Neceſſity ſurrender himſelf up a Priſoner, ſuch are always wont to endeavour to do it to ſome Perſon of Command and Quality, and not to a mean Scoundrel: So

ſince all Men are obliged to be of ſome Chu
it is more honourable, if there were noth
elſe in it, to be of that which has ſome
putation, than ſuch a one as is contempt
and juſtly deſpiſed by all the beſt of Men.

Gathering of Churches is like the gathering
Grapes off Thorns, or Figs off Thiſtles——
For as thoſe harſh and untractable Plants ſeem to be no Part of the firſt Creation, but to come in afterwards with the Curſe; ſo are all Schiſmatics to the Churches, which they ſet up againſt.

Ordinary wicked Perſons, that have any Impreſſion of human Nature left, never commit any great Crime without ſome Averſion and Diſlike, although it be not ſtrong enough to prevail againſt the preſent Motives of Utility or Intereſt; and commonly live and die penitent for it——But the modern Saint, that believes himſelf privileged, and above Nature, engages himſelf in the moſt horrid of all Wickedneſs with ſo great an Alacrity and Aſſurance, and is ſo far from Repentance, that he puts them upon the Accompt of pious Duties and good Works.

I have known ſome Profeſſors of Religion, who had perpetually nothing but the Name of God, and the Lord, and Conſcience, and Religion in their Mouths; and yet would never venture the Loſs of one Penny for either, but get as much as poſſibly they could by all: and at the ſame Time have ſeen ſome Perſons, whom by their Diſcourſe no Man would gueſs, after a Year's Converſation, to have any Concernment at all for Religion, and yet would rather loſe all they had, than endure to do any Thing againſt their Conſciences, which the other would embrace with all Alacrity for a ſmall Reward, under the Pretence of Piety.

By the Laws of Nature the ſtrongeſt have an undoubted Power to command the weaker: But in Religion and the civil Life the wiſeſt and ableſt are fain to comply and ſubmit to the weakeſt and moſt ignorant, for their own Quiet and Convenience.

Vices, like Weeds, grow by being neglected; but Virtues, like Herbs, degenerate and grow wild, if there be not care taken of them. Both render a Man equally contemptible when they are openly profeſt, and gloried in: For

Virtue loſes itſelf and turns Vice in doing that which is contrary to its own Nature—Many Virtues may become Vices by being ill managed; but no one Vice by any Means a Virtue.

Pleaſures have the ſame Operations upon the Underſtanding that Sweet-meats have upon the Palate; the one being rendered as unapt to judge of the true State of Things, as the other is of Taſtes.

No Man's Reputation is ſafe where Slander is become a Trade and Railing a Commodity; where Men may get a Living by defaming others, and eat upon any Man's Credit, that has any Reputation to loſe; where a Scribler at once ſatisfies his Itch of writing, his Petulance, Malice, or Envy, and his Neceſſity.

Greatneſs and Baſeneſs of Mind endure Injuries, Afflictions, and Affronts ſo equally, that it is a hard Matter to diſtinguiſh which is the true Cauſe; and ſometimes perhaps both may at once contribute to the ſame Effect.

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